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THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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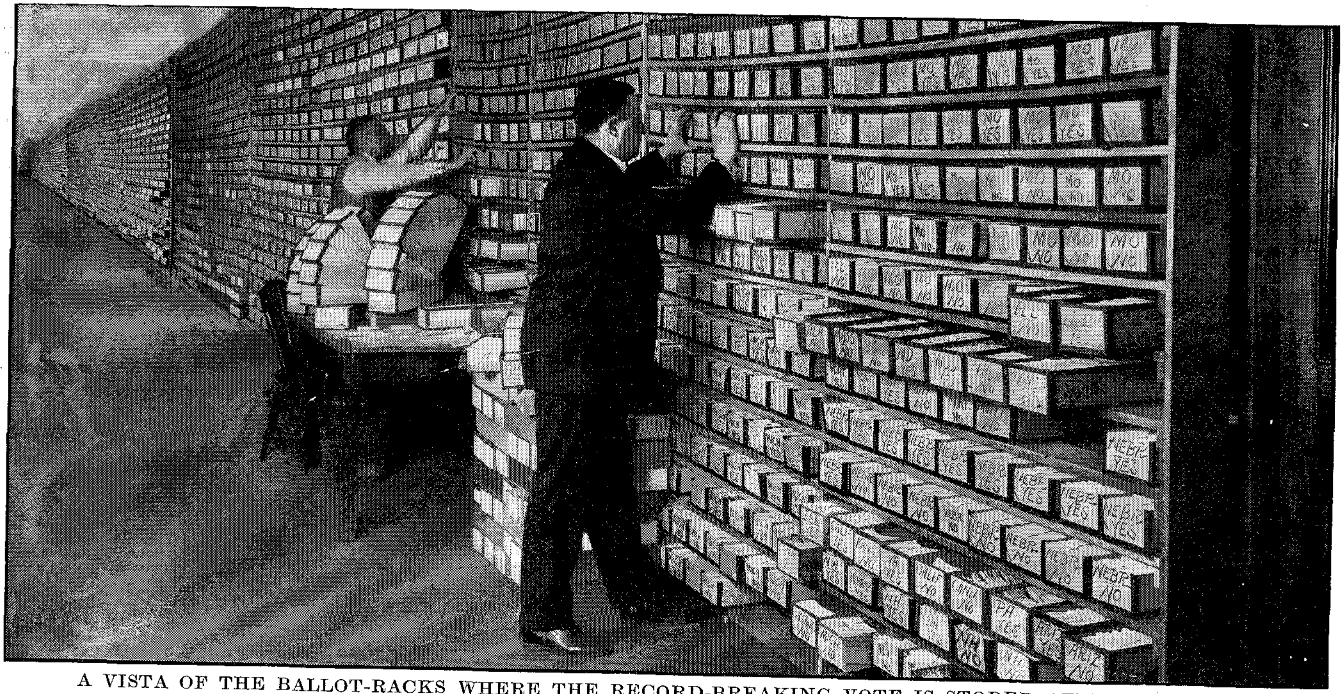
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE GREAT TAX POLL SWEEPS PAST THE 2,000,000 MARK



A VISTA OF THE BALLOT-RACKS WHERE THE RECORD-BREAKING VOTE IS STORED AFTER COUNTING

A TOTAL VOTE TWICE AS LARGE as any ever gathered before, except in an official election, 2,093,982 individual ballots from all parts of the country, are tabulated on the following page. Each vote bears a message as to the national state of mind toward tax-reduction. Taken in combination, they form, perhaps, the most ambitious "straw vote" ever attempted. The huge vote is much mixed up with superlatives, for it is concerned with the largest attempted reduction in national taxes ever presented in a Congressional measure, and touches, on one side the hugest soldiers' bonus ever proposed. While Congress struggles with the provisions of the bonus bill, and the Senate takes up ways, means and schedules for cutting the country's taxes, The Digest presents a poll that a good many authorities believe to be, as the Springfield *Union* expresses it, "genuinely representative of the attitude of the American people." The total vote indicates, on the face of it, a percentage of 69.3 in favor of the Secretary of the Treasury's plan for tax-reduction, to 30.7 per cent. opposed, or about 7 to 3.

The poll itself, as well as various sections of the country which it represents, can be credited with some interesting variations. The first favorable percentage reported six weeks ago, was 81.5, which fell steadily through four succeeding reports to 68.7, a loss of 13 points. During this time, a commenting editor recalls, the whole country was indeed cooling, to some extent, toward the Mellon Plan. Other plans were being proposed and put in competition with the Administration's measure. The American Legion, aroused by Mr. Mellon's flat announcement that no real tax-reduction would be possible if the soldiers' bonus were paid, marshaled a nation-wide opposition. However, after reaching a low-water mark some three weeks ago, both in Congress and in The Digest's poll, the Mellon Plan appears to have held its own, or even to have come back some fractions of a point. The last three Digest tabulations show 69 per cent. in favor of the plan in the tabulation of March 8, 69.4 in the tabulation of March 15, and 69.3 in the present tabulation of more than 2,000,000 votes, as detailed on the following page.

In the meantime, the Administration's tax-reduction measure had received a jolt in the House of Representatives, due to a combination of radical Republicans and Democrats, which seemed to have put it out of business. The Garner Plan had been set up in its place. Then there was a return of wandering Mid-Western radicals to the Republican fold, and the original Mellon bill, somewhat groggy but still in the ring, was led back, with Mr. Longworth officiating, and sent forward to fresh adventures in the United States Senate. There is still a question, of course, as to whether Mr. Mellon's offspring will survive its subsequent trials, or whether its own parent will recognize it when it is finally graduated from Congress.

Some opponents of the bill, in fact, were so sure of its demise, a week ago, that they published obituaries on the subject. Thus the Omaha *World-Herald* commiserated with The Digest on the (hypothetical) fact that:

THE LITERARY DIGEST POLL ON THE MELLON PLAN FOR TAX-REDUCTION

Votes Received up to and Including March 12, 1924

	Favor the Mellon Plan Votes "Yes"	Oppose the Mellon Plan Votes "No"
NEW ENGLAND STATES		
1 Maine	18,002	4,359
2 New Hampshire	9,600	1,993
3 Vermont	8,815	1,766
4 Massachusetts	64,086	9,222
5 Rhode Island	11,443	1,856
6 Connecticut	29,326	4,580
TOTAL VOTES	141,272	23,776
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES		
1 New York	179,815	33,986
2 New Jersey	44,414	5,725
3 Pennsylvania	96,764	23,162
TOTAL VOTES	320,993	62,873
EAST NORTH CENTRAL STATES		
1 Ohio	81,507	36,405
2 Indiana	53,076	31,701
3 Illinois	91,106	46,641
4 Michigan	60,918	25,950
5 Wisconsin	41,867	29,479
TOTAL VOTES	328,474	170,176
WEST NORTH CENTRAL STATES		
1 Minnesota	43,245	34,899
2 Iowa	45,558	32,742
3 Missouri	43,620	23,997
4 North Dakota	9,248	8,636
5 South Dakota	9,114	9,283
6 Nebraska	20,178	19,631
7 Kansas	33,206	24,804
TOTAL VOTE	204,169	153,992
EAST SOUTH CENTRAL STATES		
1 Kentucky	16,829	7,970
2 Tennessee	14,624	9,128
3 Alabama	12,143	6,047
4 Mississippi	7,637	4,263
TOTAL VOTES	51,233	27,408

	Favor the Mellon Plan Votes "Yes"	Oppose the Mellon Plan Votes "No"
SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES		
1 Delaware	2,542	579
2 Maryland	19,091	5,139
3 District of Columbia	7,965	2,060
4 Virginia	20,726	9,584
5 West Virginia	14,924	7,419
6 North Carolina	14,048	11,888
7 South Carolina	8,002	5,547
8 Georgia	16,034	6,514
9 Florida	12,911	5,102
TOTAL VOTES	116,243	53,832
WEST SOUTH CENTRAL STATES		
1 Arkansas	10,194	6,409
2 Louisiana	10,463	3,500
3 Oklahoma	19,939	16,168
4 Texas	47,111	27,840
TOTAL VOTES	87,707	53,917
MOUNTAIN STATES		
1 Montana	8,908	4,536
2 Idaho	6,448	4,752
3 Wyoming	4,121	2,319
4 Colorado	19,741	9,095
5 New Mexico	3,108	1,926
6 Arizona	4,533	2,535
7 Utah	7,282	3,412
8 Nevada	1,395	484
TOTAL VOTES	55,536	29,059
PACIFIC STATES		
1 Washington	22,631	11,399
2 Oregon	17,309	9,790
3 California	89,047	36,708
TOTAL VOTES	128,987	57,897
STATES UNKNOWN	17,388	9,050
GRAND TOTAL VOTES	1,452,002	641,980

TOTAL VOTES TO MARCH 12, INCLUSIVE, 2,093,982

"With its poll hardly better than well started the object of it has gone and died on its hands. Instead of feeling out public sentiment on a live subject of great importance it is now collecting an impressive memorial to a dear departed. The Mellon Plan was born a weakling and passed away before its swaddling-clothes were hardly off."

Friends and relatives of the bill, however, seem to feel that there is still hope. Thus replies the St. Joseph *News-Press*,

"The Senate is expected to save the Mellon tax bill. Additional hope lies in the conference committee. The Senate represents the sober second thought and the country is helping the formation of sounder thought than was contained in the House action. The country is speaking indirectly through the vote in THE LITERARY DIGEST, and as that vote is open to all, it may be taken that it is representative of all, at least all who are not infected with apathy."

The Missouri editor calls attention to the fact that THE DIGEST's nation-wide vote is showing a heavy percentage in favor of the Mellon Plan, and expresses the belief that:

"If the percentage should be extended to include the whole Presidential vote in 1920 it would give the program of the Secretary of the Treasury a majority of about 10,000,000 over all competitors and detractors. Nor is there any good reason to doubt that the DIGEST poll is an approximately accurate reflection of the sentiment of the nation. It has been taken impartially and it is geographically inclusive."

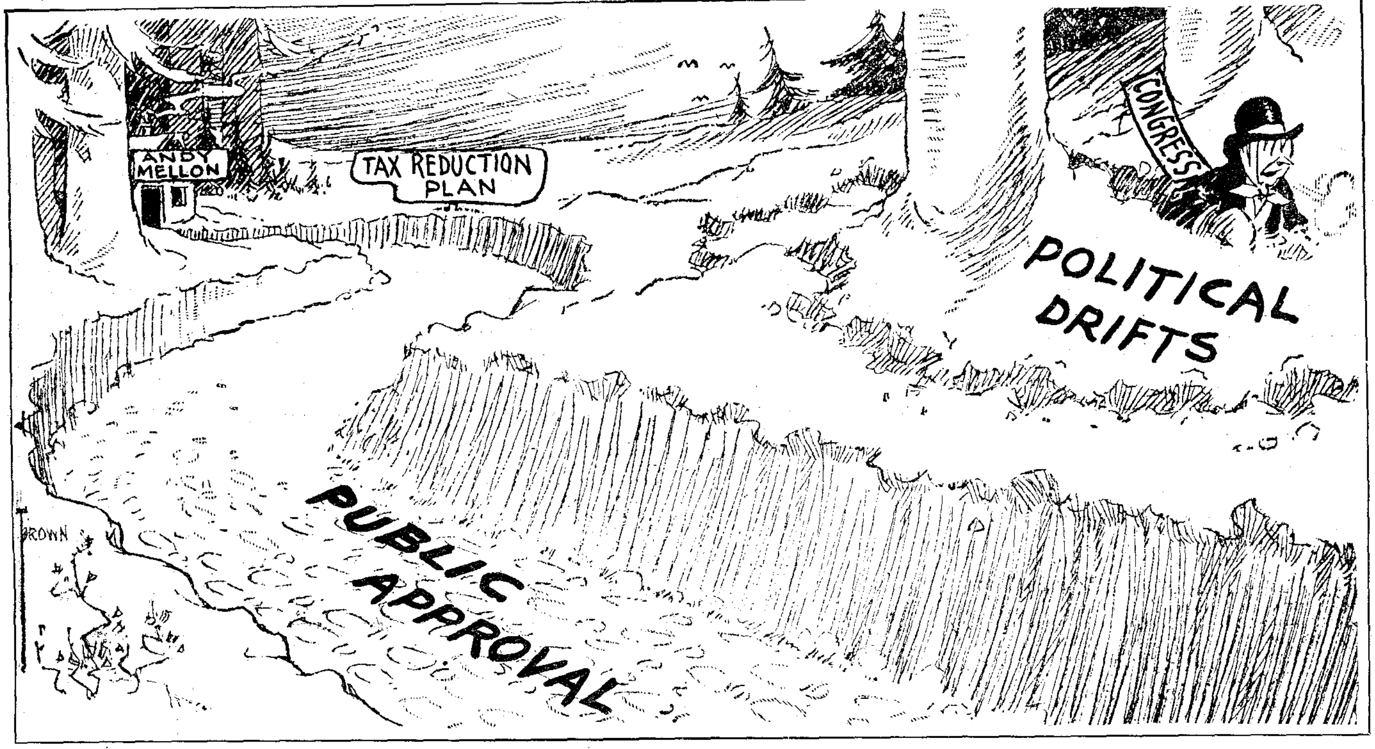
With equal optimism, *The Daily Northwestern*, published in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, one of the States in the radical Mid-Western group which shows most solid opposition to the Administration's measure, announces boldly, in a leading editorial that "The Mellon Plan Still Has a Chance." Wisconsin, tho nominally Republican, may be cold to Mr. Coolidge and his ideas of cutting the taxes of the nation; nevertheless, in Oshkosh there is a voice that proclaims:

"In connection with the statement that President Coolidge still favors the Mellon Plan for tax-reduction, it is interesting to note THE LITERARY DIGEST poll continues to show a strong preponderance of public sentiment also favorable to this plan. According to the last report of THE DIGEST, 1,408,651 replies had been received to the inquiries sent out, with 967,877 voters signifying their approval of the Mellon Plan and 440,774 registering their opposition. Thus the division is more than two to one in favor of the tax-reduction plan proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the exact percentage being 68.7. And a significant feature of the showing is the fact that in no State of the Union has this straw vote disclosed a majority sentiment opposed to the Mellon Plan, altho of course the favorable sentiment is stronger in some sections than in other sections.

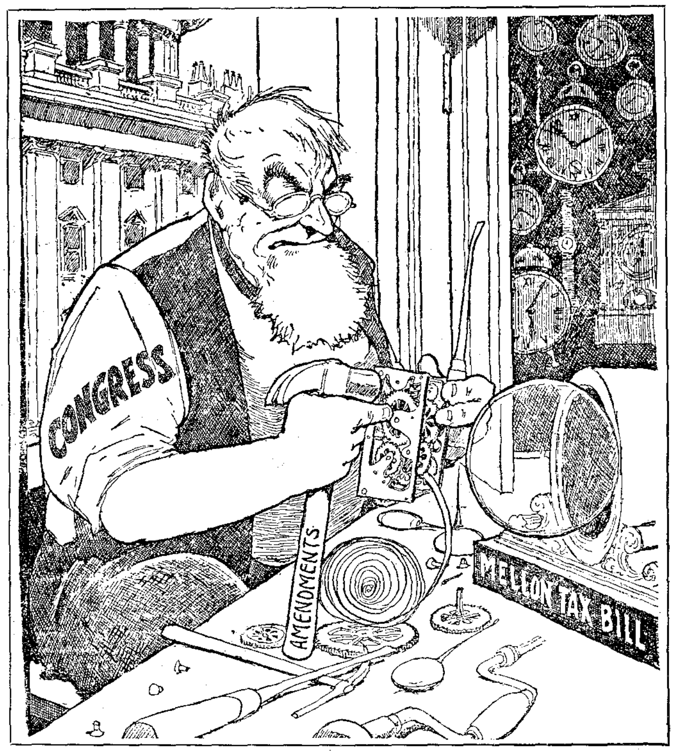
"This wide-spread sentiment favorable to the Mellon Plan was utterly ignored by the House of Representatives when it passed the compromise bill that now is before the Senate for action by that body. If the Senate takes into account the wishes of the public and of national Administration leaders, it at least would consider a restoration of the rates proposed under the Mellon Plan. And the Senators will be more apt to follow this course if they hear from their constituents at home, wherefore friends of the Mellon Plan should continue to advise their Senators of their attitude and wishes.

"That the House measure will be radically altered in the Senate seems to be certain, for according to careful estimates the adoption of the tax bill as it stands would result in a large annual deficit and seriously would hamper government operations, besides proving a menace to general public welfare. While correcting the House blunder, however, the Senate should consider whether it is not advisable to go back to the original Mellon Plan, thereby to get the best results from a revision of taxes and provide a system that will furnish a maximum of benefit to the public as a whole."

One state in the Union, as shown by this week's tabulation, stands out from all the others by virtue of the fact that, in the present extension of THE DIGEST's poll, it shows a majority against the Mellon Plan. The state is South Dakota, which has


ANDY MELLON
TAX REDUCTION PLAN
CONGRESS
POLITICAL DRIFTS
PUBLIC APPROVAL
BROWN

WHY NOT FOLLOW THE WELL-MADE PATH? —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*


CONGRESS
AMENDMENTS
MELLON TAX BILL

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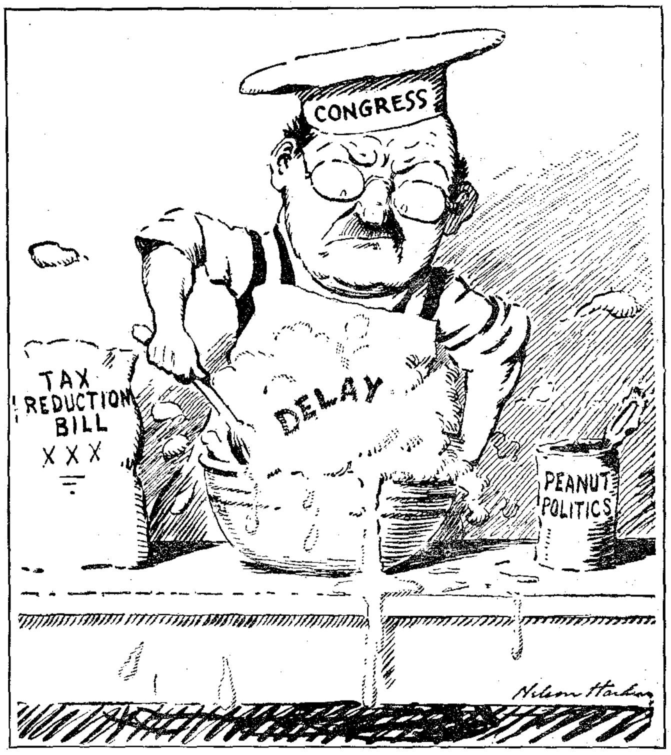
TINKERING
—McCay in the New York *American.*


CONGRESS
TAX REDUCTION BILL XXX
DELAY
PEANUT POLITICS
Nelson Harding

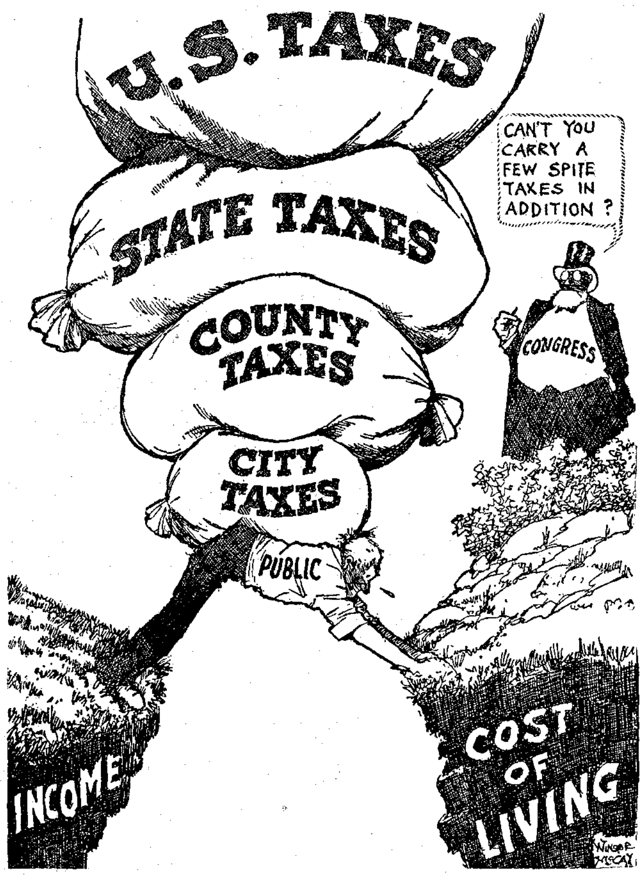
A MIXED MESS
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"HOPE DEFERRED" GETTING ON THE CARTOONISTS' NERVES

been showing an almost fifty-fifty vote since early in the voting. The present vote gives 9,114 in favor to 9,283 opposed. Its sister State, North Dakota, is just over the line on the affirmative side with 9,248 votes for Mellon's idea and 8,636 opposed. The record for enthusiasm in favor of the plan goes to New Jersey, which shows 44,414 votes for and 5,725 opposed, or well more than 7 to 1 in favor of the Administration's measure. Only the single State of South Dakota, a glance at the list will show, fails of giving a majority, and the favorable sentiment, as a whole, is represented by a ratio of considerably more than 2 to 1.

The different sections of the country, as shown in the table herewith, continue to show a considerable diversity of tax-reduction feeling. The pro-Mellon parts of the country have been going slightly more pro-Mellon, and the parts where the feeling toward his plan is coolest, have been growing even cooler ever since the poll reached a state of comparative equilibrium, two weeks ago. The New England States head the list of favorably disposed sections, with 86 per cent. in favor of Mr. Mellon's plan and 14 per cent. opposed. Last week the figures stood 85.5 per cent. in favor to 14.5 opposed and the week before the percentages stood at 85 and 15. The Middle Atlantic States, in the same time, have moved from percentages of 82 for and 18 opposed, to 84 for and 16 opposed. Meanwhile the West North Central group, home of the Radical Republican, as well as of many leading bonus advocates, has fallen from 58 per cent. in favor of the plan to 57 per cent. in favor, in the present tabulation. The East South Central States show a net loss of half a point, from 66 per cent. in the tabulation of March 8, back to 65 per cent. in last week's tabulation, and up to 65.5 per cent. in the present issue. All the other percentages have remained steady, with the West South Central States, next to the West North Central group, showing the lowest percentage in Mr. Mellon's favor—62 to 38. The Pacific States and the South Atlantic States, with their percentages of 69 in favor to 31 opposed, approximate the general average of the poll.

The New York *Herald* calls attention to the enormous vote which THE DIGEST has rolled up, as a sign that the American populace is really aroused on the subject. The poll "has had no, at least little, publicity outside of the publication conducting it," notes the editor of the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, writing in agreement. "But it is on a matter that appeals to self-interest, and that produces action. Taxation is a live issue. It means something right now." The Savannah *News* adds, taking up the general subject of "straw votes," with direct reference to the two largest ones now before the public:



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A PAINFUL POSE

—McCay in the New York *American*.

"It is well to get the people to think, and the Bok peace prize idea and THE LITERARY DIGEST poll of national taxation were and are very valuable for that reason specially, whatever else of good may be found in them. . . .

"It is good for men and women in America to think beyond the limits of their own communities, districts, States; simply because of the tremendous influence upon our lives of what is done in Congress. It is a strange thing, but a true one, that we select State lawmakers on the basis of county or city problems; and we select Congressmen, to make national laws, on the basis of district problems. It would be better for the States if State legislators were selected on the basis of State-wide problems, and national lawmakers on the basis of national problems. And so whatever tends to make men and women think on broader lines ought to have a good result in the conduct of State and national affairs."

THE FIGHT FOR "FREEDOM OF THE AIR"

THE FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT of some 15,000,000 American radio fans—tuning in on PWX one minute, trying to get KHJ, then striving for KDKA—will be spoiled, and broadcasting stations and the listening public will have to pay for service as telephone users now pay, maintains the Radio Broadcasters' Society of America, if the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through suits for infringement of patents, is able to control radio broadcasting. Such suits have been brought in the Federal Court of the Southern District of New York, and if the A. T. and T. wins, says one of New York's municipal officials, we may expect "to take our religion, our politics, and our education from a radio trust." The public will also be prevented from having a choice of radio programs, declares the president of the Radio Trade Association, which is composed of dealers in radio apparatus. And Secretary of Commerce Hoover agrees that it would be "most unfortunate for the people of this country, to whom broadcasting has become an important incident of life, if its control should come into the hands of any single corporation, individual, or combination. It would be the same as tho the entire press of the country was so controlled."

The "war in the air" which is now disturbing the contentment of radio fans, began, we are told by the New York *Times*, early this month, when the A. T. and T. Company embarked upon a campaign to protect the patents which it has acquired, and to place the business of broadcasting upon a commercial basis. Its contention is that it is in the business of transmission; that it has spent millions of its stockholders' money to develop radio-telephony, and therefore is entitled to reap the benefits of this investment; that it must protect its stockholders and likewise its patents, which are beng infringed. In other words, it must stop furnishing "something for nothing."

Naturally, this decision affects the millions of radio fans scattered from one end of the country to the other, who also have invested millions of dollars in receiving sets. Still more does it affect the dealers in receiving sets. Before we examine into the merits of the controversy, however, let us see what it is all about. According to the New York *World's* news columns:

"The fight between radio companies for control of the air is just beginning. Even at this early time the promoters and observers of this baby industry—whose potentialities are admittedly as great as those once offered by the multi-billionaire automobile and motion-picture industries—are agreed that before the struggle is over many years will have passed and bitter controversies will have been heard. Vast fortunes are at stake.

"The facts show that the great fight still to be waged probably will be between the A. T. and T. and the three great companies with which it is now admittedly in agreement for economical and efficient transaction of a rapidly increasing radio business—the Radio Corporation of America, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and the General Electric Company.

"The fight already has been begun by the A. T. and T., which has announced that it is seeking stabilization of the radio industry; in other words, that it is trying to find out who shall predominate.

"The public, because of its fundamental interest, has much at stake. If the A. T. and T. is successful in the legal contests it has begun it will have virtual control over the air and will be sole judge of what shall be broadcast, whether it be music, or a sermon, or a political address, or the Uneeda Biscuit Band—at $10 a minute.

"The four big companies mentioned entered into agreements in 1919, 1920 and 1921 for the purpose of enabling each other to do business without legal interference from each other for alleged infringement of patents. These were cross-licensing agreements, which had the effect of dividing up the radio business, and at the same time shutting off all possible competition. By the cross-licensing agreements the following rights and privileges were allocated:

"The A. T. and T. (and the Western Electric Company, whose common stock is owned by the A. T. and T.) got the right to sell broadcasting transmitting sets and the exclusive right to broadcast for toll and to use radio inventions requiring wires, such as the multiplex telephone and telegraph carrier systems for toll.

"The Radio Corporation got the right to operate transatlantic and other long-distance radio telegraph communication stations, to operate ship-to-shore radio telegraph communications, and the exclusive right to sell amateur radio receiving apparatus, which was to be manufactured by the General Electric and by Westinghouse—60 per cent. by the former and 40 per cent. by the latter. This included vacuum tubes for home radio receiving sets.

"The General Electric got the right to supply 60 per cent. of the needs of the Radio Corporation, winning the lion's share because through majority stock ownership in the Radio Corporation it controlled such important inventions as the Fleming valve and the Alexanderson alternator, which formed the basis for transatlantic radio transmission.

"The Westinghouse company got the right to manufacture 40 per cent. of the Radio Corporation's needs.

"It will be noted that these agreements gave the A. T. and T. what might easily be developed into a monopoly of the radio field, for this company got not only the exclusive right to charge for broadcasting—which it is doing at the rate of $10 a minute—but also the right to use radio inventions requiring wires for toll. In other words, stript of technical phraseology, this meant that the A. T. and T. had a natural monopoly in long-distance radio broadcasting because of its monopoly of telephone wires, and a second distinct advantage because it owned the vital vacuum tube grid audion patents.

"Close study of the situation shows that if the A. T. and T. can prove that its patents are basic it will have scored a victory, not only against the independent broadcasters, but it will also have scored a signal triumph against the three companies with which it is now in agreement. This action is interpreted as an effort to drive out of business all the 563 radio broadcasting stations now operating, except forty using equipment manufactured by the Western Electric Company, a subsidiary of the A. T. and T., and those few other stations which have obtained operating licenses from the company."

The various charges made against the A. T. and T. Company are thus met in a statement by its president, H. B. Thayer:

"In view of the considerable amount of misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the broadcasting situation, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company makes this statement:

"1. That the American Company has not attempted and does not desire a monopoly of broadcasting;

"2. That all broadcasting stations must and should operate under regulation and permits from the Government;

"3. That the American Company's policy is to grant rights under its patents for reasonable compensation to all broadcasting stations having proper Federal permission;

"4. That the American Company's suit is brought solely for the purpose of protecting its patents from infringement;

"5. That any broadcasting station now infringing the American Company's patents can acquire a license for the life of the patents upon reasonable terms."

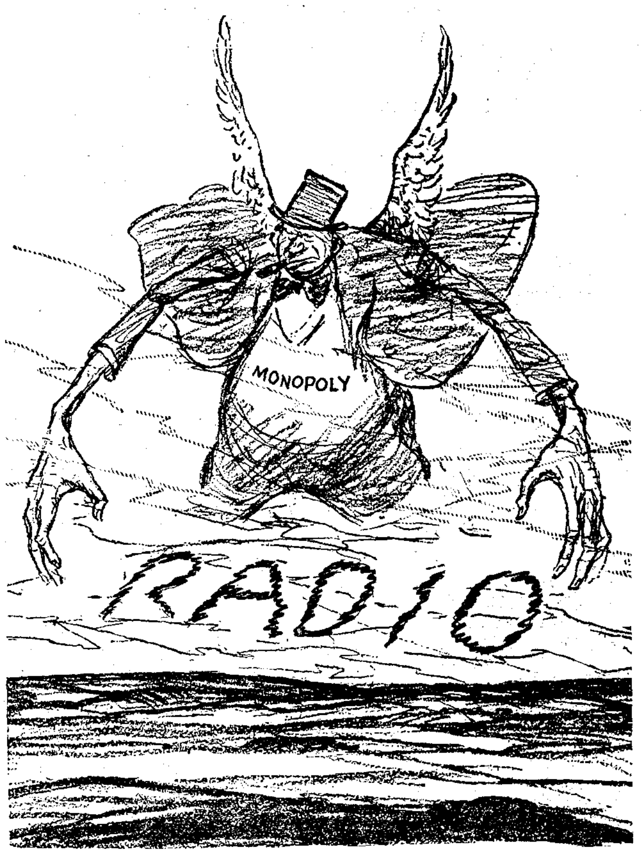
Even if a broadcasting monopoly actually were established, thinks the Springfield *Union*, "it might be regarded after a time as a pronounced blessing, for under a monopoly radio service might be made a great deal better than it is at present." The slogan of the Radio Trade Association—"the air should be free"—has a fine sound, admits the New York *Times*, "but as it happens, the controversy concerns not the freedom of the air, but the freedom of patents." Continues this editorial writer:

"Into the merits of this controversy it is not necessary to enter; the courts in time, presumably, will decide them. One can not but regret, however, that the issue should have been raised on a false line. As the case stands, no question has been presented except that as to whether or not the telephone company owns patents essential to broadcasting. If it does, there is difficulty in seeing what those who want to use those patents can do except pay for the privilege."

However, we are reminded by Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*, "sometimes reaching out too far is dangerous. People have fallen out of windows doing that." And the Springfield *Republican* and Boston *Post* agree with Secretary Hoover that "a monopoly of such tremendous potentialities as radio should not be left to the control of even the best-intentioned private concern." For, points out the Rochester *Herald:*

"Radio, like newspapers and the stage, motion pictures and current magazines, has a publicity power that in honest hands is a benefit of inestimable value, but under unscrupulous control may become a public menace and a delusion. Because of its newness, the power of radio to benefit or harm is only beginning to be realized, but already there have appeared many signs that propagandists, religious zealots, and unprincipled persons with axes to grind are seeking a way to reach radio audiences with their peculiar brands of publicity."

Besides, maintains the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, radio fans "do not wish to be confined in their choice. They want local broadcasts. And they want to be able to turn from local events to other fields." Mr. Hoover's statement that "broadcasting will continue as usual," however, should calm somewhat the fears of the listeners-in, thinks the New York *Sun*. In the opinion of the Brooklyn *Eagle:*



HIS LATEST VENTURE

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has itself to blame for drawing out a sharply critical statement from Secretary of Commerce Hoover. When asked if its patent prosecutions were intended to establish a monopoly in broadcasting, the company's attorney replied: 'That's what patents are for.' When Secretary Hoover, whose department licenses all broadcasting stations, was asked whether the Department would tolerate a broadcasting monopoly he flatly declared that it would not. That's what governments are for.

"The telephone company has a right to protect its patents. But it has no right to put out of business every broadcasting station in the country that does not choose to accept its dictation. Secretary Hoover has issued a timely warning. The Government issues broadcasting licenses for three-month periods only. At the end of that time any license may be canceled."

In view of all this, thinks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, radio should be placed under the control of the Government. "Every possessor of a receiving set appreciates the need for such control over broadcasting stations," agrees the New York *Herald*, which recommends that Mr. Hoover be given additional powers to make regulations, allocate wave-lengths, and control broadcasting in general.

CHARACTER LYNCHING IN WASHINGTON

THE MOB THAT MURDERS the good name of an innocent man demonstrates the same spirit of lynch law, some are now saying, that moves the mob that strings its victim to a telegraph pole. And of late, editorial observers remark with deep concern, this lust for character-lynching has been evoked in a startling and dangerous form by the Senatorial investigation into the leasing of the naval oil reserves. "Slander and panic," notes the New York *Tribune*, are the chief elements in this "hysteria" which has political Washington by the throat, and which threatens to spread through the medium of the press to the country at large. "In the Senate there is a disposition among some of my colleagues to condemn men by mere rumors or whisperings," avers Senator Frank P. Willis of Ohio, who deplores "this whispering campaign of assassination"; and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, warns the Upper House that this course "is lowering the entire character of this body in the opinion of the people of the United States." The Senate, remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, is rapidly becoming a national school for scandal. "It is high time for Washington and the Congress of the United States to get over their scandal spree," declares the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, which thinks that "we should be able to punish the small number of guilty persons without throwing suspicion on all the rest." Slander, says the Bridgeton (N. J.) *Evening News*, "is one of the greatest political and social menaces in the country to-day." As a reminder that it is not a new evil, however, we reprint on this page a striking extract from a sermon preached by the famous French preacher, Bishop Massillon, more than two hundred years ago.

"OF A MALIGNANT TONGUE"

(From a sermon by the famous French preacher, Bishop Jean Baptiste Massillon, 1663-1742)

"The tongue, says the Apostle James, is a devouring fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. And behold what I would have applied to the tongue of the evil-speaker, had I undertaken to give you a just and natural idea of all the enormity of this vice: I would have said that the tongue of the slanderer is a devouring fire which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain, equally as on the chaff; on the profane, as on the sacred; which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; digs even into the bowels of the earth, and fixes itself on things the most hidden; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever in the time when it was apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it can not consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys.

"I would have told you that evil-speaking is an assemblage of iniquity; a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own; a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents of prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures, and studies to dim the splendor of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds, in its speeches, the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face and tears to pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or its words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the imprudence of an amusing conversation; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce your absent brother; a scandal, where you become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to you; an injustice, where you ravish from your brother what is dearest to him. I should have said that slander is a restless evil, which disturbs society, spreads dissension through cities and countries, disunites the strictest friendships; is the source of hatred and revenge; fills, wherever it enters, with disturbances and confusion; and everywhere is an enemy to peace, comfort, and Christian good-breeding. Lastly, I should have added that it is an evil full of deadly poison; whatever flows from it is infected, and poisons whatever it approaches; that even its praises are empoisoned, its applauses malicious, its silence criminal; its gestures, motions, and looks have all their venom, and spread it each in their way."

"The oil inquiry is reaching that stage in which rumor is confounded with evidence, and suspicion creates a mist in which many innocent may be lost and some of the guilty escape," remarks the Brooklyn *Times*, and in ex-Governor Henry J. Allen's Wichita *Beacon* we read:

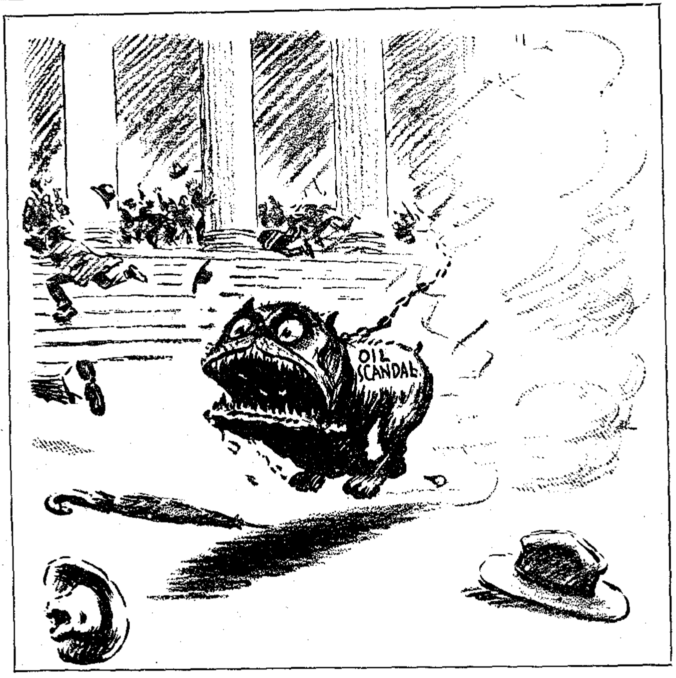
> "The entire object of the investigation—which is the punishment of the guilty persons and the restoration of government oil-lands to the nation—is likely to be defeated if the flood of immaterial testimony continues to engulf the Capitol.
>
> "Much of the testimony that is being brought out this week has been of the buzzing back-yard-fence variety, full of sound and foam, signifying little if anything.
>
> "The average citizen is puzzled in his effort to comprehend the connection between some of the information and the Teapot Dome lease.
>
> "If a Cabinet member telegraphs a Senator that he expects to make a trip to Kennebunk, the sleuths pounce upon the clue with gusto. Everything from the price of beans to the best method of catching codfish is considered significant.
>
> "When the dust clears away the people hope that something of real value will be uncovered, but the presence of so much dust is a protection to the real rascals."

"It is possible," agrees the Grand Rapids *Herald*, "to be swept into such a hot chase that the very speed of our zeal may take us too swiftly past stench-holes that deserve more careful scenting; or, on the other hand, may rush us to character assassinations which maturer findings might regret." "For weeks the Senate's mud-guns have belched and splashed," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which goes on to say:

> "What once was a great deliberative body has been resounding to the partizan yelpings of little men, and the snaps and snarls of character assassins. They have made charges under the protection of the Senate they would not dare utter as man to man. They have made the oil investigation the excuse for an orgy of partizan denunciation, the like of which had never been seen in the Senate and hardly anywhere else in America.
>
> "The country has looked on in a growing amazement. The public has been shocked and finally disgusted by this brazen exhibition of poison-tongued partizanship, pure malice and twittering hysteria. . . .
>
> "The Senate has made itself the home of arsenic squads who poison reputations and of well-poisoners who destroy character. Weeks ago it wandered afar from the main and principal aims of its investigations. It is now the haunt of political gunmen. If these are the breed of Senators that popular vote sends to Washington, then it was an evil day for the nation when it approved the Seventeenth Amendment.
>
> "Disgust with Senate tactics is rising to a danger-mark. The people of this country are fair-minded and believe in fair play. They are now realizing that the Senate's actions are the very pith and essence of pettiness. There is actual danger of a backfire of national disgust that will discredit all investigations and all investigators. A wearied and resentful people is about ready to cry out to both parties: 'A plague on both your houses!'"

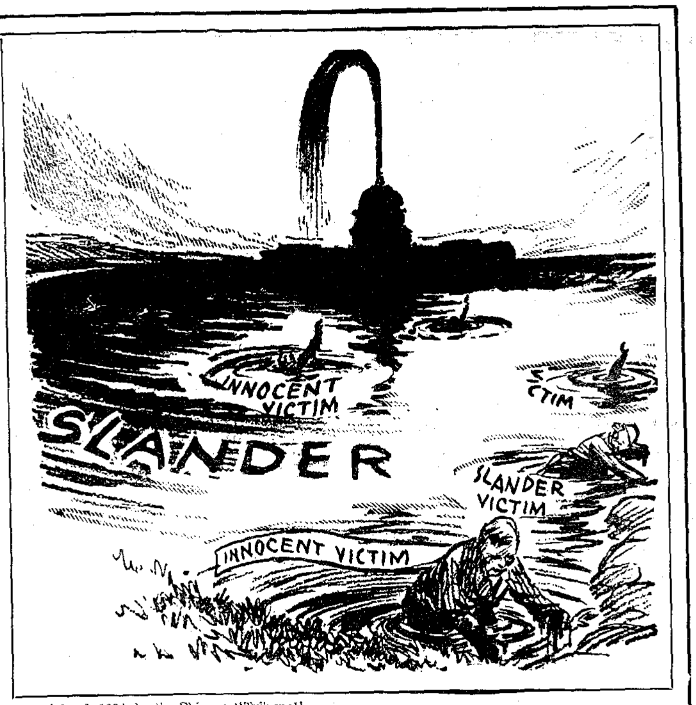
Things have reached such a condition, writes William Hard in *The Nation* (New York), that "to believe that an accused person should do anything but plead guilty and retire from public life becomes an indication of membership in the plunderbund"; and in an article by Stanley Frost in *The Outlook* (New York) we read:

> "We Americans might as well prepare to live from now till election day in an atmosphere filled with oil and mud and reverberant with drums. Political Washington has settled down to a presidential campaign devoted chiefly to proving that the pot is blacker than the kettle, or that it isn't—such a campaign of


OIL SCANDAL

UNCHAINED!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*


SLANDER
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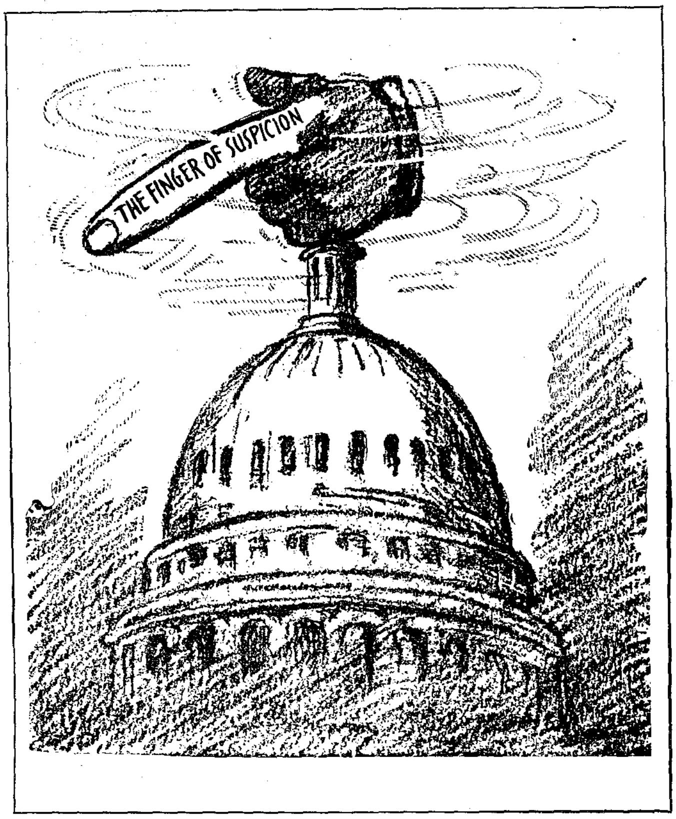
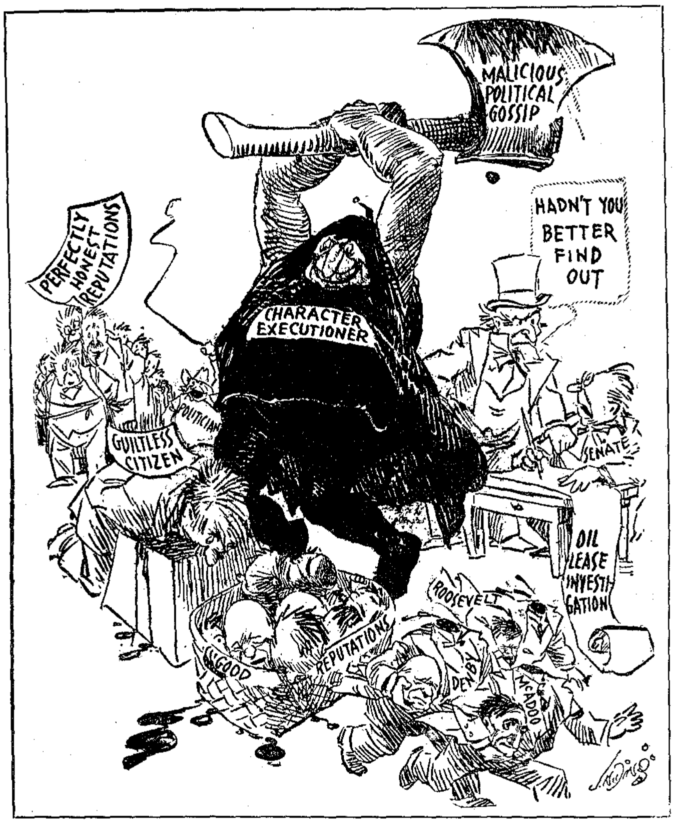
THE DELUGE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*


THE FINGER OF SUSPICION

WEATHER-VANE, WASHINGTON

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*


MALICIOUS POLITICAL GOSSIP
PERFECTLY HONEST REPUTATIONS
HADN'T YOU BETTER FIND OUT
CHARACTER EXECUTIONER
POLITICIAN
GUILTLESS CITIZEN
SENATE
OIL LEASE INVESTIGATION
ROOSEVELT
GOOD REPUTATIONS
DENBY
McADOO

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YES! BUT THE OIL LEASES! WERE THEY GOOD OR BAD?

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

WHEN JUSTICE BECOMES INJUSTICE

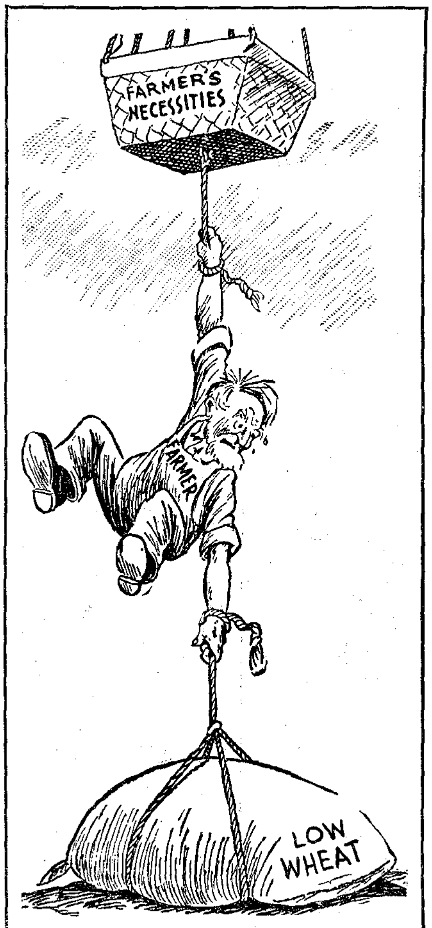
vituperation as has not been known for more than a generation. Constructive legislation and constructive issues are being more and more ignored while statesmen grub in the muck-heaps for missiles. Unless all signs fail, the noisome mess which has been uncovered so far is only a small sample of the spectacle to come.

"Perhaps most serious of all is the fact that politics has practically driven constructive thought and the chance of constructive legislation out of sight. The Senate is a slow-moving body at best, even when it devotes its entire time to legislation. Now it is spending day after day in purely political debate, having no value whatever except as it may affect the coming election. Almost no actual work is being done. The great bulk of the product of this session so far has been a series of resolutions and authorizations for inquiries, most of which have stump speeches for preambles and political hopes for their objectives.

"Another evil is the danger, already mentioned, that innocent men will be hurt, that reputations will suffer unfairly, and, finally, that public confidence will be destroyed far beyond what is right by 'revelations' of things which may look bad to inflamed minds, but are actually blameless. Some of this has already happened, as in the cases of Secretaries Lane and Garrison. Much more is still 'under cover,' and may be brought out at any moment."

THE "IF" IN THE WHEAT TARIFF

A NEW TAX ON BREAD. That is what the increase in the tariff on wheat and flour really means, declares the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.), in commenting rather critically upon President Coolidge's recent proclamation raising the tariff rate on the raw material of the staff of life from 30 cents a bushel to 42 cents. That is one view of it. Another view is that "the American farmer will thus be able to get an American price for his wheat in the American market, which is his of right," as the Republican Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* explains. The duty on wheat has been raised 12 cents a bushel, declares the independent Baltimore *Sun,* to keep Canadian wheat out of this country, but the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) feels pretty sure the President seized this occasion—the first under the so-called flexible provisions of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law—to secure the "farm vote." "A Presidential election is coming on, and it is important to connect the President directly with farm relief," points out *The Record.* And what is more, this Democratic paper adds, "Mr. Coolidge would, if his action could be effective, add almost $300,000,000 a year to the cost of living. He is either imposing on the farmer or he is levying a tax of something like $3 a year upon every man, woman and child in the country."



SUSPENDED ANIMATION
—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

The President, under the tariff law passed in September, 1922, may, upon recommendation of the Tariff Commission, proclaim increases in the tariff rate amounting to 50 per cent. of the existing rates. His recent action was based on a report of the Commission showing that the higher rate is necessary to equalize the cost of wheat production in this country and in Canada, its principal competitor, according to Washington dispatches. The advance, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* was sought particularly to aid the hard-up hard-wheat growers of the Northwest, and as the increase in rates goes into effect April 7, "it will become effective in time to become applied to the flood of Canadian wheat which descends upon the United States each spring with the opening of navigation on the Great Lakes."

On the basis of the Tariff Commission's investigation, the President finds:

> "That the principal competing country in the case of wheat, wheat flour and mill feeds is the Dominion of Canada.
>
> "That in the case of wheat the difference in costs of production between the United States and the Dominion of Canada is 42 cents per bushel of 60 pounds.
>
> "That in the case of flour the difference in costs of production between the United States and the Dominion of Canada is $1.04 per 100 pounds.
>
> "The difference in costs of production of mill feeds between the United States and the Dominion of Canada is $0.003 per 100 pounds."

Thus the duty on flour is advanced from 78 cents a hundred pounds to $1.04 and the duty on feeds reduced. The reasoning as well as the procedure back of the Coolidge action are thus set forth by the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "When President Harding was elected the first act of the new régime was to pass an emergency tariff to please the farmers. This measure utterly failed to accomplish its purpose, as was shown at the next election, when the old-line Republicans were defeated in the agricultural sections. A further effort to please the same element was made when the Fordney-McCumber tariff was framed. That, too, has failed to satisfy the food producers.
>
> "Trouble over the Fordney-McCumber schedules developed before the bill became a law. Even protectionists revolted against some of the rates. To meet this situation President Harding insisted upon a provision in the law that would make the rates 'flexible.' This was supposed to take the curse off the measure, since it was assumed that the President, upon recommendations of the Tariff Commission, would raise and lower rates at frequent intervals.
>
> "The flexible tax law has been on the books two years. Vast changes have taken place in that time, but until now no changes have been made in the tariff. The only explanation ever made as to why the flexible tariff remained rigid was that under the law the tariff experts had to ascertain actual costs of production here and abroad before recommending changes. Except in this one instance the experts have failed to recommend changes and the President has made none.
>
> "The basis of the present raise in the tariff on wheat and flour is supposed to be the difference between production costs in Canada and in the United States. Every one knows that the price of wheat is determined, not by Canadian production costs, but by the world price as fixt at Liverpool. But this is not the only fallacy in the reasoning behind this scheme. There is another point at which the whole flexible tariff scheme falls down. Every change, such as this in raising the tariff on wheat, is reflected in the relative cost of production in all lines. If the Tariff Commission is logical and the law has any reason at all, there should be a readjustment in all the tariff rates to conform to this new tariff."

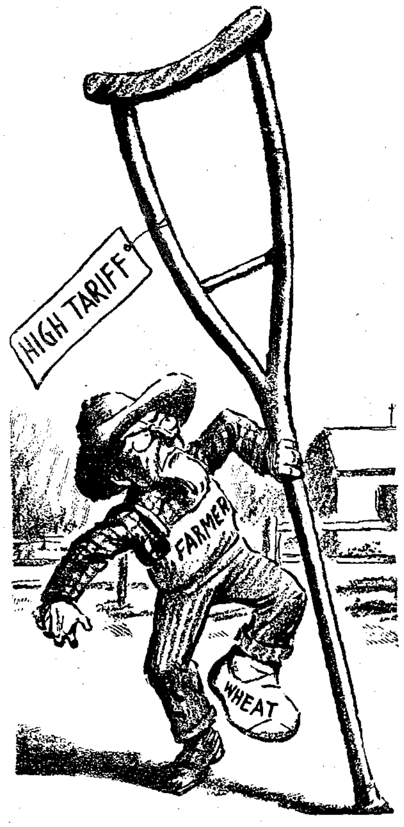
"It is no secret that the millers will benefit most from the increase in the tariff," remarks the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.), "for it will make it possible for them to add to the price of flour because Canadian flour will be kept out of this country." "But it does not follow," in the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.), "that an increase in tariff rates will relieve distress in the wheat belt." In this paper's belief:

> "It may help a few farmers in the border territory, where the rivalry between America and Canadian wheat-growers is keenest. But America as a whole does not suffer seriously from the competition of Canadian wheat in the home market. Our imports of Canadian wheat are negligible. On the other hand, we do suffer severely from the competition of Canadian wheat in the foreign market, and from this competition no domestic tariff walls can protect us. A high tariff duty to equalize the cost of production here and in the Dominion may stop altogether the flow of Canadian wheat into this country. But no preservation of the home market for home producers can help those producers very much as long as they grow an exportable surplus which must be sold in the markets of the world. When one-third of the wheat grown in the United States must be sold in the face of such competition, it is not to be expected that any mere tariff barrier will maintain prices in the domestic market at an artificially high level for the other two-thirds. Tariff protection for American wheat could only be effective if America raised less wheat than the country consumed.
>
> "As long as production remains in excess of consumption, an advance in wheat duties is to be regarded largely as a gesture, the implications of which are political rather than economic. Relief for the agricultural distress is to be achieved along other lines. It can best come through a greater diversification of agriculture in the wheat belt, through scientific farming to in-

crease the yields of American acres, and through proper measures to restore the purchasing power of foreign markets."

At the present time, notes the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.), the farmer buys in a protection market and sells in a free-trade market. Therefore, suggests a Republican paper, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "it would help the farmer more to reduce the tariff rates on protected commodities which the farmer must buy, rather than increase rates on his surplus products." The Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind.), in an editorial headed "Buncoing the Farmer," declares that—

> "The farmer apparently is unable to see that the same high tariff which the politician pretends to summon to his aid is responsible for the high cost of production of his wheat. His farm implements, his clothes, his tractor and nearly every manufactured article he buys carries the increased price that is the result of protection.
>
> "While he is paying out his good money to the favored children of the high tariff system, those same favored children are disposing of their wares in Canada in competition with a world market, meeting the prices of the lowest, and, indeed, selling at reduced costs to the Canadian farmer, who thus is enabled to produce his wheat at forty-two cents a bushel less than his American neighbor. So effectually has the politician pulled the wool over the farmer's eyes that the farmer never pauses to consider why it is that it costs him forty-two cents more a bushel to produce wheat in this country than in Canada.
>
> "The politicians who so successfully bamboozle the farmer year after year have seldom if ever tried a trick so obvious as this one. The real wonder is not that the farmer falls for it, but that the politicians have the nerve to try it."



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT CRUTCH?

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

On the other hand, the New York *Herald* (Ind. Rep.) is sure "the increased tariff on wheat will protect the American wheat farmer from direct competition from his more favorably situated northern neighbor." Moreover, points out the independent Providence *Bulletin*, "the decrease in the duty on bran, shorts, and other by-products of milling will enable the American farmer to sell his wheat at a higher price and at the same time buy his stock feeds from the mills at a lower price." Incidentally, adds this paper, "it affords him a wider market by placing Canadian farmers on a strictly competitive basis." In Canada, notes another editor, the farmer enjoys certain marked advantages over his American competitor—cheaper land, lower freight rates, and lower taxes. These advantages, in addition to a large crop, made action by the President necessary, points out the Republican Omaha *Bee*. Says this Central Western daily:

> "Wheat can not be produced as cheaply in the United States as in Canada. Therefore, it is unfair to require our farmers to compete in the home market with the farmers north of the border. Land is higher in value here, taxes are higher, labor is higher, and export railroad rates are higher. On these factors rest the cost of producing wheat, and the increased tariff is intended to help equalize the differences—to give the farmers of the United States the protection they need against the competition they can not otherwise fairly meet. Without this relief the farmer's case would be hopeless, for he can not go on, year after year, producing wheat at a loss.
>
> "The Omaha *Bee* has led the fight for this form of relief. While other papers have recommended to the farmer that he pull down his own house and the houses of his neighbors, through demanding free trade for all commodities, this newspaper has stedfastly contended that the correct course would be to give the farmer the additional protection needed through an increase in the tariff. It would not be in any sense helpful to cut off the consuming power of the nation through a general reduction in tariff, with the consequent destruction of wage scales. American farmers grow wheat primarily to feed American workingmen.
>
> "When last fall the railroads declined to make the temporary concession in freight rates asked on wheat and flour intended for export, the Omaha *Bee* made its demand for a higher tariff on wheat. This was prest, until the attention of Congress was caught, and the Williamson bill was introduced. President Coolidge was approached, and his interest resulted in immediate response. An intensive drive was begun by the publication of its special wheat edition by the Omaha *Bee*. That permitted the massing of tabulations that showed the exact conditions. Freight rates, especially, favored the Canadian growers. Other elements that worked against our farmers were brought out in high light.
>
> "One of the effects of the campaign was the study by the Tariff Commission of the situation in the light of the showing made by this paper. Out of that study came the report to the President that the farmers of the great trans-Mississippi region were seriously handicapped; that their production and marketing costs were much higher than those in Canada.
>
> "On this report the President's proclamation is based. What its entire effect will be must wait on time, but its immediate effect will be to improve the farmer's position in the home market. The steady stream of Canadian wheat, pouring across the northern border, will be checked if not entirely stopt."

But to another wheat-belt paper, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Ind.), this tariff protection for the farmer seems "a monstrous hoax," as this Minnesota daily argues:

> "No tariff on wheat can protect the farmer unless his exportable surplus is taken off the market at the same price which it is intended he should get for the rest of his crop. It goes without saying that a tariff must be one part in the agricultural protective scheme. But the tariff alone is useless. It must be supplemented by some machinery which can take care of the exportable surplus. Cooperation might accomplish this end if it were possible to organize the growers of a crop which is raised over so broad a territory and hold them under a strict discipline. For the time being, this is a counsel of perfection. The only means of accomplishing the end is a government export agency, and the McNary-Haugen bill does no more than to provide such an agency as will make it possible for the tariff to give the farmer the same protection as that enjoyed by the manufacturer of virtually every commodity he must buy."

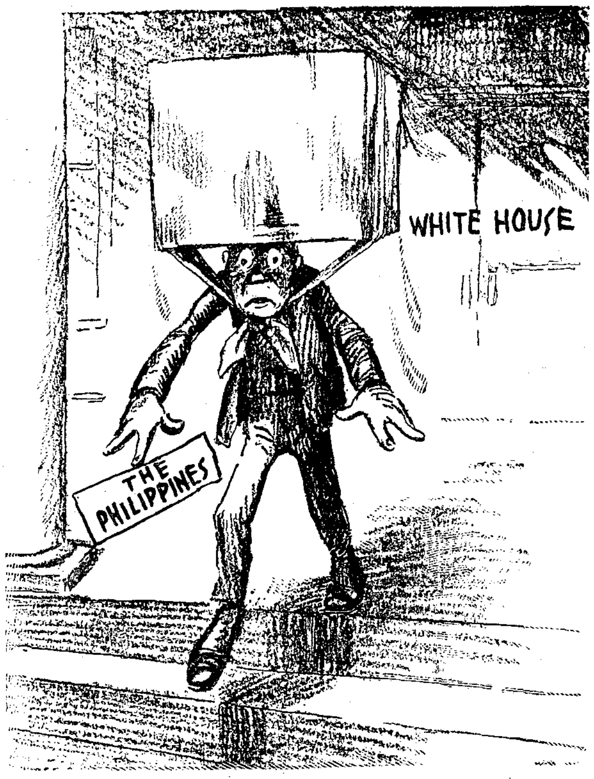
Then there is another phase which is of interest to American editors. Already, we are informed by the Chicago *Daily News*, there is talk of commercial warfare and reprisals between this country and Canada. Business men, adds Glenn Griswold in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, predict that the increase in the tariff rate on wheat will aggravate "present friction in our relations with Canada." Continues this writer:

> "Bankers and business men are trying to determine whether the benefits that might accrue to the farmer from excluding some part of this 20,000,000 bushels imported—and even a 42-cent tariff will not keep out all of it—can compensate for the harm the thing does to American millers and allied trades and for the reprisals which Canada may be expected to impose as a result of our tariff attitude. The Canadians already are incited to reprisal. They bought $540,000,000 of goods from us last year. By dominating the supply of pulp and pulp wood they hold the key to our publishing industry. Eastern coal operators and Western ore smelters may expect to feel the effects of these reprisals."

A CHILL FOR FILIPINO FREEDOM

THERE WERE NO IFS, ANDS, OR BUTS in President Coolidge's note to the chairman of the Philippine Independence Mission now in Washington on the question of independence for the islands, observes the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. Briefly, the President shares the opinion of Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, that the people of the islands have not yet proved their capacity to stand alone as a nation. Moreover, he upholds, without mincing words, the Wood administration.

For twenty-six years, writes David Lawrence in the Washington *Star*, the Filipinos have been promised that when the proper time came they would be accorded independence. And while Mr. Coolidge's unequivocal stand may discourage for the time being the proponents of independence, this Washington correspondent predicts that the Democratic party will make the Philippine question an issue in the coming campaign. The House Committee on Insular Affairs has, in fact, brought the matter before Congress by voting to draft a bill granting autonomy, and while the Brooklyn *Eagle*, New York *Evening Post*, and other papers fear this will add to the misunderstandings between ourselves and the Filipinos, the Newark *News* believes the effect will be good, "for it will bring to the attention of Congress a situation that is becoming more complicated every day." A boycott of American goods and American newspapers published in the Philippines also has been decided upon, says the Philippine Press Bureau, of Washington, as a protest against the action of the Insular Auditor at Manila in suspending remittances to the United States from the independence fund, appropriated from the Philippine Treasury. This, say members of the Press Bureau, is an effort on the part of General Wood's auditor to obstruct the campaign for independence.



"KEEP COOL WITH COOLIDGE"

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

The Filipinos, writes Prof. Raymond Leslie Buell in *The Atlantic Monthly*, have been given almost complete control over local and provincial government. The Governors of the Provinces and the presidents of the municipalities, we are told, are elected by the people. The Jones Act of 1916 grants the upper and lower houses, both in the hands of native Filipinos, "general legislative power." But, as we are informed:

> "The United States still retains direct control of the executive branch of the Central Government through a Governor-General appointed for an indefinite term by the President of the United States. This official has 'supreme executive power' and 'general supervision and control of all the departments and bureaus of the Government in the Philippine Islands.' He may veto any act of the Legislature, including individual items in appropriation bills. If the Legislature passes the bill over his head, it is referred to the President of the United States, whose decision is final. Congress may likewise annul laws passed by the Philippine Legislature. But no such way is provided to break deadlocks over appointments, which must be confirmed by the Philippine Senate before they can become effective. In short, the Jones Act established a government which is representative of, but not responsible to, the people of the Philippines."

"Governor-General Wood is construing the Jones Act literally, while his predecessor construed it liberally," says Professor Buell. This is the basis of the Philippine Independence Mission's protest. Also, according to Washington reports:

> "The new Filipino petition is based on the promise contained in the Jones Act which declared that independence should be granted to the Philippines at such time as 'a stable government can be established therein.' The Philippine Mission asserts that it needs but to show that such a government has been established to make the Jones Act agreement operative.
>
> "The Mission adds to its other pleas the claim that the administration of Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood has become a burden. His policies, it is claimed, constitute a backward step, and instead of working toward liberation of the islands, are tending to enslave them. The political charges against General Wood are that he has declined to avail himself of the counsel of natives in governmental affairs; has surrounded himself with military and extralegal advisors; has usurped functions of the Island Government; has infringed the budget; has abused the veto power, and encroached on the autonomy of the Philippines by establishing a reactionary, militaristic, one-man rule."

In his letter to Manuel Roxas, head of the Mission, President Coolidge said in part:

> "The declaration of the Commission of Independence charges the Governor-General with illegal arbitrary and undemocratic policies. . . . The Government of the United States has full confidence in the ability, good intentions, fairness and sincerity of the present Governor-General. It is convinced that he has intended to act, and has acted within the scope of his proper and constitutional authority.
>
> "The extent to which the grievances which you suggest are shared by the Filipino people has been a subject of some disagreement. The American Government has information which justifies it in the confidence that a very large proportion, at any rate, and possibly a majority of the substantial citizenry of the islands does not support the claim that there are grounds for serious grievance. A considerable section of the Filipino people is, further, of the opinion that at this time any change which would weaken the tie between the Filipinos and the American nation would be a misfortune to the islands. The world is in a state of high tension and unsettlement. The possibility of either economic or political disorders, calculated to bring misfortune, if not disaster, to the Filipino people, unless they are strongly supported, is not to be ignored.
>
> "Altho they have made wonderful advances in the last quarter century, the Filipino people are by no means equipped, either in wealth or experience, to undertake the heavy burden which would be imposed upon them with political independence."

"This declaration is remarkable for a display of moral courage not often seen in State papers," notes the New York *Times*, while the neighboring *Tribune* agrees that the President's letter "is easily the most cogent and penetrating analysis of the Philippine situation ever made by an American President." "His answer is more than a neat turning of the tables upon the Filipino politicians," maintains the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, while the Houston *Post* reminds us that when we hear these tales of maladministration in the islands "we must recall that a fund of $500,000 per year, collected by Philippine tax-gatherers, is doing at least a part of the talking."

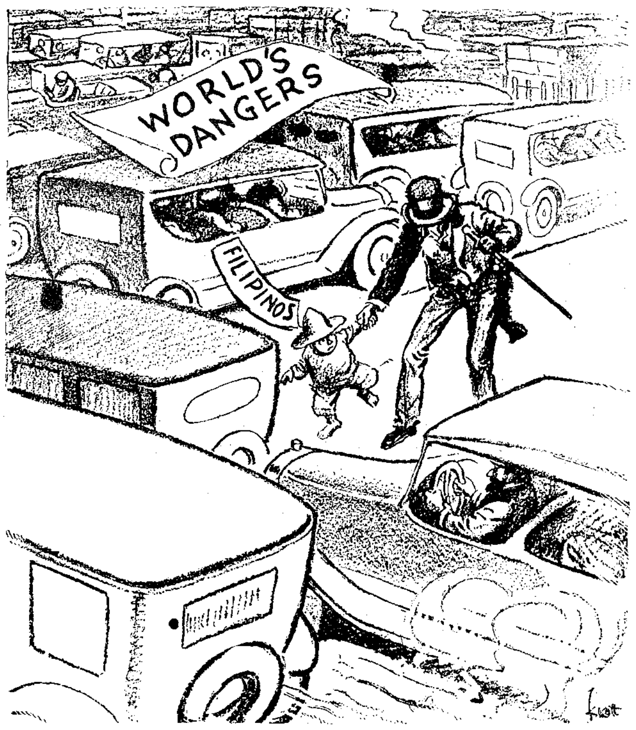
There are many reasons why the American Government "should remain on the job" in the Philippines, declares the Manchester *Union*. One of the most important, in its opinion, is that—

> "Only a comparatively small group, led by men who have been exposed as looters of government resources, want the American Government to withdraw from the Philippines, and want it simply that these looters may exploit the islands. There is another good reason why we should remain in the Philippines. To get out would be to upset the whole Pacific situation. Friendly as we are with the Japanese, hopeful and even confident as are we regarding the future of Japanese-American relations, our British friends, and more especially the Australians, are far from comfortable in face of the prospect of Japanese expansion. Therefore, if for no other reason, it is a duty to remain in the Philippines because by remaining there for some time we can thereby aid in strengthening the structure reared in the Washington Conference, whereas to get out would be to endanger that good work."

"Under the Administration of General Wood's predecessor, Governor-General Harrison," adds the Utica *Press*, "the Filipinos were given a fair test in the way of independence, and they made rather a mess of it." The chief trouble, thinks the Washington *Star*, "is that they lack that economic sense in government which is essential to the maintenance of stable administration."

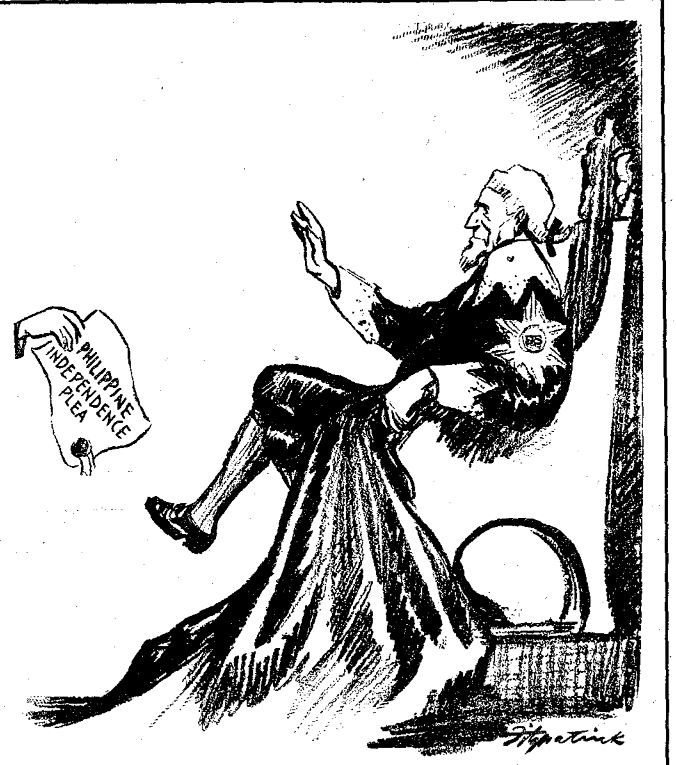
Two Manila papers, *The Herald* and *The Debate*, however, declare that President Coolidge is playing politics in the present instance, and wants General Wood to remain in the Philippines so as to eliminate him as a Presidential possibility. Perhaps the most scathing arraignment of the President's course, however, comes from a purely American source—the Springfield *Republican*, one of the leading "anti-imperialist" journals after the war with Spain. Says this paper, published in Mr. Coolidge's own State:

> "The political philosophy underlying the President's statement that the Filipinos' failure to cooperate with Governor-General Wood testifies to their unfitness for a larger autonomy is the political philosophy of Lord North and George III. The history of all movements for national independence in modern times disputes the soundness of the principle underlying the President's position when he declares that 'it is not possible to consider the extension of a larger measure of autonomy to the Filipino people until they shall have demonstrated a readiness and capacity to cooperate fully and effectively with the American Government and authorities.' The reason for this failure to cooperate is not necessarily native incapacity for self-government. The failure to cooperate may be due entirely to the native population's natural repugnance to foreign rule. The recent history of Ireland is instructive; so is the recent history of Egypt.



NOT GOING TO TURN HIM LOOSE IN ALL THAT TRAFFIC

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.



THE SPIRIT OF '76

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

> "If the Filipinos would yield absolutely to General Wood and permit him to govern them like an autocrat, he could undoubtedly give them the best government they had enjoyed since the Spanish conquest—the best in the sense of security for life and property, public health, schools, roads and sewers. The death-rate would go down and the birth-rate would go up. Trade would flourish and eventually there would be a great market for victrolas, radios and Fords. But they will not yield to him; with all his efficiency and good banking and budget making, he does not sympathize, in their opinion, with the Filipino's aspirations to be master in his own house.
>
> "There is no way, probably, to convince the Filipinos that the United States does sympathize with their aspirations unless our Government, whether Republican or Democratic, allows them to govern themselves, even to the extent of letting them do it rather badly."

"The present Administration," points out the Hartford *Times*, "can not postpone indefinitely consideration of the issue of Philippine independence." Moreover, we are told:

> "It is embarrassing for a people who have a Lexington and Bunker Hill in their history, and who adopted a declaration declaring that all just government is derived from the consent of the governed, to put themselves in the position of imposing an unwelcome government upon a subject people.
>
> "The issues at stake are simple. First, whether the islanders are prepared for self-government. Second, whether they will be attacked and their government destroyed if they are set free. Neither the $20,000,000 which we paid to Spain for the Philippines nor the fact that Americans have valuable investments in the islands have anything to do with the question. The right of the Filipinos, who are under our flag by compulsion and not of their own volition, is fundamental and goes deeper than any question of national or private investment."

P. & A. photograph

ONE INCIDENT IN "THE BATTLE OF THE FRANC"

Part of the howling mob which crowded about the Paris Bourse as the dollar and the pound soared and the franc crashed downward.

THE FRANC FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE

THEY CALL IT "the battle of the franc" in France. It is no local skirmish, for tho the financial conflict has been centering at Paris, the fighting has been going on in London, Amsterdam, and New York. While Poincaré strains every nerve to force his fiscal reforms through the French Parliament, "the franc strikes bottom with a dull thud" in all the money marts of the world. A "speculative offensive" against the franc helps bring it to a new low record for all time and then comes a "counter offensive" directed by the French Government, with the help of banking allies in New York and London, which brings it sharply back from the depths. An important factor in the rebound of the franc last week was the $100,000,000 credit arranged by J. P. Morgan & Co. for the Bank of France. Before the war the French monetary unit was worth 19.3 cents in our money. Its recent downward flight is briefly set forth as follows:

Jan. 2, 1920	9.30c.	Jan. 2, 1924	5.00c.
Jan. 2, 1921	5.91c.	Feb. 1, 1924	4.70c.
Jan. 2, 1922	8.00c.	Mar. 1, 1924	4.19c.
Jan. 2, 1923	7.20c.	Mar. 8, 1924	3.42c.

In Paris the recent sharp drop in French exchange was ascribed to a "foreign offensive" taking the form of concerted selling of French currency. That France has had grounds "for suspicions that she was being victimized is evident from facts now coming to light here," we read in *The Wall Street Journal;* "proof is not wanting that there was extensive short selling of francs in this country by people who appear to be influenced by advice coming from well organized sources." For instance, the story goes that letters were sent out from a New York address to Germans advising them to "sell the franc" and explaining how to sell short, and that a letter was sent to Lutheran pastors suggesting that by selling the franc they might "cause its depreciation and final annihilation" and "actually assist in bringing France to her knees." This letter was at once repudiated by responsible Lutherans.

But it seems foolish to a number of our papers to attribute the fall of the franc, except in a minor degree, to this propaganda. Speculative selling, "whether from German or other sources," can not explain the great and continuing depreciation, in the New York *World's* opinion. What, asks the Manchester *Union,* "is there strange about the calamitous drop in the value of French money?"

> "For the last five years of peace the French have been continually at war—not engaged in fighting, but nevertheless at war. They have built a magnificent army. They have developed an air service that is an object of ill-concealed terror to Britain. Their method of procedure against Germany has been uniformly warlike and has been costly like war in its milder aspects. That is to say, while most participants in the recent struggle have got as quickly as possible on a peace footing and have directed their resources to the reduction of debt and the restoration of the normal ways of living, the French have remained on a war footing—which is a tremendously costly footing. Intentions have been good, but the way of living has been expensive.
>
> "We are not forgetting that France has borrowed heavily, almost wildly, for reconstruction work. But this bears directly on the point we are trying to make. Confronted with her massive reconstruction program, France had no business to devote fabulous sums to the maintaining of useless armament. The two things together have overstrained her financial resources, and the crumbling franc is one of the penalties incurred for remaining at war instead of throwing the whole weight of her influence for peace on some new basis."

In a dispassionate discussion of the situation the Washington *Star's* New York financial correspondent finds two chief reasons for the recent sensational decline in the franc:

> "For twelve months after the Ruhr occupation the French Government maintained the fiction of an extraordinary budget which was some day to be balanced by German reparations. Then it came out more into the open and admitted that reparations payments were something that were no longer to be depended upon, and that French credit before the world could not be reestablished until the extraordinary was included with the ordinary budget and an equation struck between outlay and income, taking the two together. The next step was the new fiscal program, involving an increase on the credit side of 7,500,000,000 francs annually.
>
> "The question is whether this will be a sufficient measure of relief, and the answer to this question lies largely in what the Dawes committee reports regarding the amount of indemnity which Germany is able to pay. Between the German payments and the increased French taxes, will there be enough added to the credit side to make the budget balance? International financial opinion is plainly skeptical on this point, and this is the principal reason for the decline in the franc.
>
> "The second reason is the large degree of inflation which has entered into the French financial structure, partly owing to the piling up of internal loans and partly to the rapid expansion of the paper note issue since the middle of last December."

But "the days of France's tribulation are coming to an end," thinks *The Wall Street Journal,* through the straightening out of her financial affairs by the enactment of the Poincaré tax reform program, and the relief bound to come from the report of the Dawes committee. Here many of our editors agree, pointing out the underlying economic soundness of France and declaring that she has come at last to the turning point.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

A half-truth is seldom the better half.—*Boston Herald.*

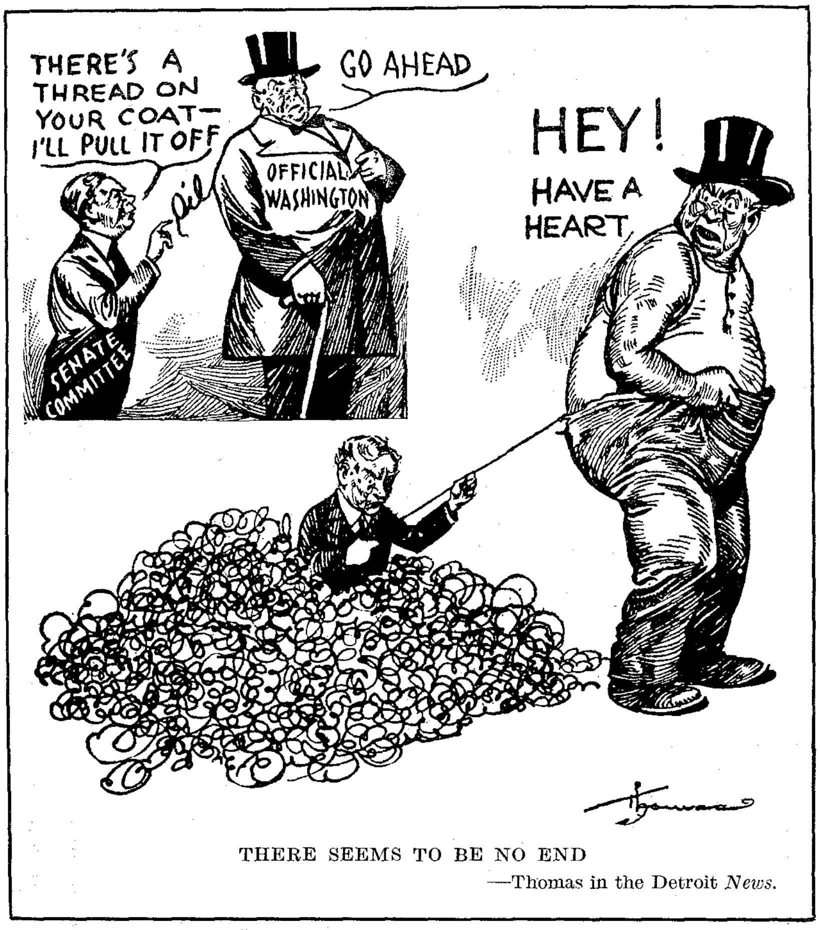
Mr. Levermore's chances for Easy Street seem to B. O. K.—*Philadelphia North American.*

As between Democratic and Republican linen this looks like a grand year for the soap business.—*Detroit News.*

The "hinterland" is where they still shoot "revenoors" instead of fixing things.—*Anaheim (Cal.) Plain Dealer.*

Now, darn it! We won't be able to finish scolding Europe until we get this oil mess cleaned up.—*Pasadena Evening Post.*

Russians are now said to have money in their pockets, the first time in five years. We may have to recognize them yet.—*Toledo Blade.*



THERE SEEMS TO BE NO END

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

The love of money is the root of oil evils.—*Boston Herald.*

Uneasy lies the head that has a hat in the ring.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

Investigations grow by what they feed upon.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Divorce courts are where they play off matrimonial ties.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

The rebellion in Mexico has now progressed as far as Page 6.—*San Diego Union-Tribune.*

Our interest in Europe may not be so intense, but it's accumulating.—*Bakersfield Californian.*

Don't cheer, boys. No one party is large enough to hold all the crooks.—*Brockville (Ont.) Recorder.*

The Dark Ages have returned to Washington. They're boiling 'em in oil.—*Kansas City Star.*

A great aid to Prohibition is wider dissemination of the fact that the drinker, and not the drink, now is aged in wood.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

The funny part is that Magnus thought his milking contest something new in Washington.—*San José Evening News.*

You can say one thing for "Scofflaw." It's the only word in this liquor row that both sides enjoy.—*El Dorado (Ark.) Tribune.*

We recall that the campaign slogan was "boys, get the money," and it seems that some of the boys did.—*Charleston Gazette.*

"Coolidge must move fast to avoid backwash of scandal"—dispatch. And others must move fast to get the whitewash.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A strict interpretation of the proposed 25 per cent. drop in taxes on earned incomes ought to drive a few of our golfing business men back to the office.—*Detroit News.*

Now that General Dawes has suggested a big gold loan with the German railroads as security we may hear a new slogan of "Hock der railroads."—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

So far as we are concerned, Muscle Shoals as a subject of breathless interest is rapidly taking its place with Fiume, the Island of Yap and Einstein's theory.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Seed catalogs have begun to peck at the shell.—*Detroit News.*

In this commercial age, about the only way to get well heeled is to keep on your toes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A germ specialist says there is little danger in handling money. Unless it is easy money.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

Women generally will take more interest in politics when politics is put on display in the shop windows.—*Toledo Blade.*

People who feel that way should remember that a knock nearly always indicates loss of horse-power.—*Fresno Republican.*

Dr. Sun Yat-sen gets more publicity on less fighting than any man since the time of the German crown prince.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Uncle Sam is developing a very keen oilfactory nerve.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

England holds bye-elections. Over here we hold good-bye elections.—*Toledo Blade.*

Sending a message in cipher does not necessarily indicate that it means nothing.—*Indianapolis Star.*

So live that when your summons comes you won't have to burn the books.—*Stockton Independent.*

A pessimist is a person who believes all the rumors that originate in Washington these days.—*Asheville Times.*

Just as a mere spectacle it would be worth $50,000 to see the Senate accept a peace plan.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

We have seen many statues of great men astride a horse, but never one astride a fence.—*Tucson (Ariz.) Citizen.*

"Harold Dollar in Distress," says a headline. We're not surprized at Harold. Every other dollar is in the same fix about this time of year.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

An experienced husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday, but forgets which one it is.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whig.*

According to divorce court statistics, the wedding bells peal only eight times for every repeal.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Poincaré's defense is that he can protect France's currency against organized financial warfare but not against franc-tireurs.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Some of the Democrats seem to have been among those people who never learn that if you start a fire with oil it spreads.—*Philadelphia North American.*

William J. Burns says "there's no oil in the Department of Justice." And there doesn't seem to be much justice in the department of oil.—*Houston Post.*

Lieutenant Macready flew to an altitude of 41,000 feet a few days ago, but on his way up he didn't meet the cost of living coming down.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

If you wish to know whether a man has been at work, look at his palms. If you wish to know whether a girl has been at work, look at the third finger of her left hand.—*Chatham (Ont.) Daily News.*

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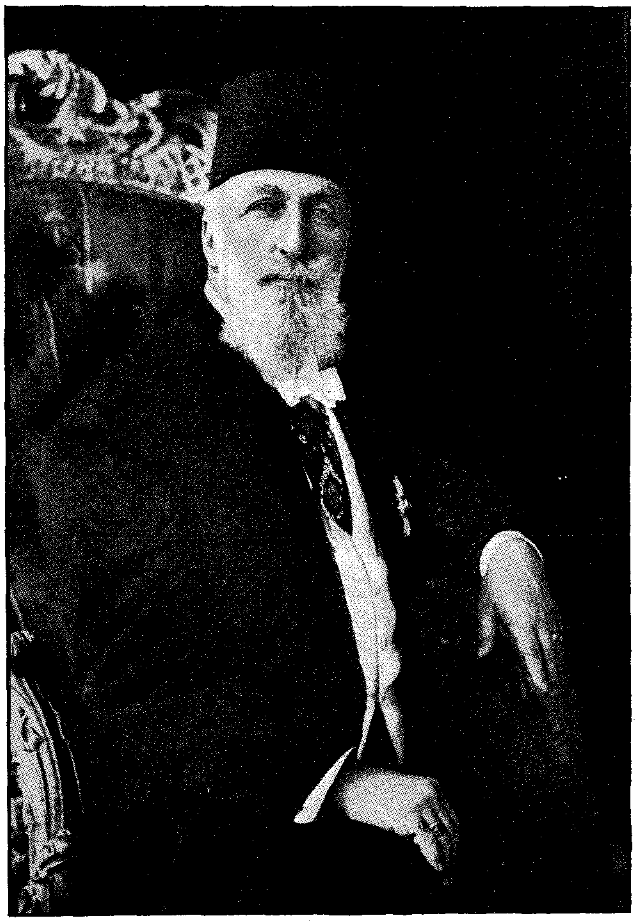
FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT THE OUSTING OF THE CALIPH MEANS

CENTURIES AGO when one tenet of the fighting Christian was to push the infidel Turk back somewhere into the fastnesses of Asia, we are told, the extinction of the Caliphate would have been hailed with rejoicing; but to-day editors in the western European world note with dismay that the most drastic reform of Turkey's new Government is the deposition of the spiritual head of Moslems throughout the world. The London *Times* remarks that "of all vast changes wrought by the war, the downfall of Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns, the resurrection of ancient States and the rise of States unknown before, the evolution of novel forms of government and the emergence of new ideas and new feelings among mankind, no single change is more striking to the imagination than is this; and few, perhaps, may prove so important in their ultimate results." In Paris, the well-known political writer "Pertinax" writes in the *Echo de Paris* that the dethronement of the Caliph after four hundred years in which Constantinople has been the center of Mohammedanism can not but have an important reaction on the colonial policy of both France and England, whose Mussulman subjects number so many millions, scattered from India to Algeria. A Delhi correspondent of a New York newspaper points out that the element of piquancy is furnished for the occasion by the fact that a deputation of the Turkish Red Crescent is endeavoring in that city to obtain financial aid from Moslems for distrest Turks in Anatolia, and he goes on to say:



From the London "Sphere"

THE CALIPH THAT WAS

Abdul Medjid, whose deposition is considered a change "more striking to the imagination" than the downfall of Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns.

> "The Moslem orthodoxy in India was already somewhat disconcerted by revelations as to the absorption of a large portion of the Caliphate funds by Angora.
>
> "There is speculation here as to how the extremist Caliphate politicians, such as the Ali brothers, whose aims are purely political and revolutionary, will extricate themselves from the difficulty. The news has been received by serious Moslems with regret. Three earnest and well-read Indian Moslems, holding good positions, admitted that the decision of the Turkish Assembly in Angora appeared to be a political blunder likely to alienate the sympathy of the large Moslem population from the Turks. The actual deposition of Caliph Abdul Medjid caused no alarm, and, indeed, the prospect of the election of a new Caliph was not unwelcome, it being pointed out that originally the Caliphate was a democratic institution.
>
> "Moreover, these Moslems held that the confiscation of the Pious Foundation Funds may have been necessary to relieve the large number of Turkish refugees, but on one point they were firm, namely, that the Caliphate can not permanently remain abolished and that the situation must be remedied by an assembly or conference, in Egypt or Constantinople, of representatives of Moslem opinion throughout the world to elect a successor."

The London *Morning Post's* correspondent at Cairo advises us that the Egyptian Ulemas, Mohammedan wise men, have issued a manifesto to the Moslem world in which they declare the deposition of the Caliph at Constantinople to be an illegal act by persons who had no voice in the matter, and urge the Moslems to hasten the assembly of a general congress to settle the question of the Caliphate in accordance with law. We are told further that:

> "The Ulemas affirm that the existence of the Caliphate is as necessary to every true believer as is reason to man in general. They beg the Moslems to defend the Caliphate and see that the settlement of the question does not weaken the prestige of Islam, but also warn the faithful against taking any action before the meeting of the proposed congress."

According to a Jerusalem dispatch to the London *Daily Telegraph*, the Arabs of Palestine and Syria planned to join in the proclamation of King Hussein of the Hedjaz as Caliph, and the indications were that at a conference of the Arab states at Koweit, Hussein would be formally proclaimed Caliph of the Moslems of the whole Arabian Peninsula. The dispatch recalls that King Hussein refused the Caliphate when the Arab Nationalists proposed to proclaim him in January, but it says the deposition of Abdul Medjid seems to have precipitated matters. The Diplomatic Correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* avers that the Turkish Government played into the hands of its hereditary foe by abolishing the Caliphate at the *moment* when Hussein, now reconciled with his two crowned sons, and nursing the idea of a vast Arab Federation, was actually conferring at Amman with delegates of the principal Arab kingdoms. According to this writer, Hussein's subjects are fired with enthusiasm over the deposition of the Turkish Caliph "regardless of whatever miseries they may have suffered under the very unsatisfactory Hedjaz administration." But the selection of Hussein as Caliph must be weighed in the balance with the demand of the Indian Moslems for a general conference, and the claims of other Moslem communities, and this writer believes that because of this the question can not be regarded as settled.

Paris dispatches speak of the news that King Hussein of the Hedjaz had been proposed as the official candidate for the Caliphate by his two sons, Faisul and Abdullah, as meeting a cool reception in the French capital and we are told that:

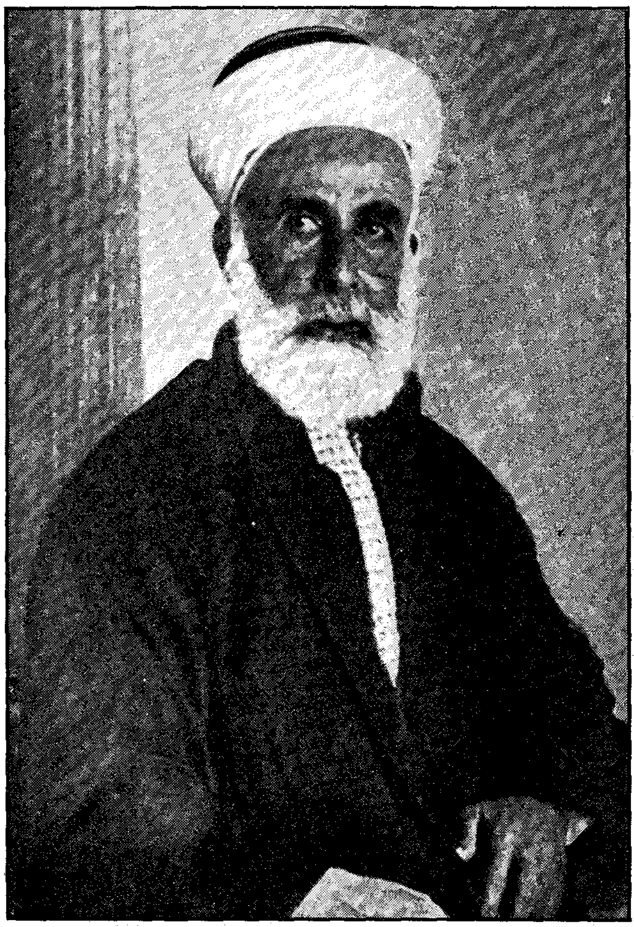
> "King Hussein receives, according to a statement made in the House of Lords by Lord Crawford, an annual grant of £400,000, which possibly substantially assists him to maintain his rather precarious sway over the Kingdom of the Hedjaz, where his authority must be enforced against emirs, chiefs and a large number of Arab tribes, constituting a partly nomad population in the three former Turkish Sanjaks of Mekka, Medina and Jedda. These tribes are grouped about twelve principal sections, whose effectives vary from about 400 to 12,000 men. At any moment ome of these very turbulent peoples may give trouble, and British subvention no doubt ften comes in useful in order o provide a good argument in avor of King Hussein's rule."

Commenting on the nomination of King Hussein, the semi-fficial Paris *Temps* recalls hat two of his ancestors atempted to become Caliph, the rst in the year 1011 and the econd about two centuries ater, and it observes:

> "Then it was a mere matter f competition between rival rab candidates, but to-day ing Hussein and his sons are nstruments of a great Euroean power. British agents re resolved to dominate the ountries lying between the Mediterranean and India, and lso are anxious to free the ndian Moslems from the fluence of independent Turey. They desire to constitute n Arab Caliphate which would onsolidate the British domation from Haiffa Jedda to assora, and which, by orderg the Indian Moslems no nger to look to Angora, would gain make it possible to use hem as a means of checking he Hindoos in their struggle for independence.
>
> "An Arab Caliphate could also, according to the plan of its ventors, exercise action over Syria, Lybia, Tunisia, and Algeria -possibly even as far as the Dutch East Indies. One day, erhaps, this means of religious intervention would become a olitical instrument—the excellently oiled machine of which me British Resident General would manipulate by levers."

An official reply to all statements about Britain's interest in e Caliph was uttered by Premier MacDonald in the House of ommons when he said that while the British Government is llowing closely the efforts of the various Moslem countries to eate a Caliph of their own, it had no intention of interfering any way with the selection of a new commander of the faithful, d he added: "Our policy has been, and will remain, one of mplete disinterestedness."

According to a Constantinople dispatch Mustafa Kemal asha announced that the Caliphate henceforth will be vested the Turkish Parliament, and some British officials who are exrts on Near Eastern affairs sense in Kemal's pronouncement a sign of the Turkish President himself ultimately to succeed to e Sultanate.



International photograph

KING HUSSEIN OF THE HEDJAZ

Who if Caliph would be considered by the French, it is said, "a political instrument" of Great Britain.

CHINA'S CYCLE OF THE RAT

FOREIGNERS RESIDENT IN CHINA are naturally influenced by Chinese superstitions, we are told, and so when the word begins to spread that the new year, which is known as the Cycle of the Rat, is going to be better than last year, the Cycle of the Pig, there is a mounting feeling of hope. In the matters of superstition, remarks the Shanghai *North China Herald*, very few of us can afford to throw stones at other people. But on lines of practical common sense, it maintains, when millions of people agree in a single idea, as in this matter of the better fortune to be expected from the Cycle of the Rat, in some inexplicable but none-the-less familiar way their convictions do have an effect on events. It is the doctrine of Couéism applied to politics, according to this weekly, which adds:

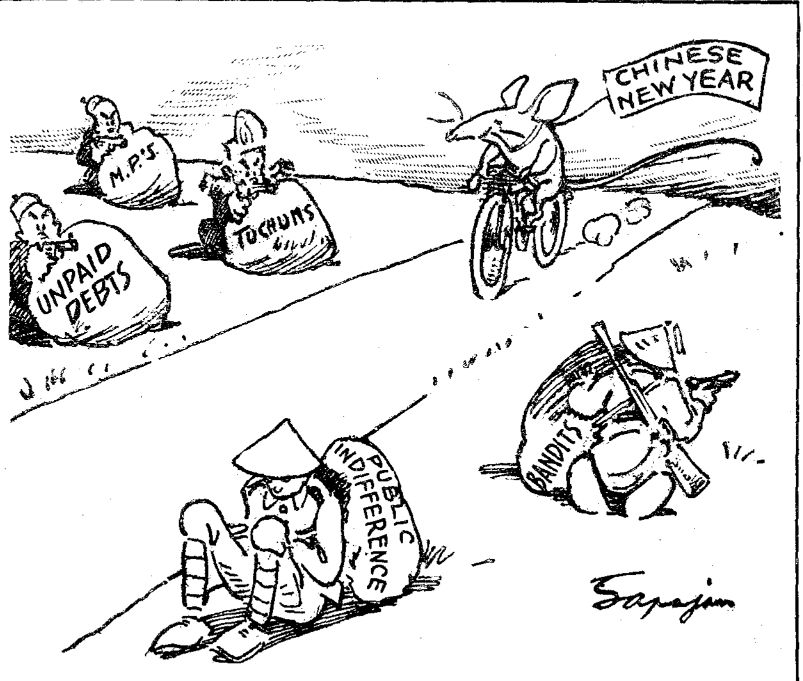
> "Furthermore, certain notable occasions can be recalled in the recent past, when public opinion has proved itself too strong for the tyrants. Barely fourteen months ago the Chinese business classes absolutely rebelled against the announced increase of postal and telegraphic charges and Peking was forced to cancel them. Last summer the gentry and merchants of Kingsu and Chekiang coerced their respective Tuchuns into signing a peace agreement—not merely an assertion that neither would fight if not attacked, but a definite assurance of cooperation in defense of peace. And this, quite recently, has been reiterated, again under pressure of public opinion. Finally, we have the tobacco shops rebelling against the cigaret tax, with apparently good prospects of success. These assertions of public opinion are of the utmost importance. For every success emboldens the demonstrators to a new trial of strength and increases their chances of winning."

But as the process is necessarily slow, it appears that many minds are casting about for some speedier solution of China's trouble. The question is, whence is help to come? The notion of forcible intervention and a debt commission to be established by the Powers was once considered inevitable, it is said, but has gone out of favor, altho "it might by no means impossibly be revived if, while the circumstances of the Powers mended, those of China did not." This weekly then mentions a proposed solution by "a compromise form of intervention" and tells us that its inventor suggests that an appeal should be made to the leading Powers interested in China to "come and assist in putting her affairs straight, not in defiance of the Chinese but in cooperation with them." Now this weekly goes on to say:

> "The difficulty is to know what class of Chinese he means. Is it to be the officials and politicians? Or the Chinese who forced Peking to drop its postal squeeze and the Tuchuns to desist from their ruffling? And in either case, there is the further difficulty that the two classes are mutually antagonistic. For the Powers to attempt to deal with either, without reference to the other—apart from the manifest difficulty of cooperating with the people independently of their officials—would be courting suspicion and failure. The ideal solution would be that an invitation

to the Powers to lend their help should come jointly from both classes. But for that to become possible Chinese public opinion would have had to assert itself so widely and forcibly that it might well be strong enough to do all that was needed without outside assistance.

"Nevertheless the conviction is not to be resisted that through foreign assistance lies the shortest way to the restoration of organized government in China. If, however, the Powers wait to be asked for their help, they will wait indefinitely. And they certainly will not try to force it upon China. The only other course is to offer it in such terms that there can be no mistaking the friendliness of the intention and in such a way that can cause no offense among provincial chieftains: in other words, the fact that China is now for all practical purposes eighteen petty kingdoms must be accepted, and any offer of assistance tendered to Peking must be addrest simultaneously to every Tuchun."



THE HOPEFUL YEAR OF THE "CYCLE OF THE RAT" IN CHINA

—*North China Herald* (Shanghai).

WHAT GERMANY PAID IN POPULATION

REGARDLESS OF WHAT Germany can pay in reparations or can be made to pay, it is remarked that she has been able to find no way to evade the high cost of war in its effect on her population. There is to be considered not only her military losses, we are told, but the increase in civilian mortality and the decrease in marriages with the consequent decline in the birth-rate. As a correspondent of the London *Economist* relates, on December 1, 1916, two-thirds of the fit men liable for service, that is, those between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, had been called to the colors, and at the end of the war this figure had risen to 89 per cent. The number of men who served, it is said, probably amounted to about 32 per cent. of the total male population, and this writer continues:

"The figures as to the number of killed, which are furnished from different sources, do not agree, but it appears to be certain that not less than two millions are involved (Statistical Year-Book of the Reich, 1921). The missing and the high mortality among the prisoners of war may be regarded as sources of error. According to figures supplied by the statistical office, 279,000 men may be assumed as having been missing in August, 1919 (Preussische Statistische Korrespondenz, August, 1919), tho other estimates point to a much larger figure. Fourteen per cent. of all the losses in killed were suffered in 1914, and 22 per cent. in the year 1918, so that the beginning and the end of the war were the most sanguinary. In answering the question as to what proportion of the labor capacity of the nation has been lost, it is of interest to note the relationship between the age and rate of mortality of the combatants. It appears that, taking the average throughout the war period, 25 per cent. of the killed were between the ages of 19 and 22; 50 per cent. were between the ages of 19 and 25; and 60 per cent. were between the ages of 19 and 29. Thus, 60 per cent. of Germany's two million dead belonged to the most productive ages. About the same percentage of the total dead were unmarried."

On the increase in civilian mortality, this writer gives as his chief source of information the report of the Health Office of the Reich in 1918. In spite of the repeated denials of official circles, he relates, an acute famine occurred in Germany during the war as a result of the blockade. He tells us further that in contrast to the many official and unofficial propaganda publications, which attempted to prove that Germany had not suffered at all from the war and the blockade, the report gives what may be taken as an approximately correct statement of the actual conditions, and he proceeds:

"In 1918 tuberculosis had doubled as compare with 1913, and sank i 1921 to its original figur of 15.7 deaths per 100,00 inhabitants. The sudde improvement which oc curred in 1920 is chiefl to be explained by th fact that the bulk of thos affected by the diseas had succumbed, while the improvement in diet also had its effec The increase of 1918 and the large decrease of 1920 are sti more clearly discernible in the towns than in the country. Owin to the employment of female labor, the female mortality fro consumption rose above the male mortality, whereas in gener the reverse is the case. Altogether 75,000 more people die in Germany from tuberculosis during the war than were to expected during a similar period of peace.

"Mortality from tuberculosis, however, covers only a propo tion of the excess death-rate among civilians, resulting fro the war. In order to estimate this mortality, the number deaths within a year of peace should be compared with t corresponding number in war. In doing so, we must bear mind the decrease in mortality, which was to have been expecte under a continuation of peace conditions, the lower infa mortality resulting from the decrease in births during the wa and the mobilization of two-thirds of the fit manhood of t nation. If we bring these facts into consideration, we find th there were roughly 800,000 more deaths than in peace-time, if t excess of deaths during the continuation of the blockade in 19 is included. Taking the mortality of the corresponding popul tion for 1913 as 100, we arrive at the following figures for the w period: 1915, 109.5; 1916, 114.3; 1917, 132.2; 1918, 237."

The results are summarized by this writer when he figures th the average annual death-rate from 1901 to 1910 was 1,100,00 in the war 2,000,000 died on the battle-field, and 800,000 civilia died for lack of food. Thus the total deaths resulting from t war were 2,800,000, which means, we are told, an average increa of mortality of nearly 60 per cent. during the period. Anoth effect of the war on Germany's population is found in the decli in the number of marriages, and we read:

"In 1916 the figure was only a little more than half the av age of the years 1901–1910, the actual number per thousand the total population being 4.1 as against 8. The result of t decrease in marriages has naturally been a considerable falli off in births. The number of births per thousand of the to population was 28.3 in 1913; in 1917 it was only 14.4, while 1922 it had risen again to about 25.4. In order to calculate t decline in births, a method must be employed similar to that us in determining excess mortality. By so doing we arrive a falling-off of about 3.5 million births. Since the annual num of births in the years 1913 and 1914 was about 1,800,000, result is thus nearly as serious as if not a single child had b born for a period of two years. On the average, then, through the period of the war the birth-rate was only about one-h of the pre-war figure. This is seen particularly clearly if annual number of births per thousand women between ages of 18 and 45 is calculated. In 1910 it was 120, 1916 only 60. The consequence of this decline in births is most clearly shown by the fact that as early as 1915, and also in the three following years, the number of deaths exceeded that of births.

"The result of the excess mortality among men, occasioned partly by the war, partly by the famine, is an increase in the predominance of women. The actual figures are as follows (returns for both dates relating to the geographical area which constituted the Germany of 1919): In 1910, 28.8 million men, 29.6 million women; in 1919, 28.5 million men and 31.4 million women. There is now, therefore, a surplus of three million women. The proportion of the sexes within the age limits which are involved in the rearing of the next generation—that is, between 18 and 45—was in 1913 1,000 males to 1,005 females, in 1919 1,000 to 1,180. It will be seen that marriage prospects for women are now much less favorable."

The decline in the birth rate during the war, it is pointed out, has caused an excessive thinning-out of the population in the youngest categories, as compared with the peace-time figures. Children up to the age of five years constituted in 1910 one-eighth of the total population, but it appears in 1919 they formed only one-sixteenth. This writer tells us also that owing to the great number of those killed on the battle-field and the excess mortality among civilians there are too few males between the ages of fifteen and sixty. He sums up his statement as follows:

"(1) Two million Germans in the prime of life were killed.

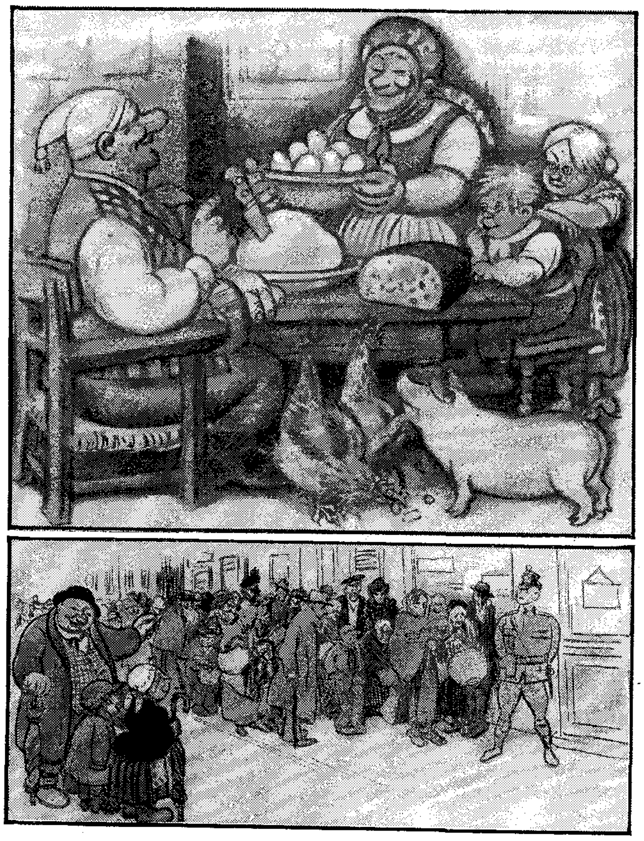
"(2) The mortality among the civil population increased during the war. At least 800,000 persons died in excess of the figures for a corresponding period of peace.

"(3) There has been a decrease in births amounting to 3.5 millions.

"(4) The effect of all this has been that the total population of the area now included in the Reich has fallen. In 1910 (December 1) it stood at 58.5 millions, and rose to 61 millions in 1914 (August 1). By 1919 (October 1) it was only 59.9 millions. This movement represented an average annual increase of 1.2 per cent. per annum from 1910 to 1914; and an average annual diminution of 0.4 per cent. from 1914 to 1919.

ITALY OPEN FOR BUSINESS WITH RUSSIA

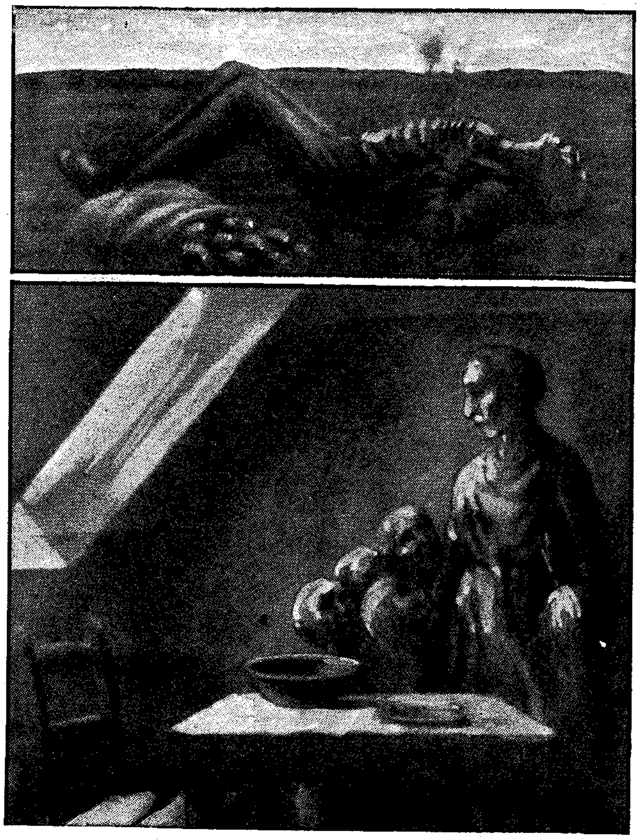
BRITAIN'S RECOGNITION of Soviet Russia was granted two days before Italy's, it is pointed out in the Italian press, but they tell us in Italian diplomatic quarters that there is a difference in the two kinds of recognition. Italian diplomats stress the contention that Italy's recognition represents actual results, after long and difficult negotiations, in an Italian-Russian commercial treaty, which involved intricate toil because of the divergences between the political and economic régimes of Italy and of Soviet Russia. On the other hand, according to the diplomatic authorities referred to by Italian editors, Britain's *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia is really an introductory premise to negotiations. Nevertheless, as the Milan *Corriere della Sera* sees it: "The fact that Soviet Russia has been simultaneously recognized by two of the greatest European Powers will intensify the international repercussions of an event, which would have been deeply momentous, even if it had been accomplished by only one of the western nations." This important daily calls attention to the Italian-Russian commercial treaty as a basis for future relations between the two countries; and it further advises us that the duration of the agreement has been fixt at three years. Italy grants Russia the right of the most favored nation, we are told, while the Moscow Government allows a reduction of the customs tariff in order



THE PROSPEROUS FARMER

FATHER: "If you are very good, children, I will take you into town next week and show you the city people lining up for margarine."

—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

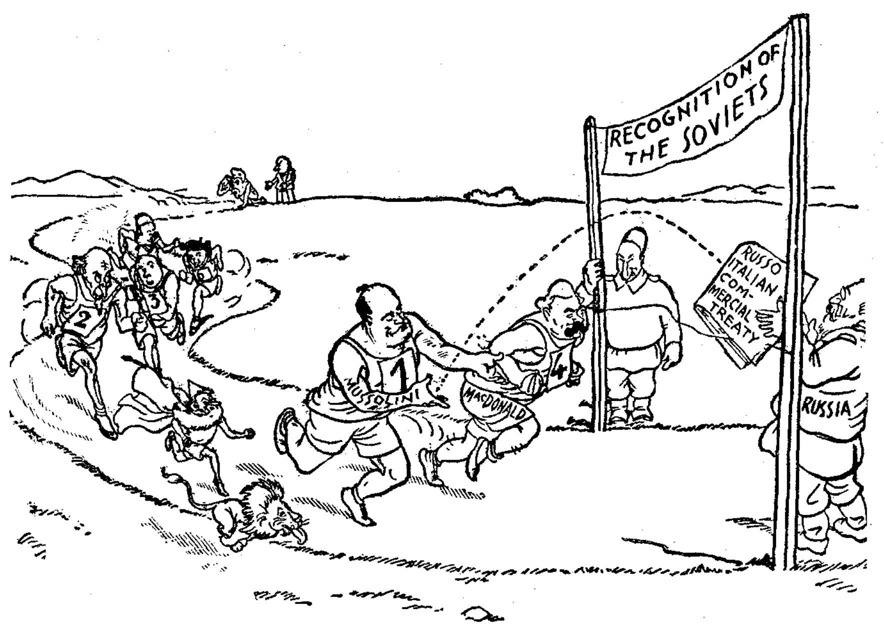


THE FIELD THIEF

MOTHER: "Be patient, children! Your father will soon be here with plenty of potatoes he found in the fields."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

TWO GERMAN CARTOON REVELATIONS OF FOOD CONDITIONS



AN ITALIAN VIEW

The rush to recognize Russia.

—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

to facilitate the entry of Italian merchandise into Russia. We read then:

"In view of the peculiar character of the Soviet economy, and above all, of the Russian regulations concerning foreign imports, a joint Italian-Russian committee has been charged with the task of establishing year by year the program of exchange of the various Italian and Russian products. By this system the introduction of Italian products into Russia and payment for them will be made easier because their value is going to be compensated for by the consignment, from Russia, of special amounts of hard wheat and other raw materials which the Moscow Government guarantees to supply.

"Hitherto the principal trouble in Italian-Russian trade was the difficulty of Italian exporters in getting payments adequate to the importance of their supplies.

"The program which is going to be established year by year creates something like a means of compensation between the Italian imports into Russia and Russian imports into Italy.

"Finally the Russian Government concedes special facilities to Italian maritime traffic, by giving the Italian flag, at least for a limited period of time, the right of traffic with certain ports of the Black Sea."

This Milan newspaper goes on to say that the question of indemnities for those Italians who suffered losses as the result of the Russian revolution was not solved, but this is so because of the "high significance of the fact that any move toward solution implies for the Moscow Government a principle, as well as political action," and we are told:

"Therefore a formula has been adopted by which Italy will be granted an equality treatment as soon as Russia is ready to discuss this matter. In the meantime the Italian subjects will have restored to them, in conformity to the Soviet law, their industrial establishments and also their houses that were not expropriated. Practically this is equivalent to a complete restitution, because all the houses containing not more than five apartments are given back. As to the industrial establishments, their old owners are now worried more about the general economic conditions in which they have to start their work again, than over anything else."

A Rome correspondent of the New York *Progresso Italo-Americano* notes that the Italian-Russian Treaty provides that citizens of either country residing in the territory of the other will be treated as natives of the country of residence, and he tells us also:

"As to the trade exchange, the obstacles rising from the fact that foreign trade is a monopoly of the State in Russia, while Italian trade is a field of private activity, have been passed over by shunning any formula. . . . Russia will supply Italy with an amount of wheat not lower than three million quintals yearly, and will buy industrial and agricultural products in Italy."

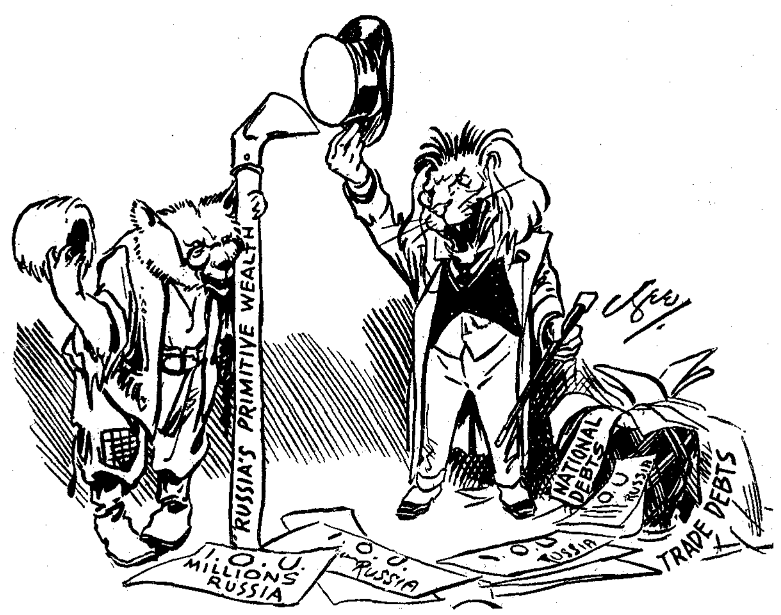
This Rome correspondent relates further that in matters of navigation Russian and Italian vessels enjoy like privileges when anchored in the ports of their own country or of the other country party to the agreement, and he adds:

"To the Italian vessels is conceded the right of navigation from the ports of Odessa and Novorossik to the ports of Batum and Rostov. The same right is conceded to Russian vessels to the ports of Trieste, Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, and Catania.

"As to the mining concessions the Italian Government has not asked for any specific ones, but has obtained that Russia leave open the ways to the initiative of both Italian capitalists and technicians."

The Italian-Russian agreement, according to the Rome *Epoca*, "consecrates a diplomatic victory" for the Italian Government, which succeeds in reestablishing diplomatic relations and also in "solving all the political, and economic problems implied," and we read:

"From the economic view-point, Mussolini succeeded, tho the task was very hard, in establishing a true cooperation between the two countries by organizing the exchange of the Russian wheat for our manufactured goods; by obtaining special privileges for our merchant marine in the Black Sea; and finally by getting concessions in the oil and coal hinterland of this sea."



AS SOME BRITISH SEE IT

"I recognize you, Mister Bear."
"I recognize you, Mister Lion."
"Good! I wonder if your eyesight's good enough to recognize your signature on some of these."

—*News of the World* (London).

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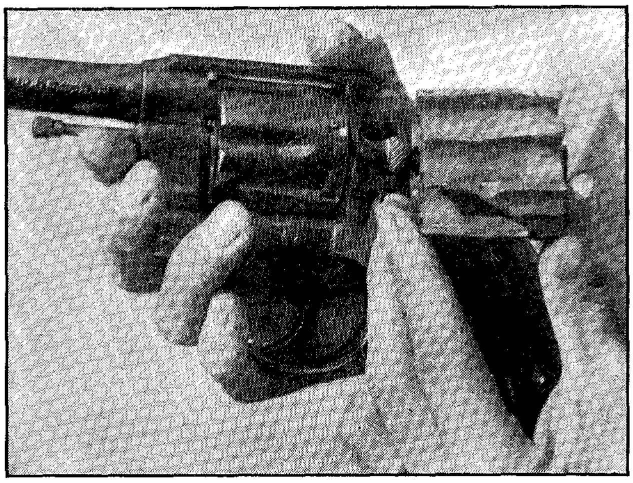
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WHY GUNS BURST

SEVEN MILLION AMERICANS, more or less, habitually use firearms for sport, so that an occasional accident is not to be wondered at. According to Capt. Edward C. Crossman, who writes in *The Scientific American* (New York, March) on "Gun Catastrophes," in nine cases out of ten, the fault lies with the shooter, rather than with the gun or the ammunition. Few people with any considerable experience in the use of firearms, says Captain Crossman, have missed that pleasing and interesting sight of a gun suddenly erupting in a spot where no eruption was planned in its original design. The performance is not surprizing in view of the many grades of guns, the many sorts of people using them, the high internal pressures, and the irascible disposition of a charge in the barrel when some obstacle is placed in its way. He proceeds:



Photographs with this article by courtesy of the "Scientific American" (New York)

THE RESULT OF A POWDER OVERLOAD

That is what causes a break in a revolver like this, and it is declared to be usually due to the use of reloaded ammunition.

"About 90 per cent. of the blown-up guns may be laid at the door of the shooter—due to his sins of commission or omission. Most of the time ammunition grown in the old home garden and used in a gun, which ceases to be useful as a gun, is at the bottom of the trouble.

"Shotguns and pistols pretty well divide the field of firearms catastrophes between them, the rifle bringing up a bad third. This is true largely because the shotgun has comparatively thin tubes and is so often used under conditions which encourage getting the bore plugged with mud or snow. Likewise is the unfortunate fact that two sorts of propellants are used in shotgun ammunition, one a powder practically fool-proof, because of the space it occupies, and known as 'bulk'; the other using up very little room for equivalent charges and hence, if loaded by an ignorant loader in a 'bulk' measure, resulting in a charge which proceeds to take the gun-barrel apart.

"Revolvers and pistols are unfortunate in that their ammunition is very touchy in loading and in later storage. The quantity of powder used is so small that a fine chance offers itself for more than one load in a cartridge or no load at all, in the very rapid automatic loading machines. The very light, feathery grains of much of this dense pistol powder are prone to stick in the measure.

"Also, queerly enough, the bullet, which after leaving the muzzle is powerful enough to drill through a man, has so little spare energy that it sticks in the bore. With the automatic pistol the charge insufficient to drive the bullet out of the bore is also insufficient to function the mechanism, and the attention of the shooter is usually invited to the irregularity by the fact that the gun did not reload itself. With the revolver no such warning is given, and a second chamber, fired without noticing anything wrong will infallibly produce a ruined gun.

"Pistol cartridges, habitually left in the gun, are sensitive to the presence of oil or cleaning fluid which is also often found in the chamber or cylinder of the revolver. Some oils and some cleaning fluids are so subtle that they will leak in past the primer or past the bullet and spoil the powder or primer. Smokeless powder is very sensitive to oil or grease.

"The result of such leakage, common enough to impel one large factory to produce a special line of oil-proof revolver and pistol cartridges, is either a misfire or a weak combustion of the powder sufficient perhaps to move the bullet up into the barrel of the gun, but not out of it.

"Pistol ammunition left in storage in a high temperature, is sufficiently reduced in power to cause bullets to stick in the bore of a pistol. These troubles almost invariably result in wrecked barrels, and possibly the slide encircling them in the case of automatic pistol. When the factory or gun merchant is presented with the spectacle of a revolver with three chambers blown into one he can usually inquire into the sort of charges the owner used in his reloading; for this sort of wreck is not often seen except when hand-made ammunition is used.

"Most shotgun troubles arise from obstructions in the bore, and the cause is easily diagnosed from the location of the burst. Overloads of powder invariably blow out a section of the chamber lying over the case or immediately forward of it. Faulty ammunition does not so perform. Most shotgun shooters know this, and their plaint with a burst barrel is that the material was defective or there was not enough of it for safety.

"While it is true that faulty stock gets into a barrel now and then, still the odds are ten to one that this is not the cause when a barrel develops a large and deckle-edge rent where the gun had no rent before.

"The belief used to be common that sealing the bore of a firearm would then and there, on discharge, result in the exit of the charge from an extemporaneous opening in the barrel created just short of the seal. Experiment proves that to burst or bulge a gun-barrel an obstruction heavy enough or sticky enough to cause a perceptible check to the charge must be used. Sealing of the bore, that is, preventing the free escape of the air pushed ahead of the charge, is not at all essential in the wrecking of a gun-barrel.

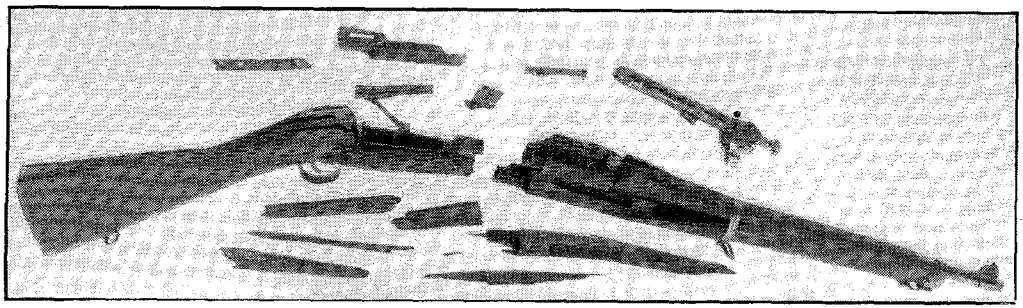
"When the obstruction is sufficient to check the progress of the bullet or load of shot, a certain wave action is set up in the powder gases following behind, giving enormous increase in the pressures, and sometimes, but not always, bursting or bulging the walls of the barrel."

An old superstition mentioned by Captain Crossman held that the suction of the gun-bore of the shotgun was sufficient to draw the basewad from the case and suck it up the bore until friction overcame the suction. Then upon the next shot the basewad would trip up the charge, and burst the gun-barrel. So firmly is this believed, he says, that one ammunition company announces that its basewads are locked too tightly to permit of this happening. He goes on:

"So far as I know the theory has never been proved. Deliberate experiments, placing wads at various spots in the bore of the gun, proved that they were not sufficient to burst ordinary barrels.

"What will burst a barrel with beautiful certainty and promptness is the shot charge and wads which might be blown up into the bore by a charge of powder insufficient to move them clear out of the gun. About two grains of bulk powder is sufficient to give this pleasing effect, which might come about through the bungling loading of the amateur cartridge maker, or the faulty machine in a factory.

"It is a highly pious idea for the gunner, finding anything out of the ordinary in his shot, to stop and investigate fully. What seemed merely a misfire might easily be a partial movement of the charge or bullet through the bore of the gun, and a lodgment



Photographs with this article by courtesy of the "Scientific American" (New York)

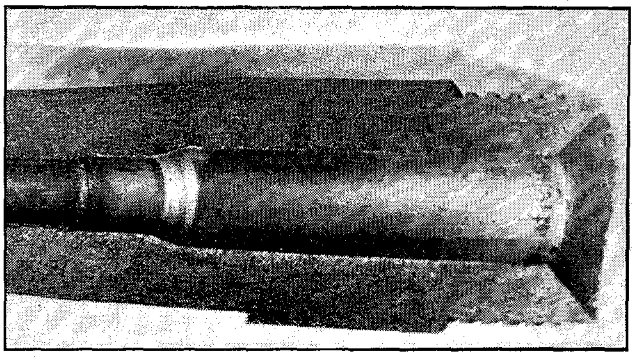
AND WHEN IT BURST, IT BURST ALL OVER

When the United States Government service rifle bursts, it generally "takes apart the entire mechanism of the rifle." The reason why this particular rifle exploded is unknown.

therein, with the certain results of a wrecked barrel the next shot, if not a mangled hand in the case of the shotgun or rifle. The shooter has no business firing another shot after an apparent misfire without carefully inspecting the cartridge or the bore, to make sure that nothing undue transpired, and this should be invariable.

"Rarely does a high-power rifle develop trouble more than a bulged or burst barrel, and not often the latter. The cause is almost always an obstruction which has fallen into the barrel, or been left in during the cleaning process.

"Our service rifle has a distressing habit, now and then, of utterly wrecking its receiver, from the junction with the bore clear back to the tang of the arm. Sometimes the cause is hard to diagnose, but primarily it is due to the faulty design of all bolt action or other type of rifles using rimless cartridges. The bolt can not, in the nature of the case, entirely support it around its head, and weak brass or undue chamber pressures rupture the case around the head, let out the gas at its playful pressure of 50,000 pounds per square inch, when normal, and wreck the receiver at its junction with the barrel.



A NEAT JOB OF BURSTING

The chamber of a service rifle barrel which was fired with mud in the muzzle; the barrel sectioned itself very neatly.

"This, of course, releases the bolt and generally takes apart the entire mechanism of the rifle, as shown by the illustration of one I recently examined. Queerly enough the shooter is rarely injured with all the frightful scatteration of good strong steel parts close to his face.

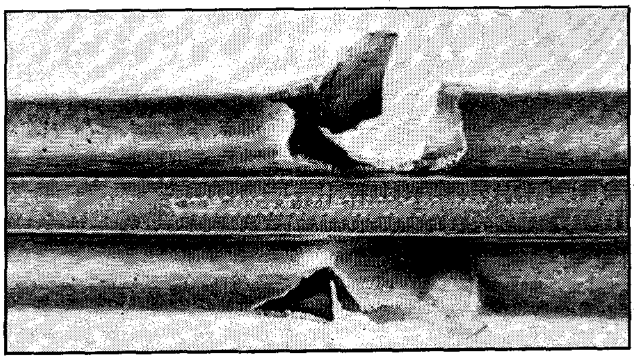
"If the shooter will keep in mind the fact that he is handling an engine of tremendous internal pressure and power, and not a cane or an axe or an alpenstock, then will those miscreants, the gun and ammunition makers, be found to be quite human in their ambitions, and to be making ammunition and guns far more reliable than dreamed of in the philosophy of the shooter."

BROADCASTING HEART-BEATS—A stethoscope, or hearing device, that will enable seventy-five physicians to listen, all at once, to the heart-beat or murmurs within the patient's chest, is the invention of Drs. C. J. Gamble and D. E. Replogle of Philadelphia, as reported to the American Medical Association, we are told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"The new instrument has been on trial for some time in the clinic of Dr. Richard Cabot of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, who aided in determining when the reproduction of sounds had been sufficiently developed to permit satisfactory teaching. The essential part of the apparatus is an electrical amplifier, designed for three successive magnifications of the current changes produced in a very sensitive transmitter. Three element vacuum tubes used in radio receiving are the basis, and special wiring relays the electrical oscillations of increasing intensity from tube to tube without distortion. In addition, special ear-pieces and chest-pieces are used, the latter enclosed in a brass case to exclude extraneous noises. At each seat in the room a double-contact telephone jack is provided with which the student plugs in when he desires to listen. Attempts to use loud-speakers in place of the multiple receivers have been disappointing, but as the former are perfected the extra wiring and apparatus for multiple receivers may be eliminated."

TO STANDARDIZE WHISKY—Announcement has been made by E. Fullerton Cook of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Revision Committee of the U. S. Pharmacopœia, that, in response to a demand by the physicians of the country, standards for whisky and brandy as medicines will be included in the new Pharmacopœia now being revised. This action, it seems, has been found necessary to protect the sick against impure and injurious products now prevalent. The situation is thus outlined in the New York *Times:*

"Mr. Cook said that, while under the national Prohibition laws whisky and brandy were classed as medicines and as such were legally prescribed in many cases of serious illness, at present no legal standards existed for their purity. All physicians of the General Revision Committee, acting as a subcommittee, were appointed to study the situation and take the necessary action. This subcommittee issued the following statement: 'In view of the fact that a large number of physicians in the United States believe alcohol to be a valuable therapeutic agent, and in view of the wide-spread adulteration of the alcoholic liquors at present available, the members of this Referee Committee feel that for the protection of the public there should be an official standard for medicinal spirits.' By including standards for whisky and brandy as medicines in the Pharmacopœia, which sets the legal standard for drugs and medicines under the Food and Drugs act, the machinery of the United States Department of Agriculture and of the Board of Health and Boards of Pharmacy throughout the country, it was said, was enlisted in protecting the sick against adulterated and poisonous products."



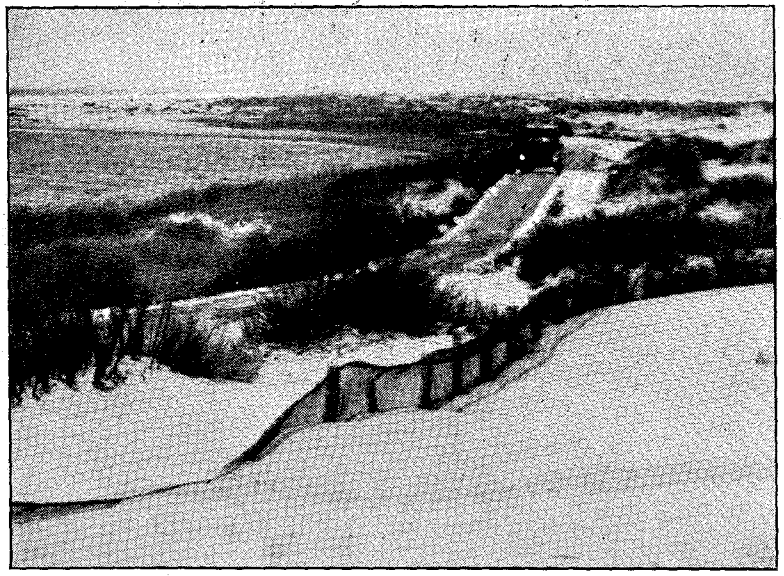
WHAT OBSTRUCTIONS DID

The right barrel of this shotgun burst in the owner's hands. The burst in the left barrel was produced in the factory by dropping in a 20-gage shell and then firing a 12-gage shell behind it. The similarity of the two holes leads the writer of the accompanying article to ask, "Not much question what burst the right barrel?"

CHICKEN-WIRE ROADS IN THE HOLY LAND

A SAND BEACH, with wire netting stretched over its surface, makes a perfectly good road-bed for thousands of cars along the shore at Acre—one of the most historic and romantic spots in Palestine. P. W. Etkes, assistant district engineer of the Public Works Department at Haifa, tells us in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York) that from time immemorial the only road from Acre to Haifa was the Acre beach. This may be because the low land uniting these ancient cities is swamp and sand dunes, and then again it may be because the old shipping kept close to the shores and so encouraged land routes near the sea. It is known that the Romans used the shore-road and so probably did the mailed soldiers of the crusades when Cœur de Lion held court in Acre. He continues:

"As long as Palestine transport consisted only of donkeys, camels and horses, the present track was satisfactory, and even bridges were not required, for these 'animals of burden' could easily ford any of the several rivers crossing the way. With British occupation in 1918, things have greatly changed. To-day about 4,000 cars—mostly American and mostly Dodges—are speeding (I say speeding, for in Palestine all cars seem to try to make the country look smaller than it really is) on the roads. And Haifa is connected with Beirut, Syria, by a road of which Acre beach forms a part. This road is gradually becoming an important link not only with Palestine and Syria but also with Egypt, as the railway goes from Egypt to Haifa and many people go from Haifa to Beirut by an automobile journey of some five hours at a cost of about ten dollars.



By courtesy of the "Engineering News-Record" (New York)

WIRE NETTING ON AN ANCIENT THOROUGHFARE

A wire-netting surface makes the ancient shore-road between Acre and Haifa in Palestine available for modern motor-cars. And the wire netting in the foreground helps keep off the shifting sands of the dunes.

"There is a proposed Haifa-Acre main road somewhat inland and closely paralleling the railway. Since Palestine can not build all its roads in one year it was decided to make the old shore-track passable for cars. The problem was to bridge the rivers and make approaches to the bridges. The remainder of the beach was found to do perfectly well, with a wire-netting surface, for all cars. It was not the bridges, however, but their approaches that caused concern to make sure that they are not lost in the sand or covered by drifting dunes. The problem of approaches was solved by a simply reinforced and concrete slab with side protections of artificial dunes. A side lip or curb on the slab is important, for when the wheels once get off the slab onto the sand it is hard to get the car back on the road. Another detail of interest is the transition section from wire-mesh road to concrete-slab bridge approach. The important detail finally is the artificial sand dune, made by putting up a fence of vertical boards. As the sand piles up from the action of the wind the boards are raised. When a suitable height of dune is had it is planted with Nagil grass, which holds the sand from drifting.

"It may be noted that light soil slightly grassed is a good surface for a wire track, especially when some weed is placed underneath the wire netting. However, it goes without saying that horses are to be kept off wire roads. Galvanized wire No. 14, 1-inch mesh, gave good results on these tracks, and also rough timber-stays for anchorage were found good.

"In conclusion I will add that this road along the Acre Bay is one of the most pleasant in all Palestine, tho it may not have a built road surface, and any one going over it will remember it a long time for its sea breeze and the surrounding beauty of a wild nature."

NO MALARIA IN HIGH AND DRY SPOTS

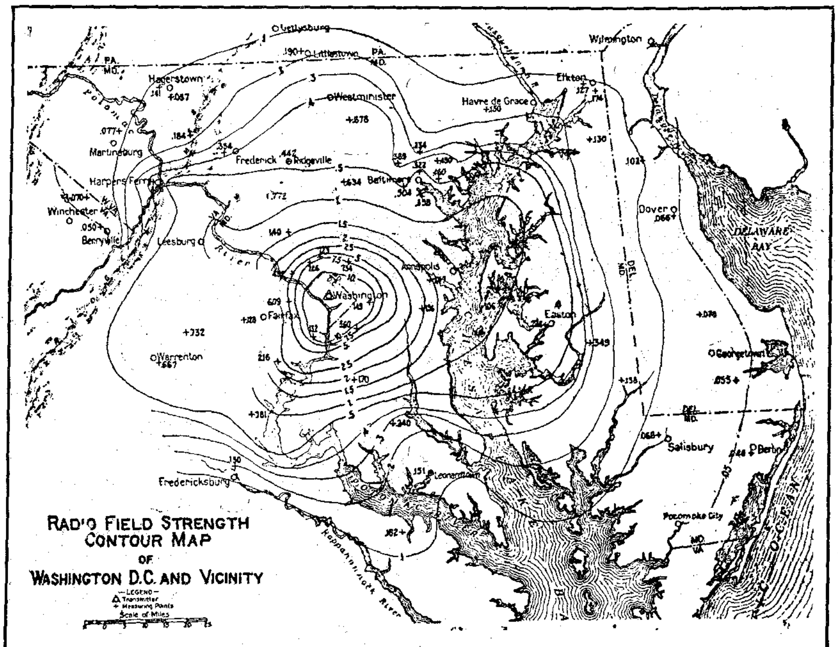
MOSQUITOES SPREAD MALARIA, but they fail to do so where there is none to spread. This is apparently the case at great altitudes, and excessive dryness seems to be the chief obstacle to the development of the parasite in its host. One may be quite safe, therefore, in a country infested with malarial mosquitoes, provided climatic conditions are unfavorable to the disease. Says an editorial contributor to *The Lancet* (London):

"The relative rarity of malaria in elevated regions in the tropics has been recognized since the very earliest times, but up to the present no precise observations seem to have been made. S. R. Christophers has stated that the highest point above sea-level at which indigenous malaria exists is Quito, a town on the Equator at a height of 9,000 feet, but possessing an even and warm climate. Malaria is prevalent sometimes at 5,000 feet in the Himalayas, and at still higher levels, up to 7,000 feet, in southern India. In Italy indigenous malaria is said to occur at an altitude of 8,500 feet. The consideration of these facts has led Lieut.-Col. C. A. Gill to make more exact observations in the Punjab. At the foot of the Himalayas from 2,000 to 4,000 feet endemic malaria is very severe. The infection appears to be constant, and this region is not liable to experience the great epidemics which periodically decimate the people of the plains. From 4,000 to 5,000 feet endemic malaria appears to be less prevalent and relatively milder in character. The highest elevation in the Himalayas in which indigenous malaria has so far been found is at a height of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, while at the hill-stations, which lie from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, malaria is entirely absent. At Murree, one of these hill-stations, ten species of anopheles mosquitoes, six of which are known to be capable of transmitting malaria in other parts of India, are prevalent. The absence of malaria can not therefore be ascribed to the paucity of suitable mosquitoes, nor to any deficiency of carriers of the malaria parasite, as 80 per cent. of the summer population, who are temporary residents in this hill-station, come from the endemic centers of the disease.

"Climatic factors necessarily play a part. The mean temperature is markedly lower throughout the year as compared with that of the plains. The experience of the author in other parts of the world has led him to believe that the humidity of the atmosphere is the chief factor in determining the development of the parasite within the mosquito, and the most striking feature exhibited by the meteorological chart of Murree is the dryness of the atmosphere throughout the greater part of the year. The relative humidity is greatest during the coldest months, and in May it is only 41 per cent. Should the mean relative temperature at which this development can take place be estimated at 63 per cent., it follows that the potential infection period is reduced in this instance to one of eight weeks. To test this point still further, experiments on the transmission of malaria were undertaken with the local anopheles, and it was found that development takes place when the temperature remained constant—at about 68° Fahrenheit—with a relative humidity between 79 and 94 per cent.—that is, under the atmospheric conditions which prevailed in Murree during the months of July and August. The absence of malaria in these hill-stations must therefore be ascribed to the very short period during which the infection may be acquired, and this, at the most, does not exceed two months."

FREAKISH BEHAVIOR OF BROADCASTING

ON A PERFECTLY SMOOTH, FLAT SURFACE the electromagnetic waves from a broadcasting station would travel outward in concentric curves. But the earth's surface is far from flat, and many other irregularities interfere with propagation. Owing to the recent invention of instruments for measuring the field strength of such a wave at various points the progress of a broadcasting operation from any given point may now be plotted in curves on a map, as is shown by Messrs. Ralph Beron and G. D. Gillett in a paper presented before the Institute of Radio Engineers at New York on January 16, and shortly to be published in its *Proceedings*. The quotations below are from advance sheets. The paper presents the results of a quantitative study of radio distribution in and about the cities of New York and Washington. The wide variations over different kinds of territory, the causation of radio shadows or dead spots, and the phenomena of refraction and diffraction are all illustrated by the data and curves. The writers say:



IRREGULAR PROGRESS OF RADIO WAVES

"Looking upon radio broadcasting as a means for distributing intelligence-bearing energy over a given territory, the most desirable result would be to produce the same field strength of radio waves at all points in the territory and to produce little or no disturbance outside that area. This would enable a given receiving set to be used with equal satisfaction anywhere in the territory of the station. Unfortunately radio transmission from a single station is ill adapted to afford such a result. It is by nature a means for throwing out a large amount of energy at one point and allowing it to spread out, diminishing rapidly at first and then more gradually, until finally at considerable distance it becomes unstable or too attenuated to be discernible.

"If the surface of the earth were flat and of uniform electrical characteristics, the falling off in field strength of the waves due to spreading of the energy and losses in the earth might be exprest as a law in mathematical form. Several such expressions have been developed from experimental data and are useful in many cases. In the usual case, however, the earth's surface is irregular in form or material and corresponding transmission irregularities are introduced. The characteristics of the earth's surface which affect radio transmission may be roughly classified under three headings, as follows:

"1. Areas of different electrical constants—fresh water, salt water, dry land, wet land, rock, snow, and so on.

"2. Differences of elevation—hills, valleys, mountains, and the like.

"3. Absorbing structures—man-made buildings, towers, or other structures, many of which have resonance characteristics producing selective absorption.

"It is almost hopeless to expect that we shall ever be able to properly take account of such varied factors as these in any transmission formula. We may, however, through the collection of experimental data hope to obtain a fairly clear picture of how they affect transmission and be able to make allowances for them in engineering problems and calculations. Fortunately the means for taking experimental data of this kind are already at hand in the form of radio field-strength measuring sets."

After describing the method used and the results obtained, both in open country around Washington, D. C., and in the vicinity of New York, Messrs. Beron and Gillett present "radio field-strength contour-maps" of these two districts, showing exactly how electric waves spread over them, and end with some general considerations:

"New York City, from the transmission and distribution standpoint, presents a 'horrible example' of the difficulties which may be encountered. On the other hand, the situation at Washington, District of Columbia, is a fair example of an excellent distribution. While the effect of land and water is well marked on this map, the deviation of the contours from the circular form which they would have in the ideal case is not sufficient to constitute serious irregularity. At only one point, to the west of Washington, is there an indication of a real dead spot. This is substantiated by only a single point. The measurement at this point was carefully made, but it was not checked and no other measurements were taken near by. We were unwilling, therefore, to give the contours of radical shift to account for the single unsupported point and have left them undrawn through this locality.

"From the information which this study has disclosed many interesting and useful conclusions may be drawn. Some of them are as follows:

"1. The radio attenuation over different kinds of earth surface varies widely. It is low for sea water and for flat moist ground. For dry ground, the attenuation is relatively much greater. In the case of closely built cities filled with steel buildings the local attenuation may be enormous.

"2. Sudden changes in land elevation and large masses of conducting material cast radio shadows which may be very heavy in extreme cases.

"3. Shadows cause local dead spots; but usually within a relatively short distance beyond the shadow is wiped out by refraction or diffraction.

"All of these effects can be predicted by purely theoretical consideration, so it is not astonishing to find them. It is impossible to predict the magnitude of the effects, however, on account of the irregular and complex nature of the transmission media and the lack of quantitative data on their electrical characteristics. The experimental study not only shows the magnitudes for specific cases but provides the mind with a sort of scale for estimating the probable effects in other situations."

HOME-MADE RADIO CRYSTALS—Most crystals sold for wireless purposes consist merely of galena (sulfid of lead), in spite of the great variety of trade names in use. Crystals of galena produced artificially, however, are much more sensitive as detectors than the natural sulfid, due to some physical difference which is not properly understood. Natural galena, it is explained in *The Wireless World and Radio Review*, as quoted in *Conquest* (London), can be sensitized in various ways:

"The simplest method consists in fusion and recrystallization. Galena melts at about 1,120° C., so that the fusion may be carried out with the aid of a large Bunsen burner, or even a kitchen stove. The natural galena, costing only a few shillings a pound, should be broken up small, placed in a crucible, and covered with a little sulfur in order to prevent oxidation. The lid should be luted on with clay. The temperature of fusion should be maintained for about half an hour, and then the crucible should be allowed to cool down very slowly. By this simple method of recrystallization satisfactory crystals may be prepared from insensitive natural galena. Black amorphous sulfid of lead may be bought from any dealer in chemicals, and this powder may be treated in the same way with good results."

CITRATED BLOOD FOR TRANSFUSION

THE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD, long the subject of experiment, had almost been abandoned on account of its propensity to clot, when it was discovered, a few years ago, that it could be kept liquid by the addition of certain compounds of sodium. "Citrated blood," in which sodium citrate is used, was very effective during the war and the method is now common, we are told by Jean Breuilly, writing in *Les Nouvelles Litteraires, Artistiques et Scientifiques* (Paris). Mr. Breuilly reminds us that transfusion consists in passing about one-third of a pint of blood from the circulation of one subject, known as the "donor," to that of another, who is the "receiver." If the receiver is an animal of the same species as the donor, it is a case of "homo-transfusion." In the contrary case, it is termed "hetero-transfusion." "Auto-transfusion" takes place when the transfused blood belongs to the patient himself. Mr. Breuilly goes on:

"This operation, which is often performed in our day, is indicated in cases of acute anemia following hemorrhage; also in intoxications, in states of shock, in the periods that precede or follow surgical treatment, and finally as a treatment in certain diseases of the blood.

"To be successfully transfused, the blood must be homogeneous and liquid. Now, every one knows that blood coagulates, or 'clots' as cooks and butchers say, with great facility. Who has not noticed this clotting in a nose-bleed?

"This common fact is hard to explain. The number of scientific articles about it must have reached a couple of thousand, and nevertheless new problems in connection with it appear daily. In general, we may say that blood left to itself, outside its natural vessels, coagulates: it forms a red clot in a mass of pink liquid called serum.

"Can the coagulation of the blood be prevented? For a long time physiological chemists have known how to make blood incoagulable. Take a horse that has been bled to death. There issues from his carotid artery a warm, red jet. If it is collected in a pint glass a clot forms shortly. If we do the same in another glass containing a pinch of oxalate of soda—a white powder—the blood stays liquid. After standing for some time the blood-globules settle to the bottom of the glass, leaving above them a watery layer—the plasma. By shaking the two are mixed again, and we obtain the blood with which we started.

"Blood rendered incoagulable, that is, blood that will stay liquid, no matter where placed, may thus be used for transfusion.

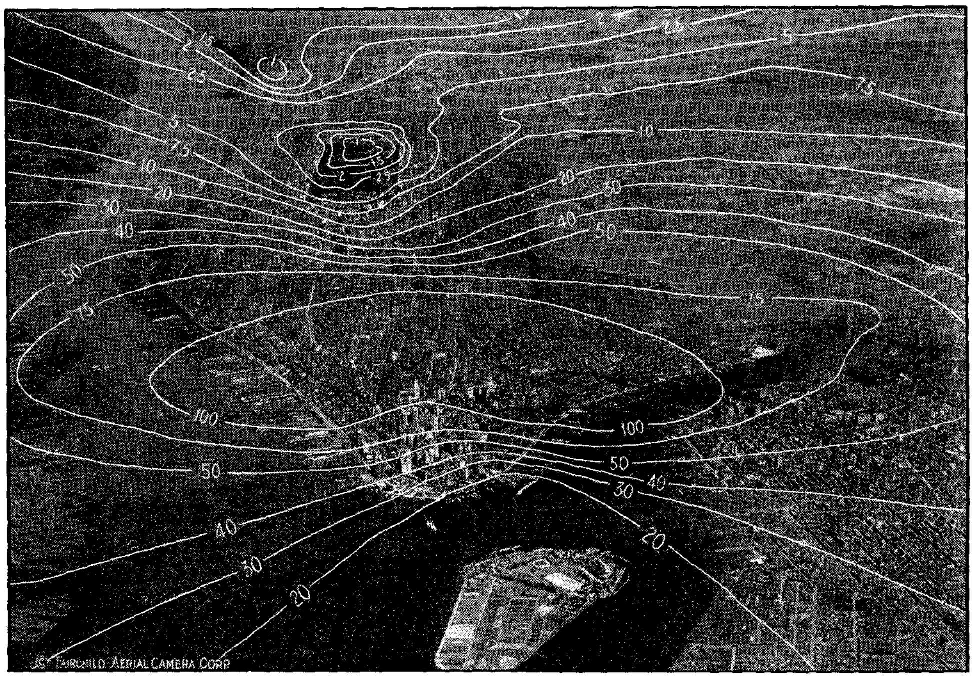
"In November, 1914, Agote performed for the first time, in Buenos Aires, the transfusion of blood made incoagulable by sodium citrate. This was a success. Lewisohn of New York, without knowing of Agote's experiment, published in January, 1915, investigations on citrated transfusion. He showed—an important fact—that the blood taken from the donor, with the small quantity of citrate added to prevent clotting, is not toxic to the receiver, and that also it does not change the coagulability of his own blood. Lewisohn also established a technique of transfusion, which has so far remained unchanged.

"Emile Jeanbreau, who at the last French Surgical Congress read a remarkable report on blood-transfusion, was one of the first, during the war, to use citrated blood for this operation. The interallied surgical conference of March, 1918, advised the use of the citrated method, which had been adopted by the Americans since their entry into the war. It rendered great service on our front, and saved the lives of numbers of the wounded who had lost much blood.

"It can not be said, however, that its use is entirely without inconveniences. We do not insist on these, for they are small compared with its immense advantages. And with Dr. Emile Jeanbreau, we reach this conclusion: 'In civil as well as military practise, in surgery as in medicine, the transfusion of citrated blood remains the chosen method for simplicity, security and effectiveness.'"

WHY ELECTRIC ENGLAND LANGUISHES

"ELECTRICITY IS ALMOST, but not quite, as unknown in Great Britain as the Christian's God was in ancient Athens." This is the conclusion of W. H. Onken, Jr., editor of *The Electrical World* (New York), printed in that journal in the course of an article on "Electrical Development in England." The editor of *The Electrical Times* (London), more in sorrow than in anger, acknowledges the truth of the charge and proffers the following explanation:



HOW ETHER WAVES TRAVEL OVER CONGESTED CITY DISTRICTS

Each line indicates, over this air-map of New York, a different level of reception exprest in terms of milli-volts per meter. The high city buildings at the lower end of Manhattan Island obstruct the movement of ether waves, and they travel better over water, as indicated by the elongation of the curve over the East River. The irregularities in the curves gradually correct themselves at greater distances.

"We do assure Mr. Onken, with tears in our eyes, that comparatively few modern Britons still go about in woad, and that altho the Ancient Order of Druids continues to flourish, human sacrifices are on the decrease.

"Our visitor ascribes much of our backwardness, which we freely admit, to the act of 1882, and this is true enough. But he has no good word to say for municipal enterprise. Granted that the system of small areas is bad, it is none the less true that in this country the average municipal undertaking displays more initiative, grows more rapidly and sells cheaper current than the average company. The statement that we lack standardization because the industry itself has shown no interest in the matter is just the sort of generalization to which travelers are prone.

"To Mr. Onken's catalog of our handicaps we could add a few of importance. One is of forty years' standing. We have had from the first to contend with fierce and bitter competition from the cheapest, most efficient and most comprehensive gas supply in the world. Again, since 1914 we have suffered an incalculable loss of resources, both human and material, owing to the war. Our surviving citizens, instead of being able to spend their bank overdrafts on electrical conveniences, have all their work cut out to satisfy the tax gatherer. And, thirdly, we suffer from a lamentable lack of organization and cooperation, not only within most sections of the industry, but between the various sections. This last is our own fault, but the other two are our misfortune."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A "LENIN IN ART"

THERE IS A PRETTY STIR in London over Jacob Epstein's sculptures. If Mr. Epstein had taken over the whole American tradition of twisting the lion's tail he couldn't succeed better than he has during almost his whole artistic career. He is not entirely American, to be sure. Born of Russian-Polish immigrants, he lived among his fellow countrymen of the East Side of New York. He made drawings of the teeming life of that section, some of the first of which were published by this firm. With these first earnings he went abroad and never came back to make his home in America. For years he has worked in London, usually startling, when he has not shocked, the artistic sensibilities of the British ever since his sculptures were put on the building of the British Medical Association. Recently he has been holding an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, and we see an even greater outcry over what he is now charged with as the Bolshevization of art. Mr. Donald Maxwell, writing in the London *Graphic*, finds him the exemplar of a new "sake" in art—"Art for the Devil's Sake"; a final growth of all those subsidiary purposes of art—"art for the Church's sake, art for the People's sake, art for Art's sake," and now! Before giving the "case against Mr. Epstein" it seems only fair to give something "for" him, and this we find in the London *Observer*, where Mr. P. C. Konady begins his notice with a review of Mr. Epstein's career as a shocker:

From "The Sphere" (London)

THE SCULPTOR WHO IS UNDER FIRE

Mr. Jacob Epstein with one of his portrait busts, "An Old Woman," one of the works that have set London critics at odds.

"Mr. Jacob Epstein has definitely broken through the wall of indifference, not to say hostility, which has so long stood between the British public and the appreciation and enjoyment of sculpture. Abroad, on the Continent of Europe, the work of the leading sculptors commands as much attention and arouses as much enthusiasm as that of the painters. The non-professional who evinces any degree of intelligent interest in sculpture in England incurs the risk of being labeled a 'high-brow'; and, in the mind of the great public, 'art' has become so much a synonym for painting that it is by no means rare to hear even educated people speak of 'artists and sculptors.' Now Mr. Epstein has brought about a complete change. He actually makes people flock to an exhibition exclusively devoted to sculpture, and not even idealistic statuary, but just bronze busts—busts, with one or two exceptions, not of celebrities, but of unknown people which have to be admired or judged on purely esthetic grounds and whose merit can not be considered from the point of view of a more or less obvious resemblance to the sitter.

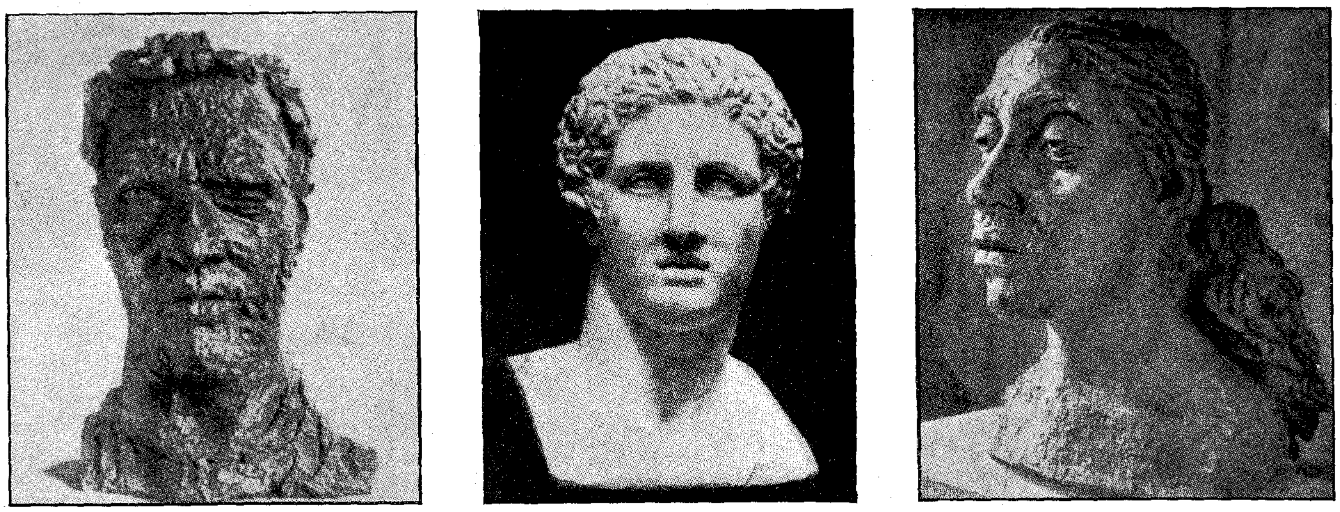
"I do not wish to impute to Mr. Epstein at any time of his career the intention of sensationalism. He is too big an artist to make any concessions to a craving for notoriety. But sensation has always dogged his steps and brought him into the limelight of publicity from the day when, as a young man, he defied Mrs. Grundy with the figures he carved for the façade of the British Medical Association building at the corner of Agar Street. The controversy that raged around these figures did more for his fame than their great sculpturesque qualities and archaic simplicity, which were only recognized by a few discerning spirits, like the late Robert Ross, who valiantly championed the young artist's cause. The second sensation was provided by the refusal on the part of the French authorities to permit the unveiling of the Oscar Wilde tomb, on the Père Lachaise, in Paris. It made Epstein's name a household word on both sides of the Channel.

"When Mr. Epstein held his first exhibition in London, his daring departure from all classic models in an abstract marble figure of Venus brought a shower of abuse upon his head, but attracted to the Leicester Galleries thousands of people who, under ordinary circumstances, would not have crossed the street to see a newly discovered masterpiece by Phidias or Michelangelo. They came to scoff at the 'Venus,' but they remained to worship, not indeed at the shrine of the Cubist goddess, but before the busts and other works in which the great sculptor had exprest his forceful personality. On the occasion of his second exhibition four years ago, the much-discust Christ supplied the place of the Venus as special attraction, and became the subject of much acrimonious controversy. And once more idle curiosity yielded to the spell of genius. There was no escape from the tremendous vitality of Mr. Epstein's portrait busts. The real sensation was not the untraditional and debatable gaunt figure of Christ in his winding-sheet, but the fact that the public had awakened to the appreciation of sculpture.

"To-day Mr. Epstein finds himself very much in the position of the painter of problem pictures who can not paint the simplest of subjects of every-day life without attempts being made to read a problem into them. He is expected to provide a sensation; and since his exhibition of portrait busts at the Leicester Galleries is just pure art, sensational only in its revelation of power and personality, the public craving finds satisfaction in rumor concerning the bust of the Duchess of Marlborough, which figures in the catalog as a 'Study.' As a portrait it is certainly not a flattering likeness, but no artist has ever been less given to flattery than Mr. Epstein. He finds in every human face just what he looks for—and he does not look for prettiness or charm. That his portrait busts of women have a beauty of their own is undeniable—the beauty of fierce primitive races in whom the animal instincts are not hidden under the veneer of civilization. It is for this reason that Mr. Epstein is at his best when he gives form to his vision of professional models, who offer no resistance to the ruthlessness of his exposure, even if he transforms placid comeliness into grimness, passion, animalism, or sphinx-like mystery, as the case may be."

Mr. Maxwell, previously mentioned as against Mr. Epstein's view of art, declares after visiting the Leicester Galleries that he feels as if he "had come out of a charnel house or a lepers' hospital." These works, he declares, are a depiction of death, and those who go to view them are "reveling in a *danse macabre*." More:

"Were these works the product of a man who had imperfect



Following illustrations from "The Graphic" (London)

EPSTEIN'S HEAD OF A MAN

A CLASSICAL HERCULES

EPSTEIN'S HEAD OF RASTOUMJI

MR. EPSTEIN AT ODDS WITH CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

"One calls Epstein's work "Art for the Devil's Sake."

> control over his material, who, in stumbling toward the light, dwelt inevitably upon much darkness, who sought for beauty and found ugliness, who looked for purity and found filth—even then one might be silent and hope for better things to come. But here, apparently, unless my whole reading is ludicrously wrong, the artist delights in deformity, and glories in degradation. True, other men have given us the shadow side of human life. Velasquez depicts dwarfs, but it is to set forth by contrast the true man. Hogarth pictures depraved life, but it is to roar with laughter at its follies and make them ridiculous. Zola shows the beast human, but by doing so reveals also the truth that man is sometimes little lower than the angels.
>
> "It is reserved for Mr. Epstein to bring to the world of art a new gospel, a Black Gospel, a gospel in which everything is to be inverted and distorted. Whatsoever things are hideous, whatsoever things are of evil report, whatsoever things are sordid; if there be any unhealthiness or any degradation; think on these things.
>
> "I do not mean to say by this that there is neither beauty nor dignity in any of these Epstein busts. It would be absurd to deny the power of portraiture in some, and a kind of primitive charm in others, but the cloven hoof is too often peeping out. The general impression that most of these works have been buried and dug up again is not without its significance.
>
> "There was much in the early post-impressionism and cubism that provoked laughter. As a revolutionary force in art these movements have the same effect as an unsuccessful tub-thumper in Hyde Park or a gentleman seriously and earnestly attempting to prove that the world is flat. Not so with Mr. Epstein. He is no unsuccessful tub-thumper. He is one who is likely to draw many people after him. He might, in fact, be likened to a great revolutionary leader, a Lenin in art, a man who ought to be recognized in his true colors, and fought tooth and nail. That being so, there can be no compromise."

A man whose name does not indicate him as an Englishman—R. H. Wilenski, calls Mr. Epstein's busts "magnificent examples of romantic sculpture," and incidentally in the London *Outlook* calls the British something else for not seeing their true worth:

> "Jacob Epstein is perhaps the greatest romantic sculptor in the whole history of the art. That is why the English really fail to understand him. For the English are sentimental but quite unromantic. Every Englishman worthy of the name admires types—not individuals. Your English lover seeks for a type within which to set the lady of his love. It may be a class type—in fact, it generally is; or it may—according to your Englishman's taste in art—be a type created by Gainsborough or Rossetti or Barribal. Some kind of type the Englishman will seek and surely find; and to fit the loved one to that type he will add beauties in his mind's eye and remove defects, he will convert leanness to elegance and flabbiness to languor, and to hide a squint, a mole, or a crooked nose he will cultivate a convenient blind spot in his own eye. All of which, of course, is sentimental and quite charming in its way. But it is not Epstein's way and it is not romantic.
>
> "To Epstein, the great romantic, it is the individual and not the type that makes appeal. He accepts the personal and rejoices in it. He makes no excuse for blemishes, he delights in them. He reacts to peculiarities and deviations from the normal. He likes to sculpt a lean woman because she is lean with her own particular leanness; he will spend three months to record the special twist of some particular mouth. He arrives, it is true, in the end at a generic statement of yearning womanhood, but he gets there by no generic conception but by fierce concentration on specific attributes."

MUSIC OF THE MELTING-POT

A "NEW CHAPTER to our musical history" was recently added by Mr. Paul Whiteman and Mr. George Gershwin in their jazz concert at Aeolian Hall. In giving them so much importance as innovators, Miss Henrietta Straus, writing in *The Nation* (New York) omits to notice the "preface" which was earlier in the season supplied by Miss Eva Gautier, and reported by us. To be sure Miss Gautier had only one group of "jazz" mixed with classical and modern numbers, while the Whiteman demonstration was jazz clear with even the classics dragged at its chariot wheels. The importance of the event is perhaps indicated by Miss Straus in her comment on the numbers of the concert as revealing "that first distinctive musical phase of the melting-pot for which we have been waiting so long and which seems to have such endless possibilities." Many of those who write, orchestrate, and play jazz, she points out, are of Russian-Jewish extraction, and the elements of the Russian, the negro and the native American are the components that are now simmering. Mr. Whiteman projects his concert as a "purely educational experiment," and to judge from the numbers that stormed the doors of the concert hall there were many who seek to be educated. She writes that, moreover—

> "Music, from an educational standpoint, is not entirely a democratizing force, for there will always be the ultimate mental division of the 'high-brow' from the 'low-brow.' Yet here one had the unique experience of being shoved into a concert hall by a cabaret player from Fourteenth Street, and of being shoved out again by some smug musician from the studio, his smugness for once demoralized by the naked allurement of rhythm. As for the auditorium itself, equality reigned from the back drop to the back row, from the stage, where frying-pans, saxophones, and 'wah-wahs' hobnobbed with violins, clarinets, and grand pianos, to the audience, where Broadway rubbed shoulders fraternally with the classicists. And it may as well be admitted now that the day was to Broadway, and the education to the classicist. For, to the former, there was probably nothing

strange in the Oriental decorations of the stage, the exotic coloring of the music, the disheveled-looking instruments lying about in an informal, detached way, the swaying bodies of the players as they beat time with their feet, and the nervous power of the leader, with his shimmying right leg. And above all, there was *nothing unfamiliar in the spectacle of an American boy playing* with extraordinary ease an original composition of terrific rhythmical difficulty and of individual power and beauty, and winning immediate recognition for his achievement. But to the musician trained in other schools there was something very new and exciting and moving in this utter abandonment of all emotional reserve. And there was also, perhaps, a secret and overwhelming realization that he had been caught napping, that a distinctive and well-developed art having obvious kinship with the world-thought of to-day had grown up, unheeded, under his very ears while he had been straining his auditory nerves to catch the echoes of sound three thousand miles away."

"DOLORES" IN LIFE "DOLORES" IN BRONZE

EPSTEIN'S FAVORITE MODEL

Called by some a "magnificent example of romantic sculpture."

Mr. Whiteman, who has had "legitimate symphonic experience," confesses that he doesn't know what jazz is; but whatever it is, he divides it into four phases:

"These are, if I remember rightly, the six instrument noises of ten or twelve years ago attained mainly by kitchen utensils which he calls the 'true jazz,' the 'blues,' or negro element, usually slower in tempo, the adaptation of themes from the classics to dance rhythms, and the 'modern orchestra,' and the evolution from instrumental improvisation to definite orchestral scoring. At his concert he began with 'The Livery Stable Blues,' a piece of Hogarthian humor as legitimate and vivid in expression as the more classical Till Eulenspiegel with his thumb ever to his nose. Then followed various comic strips, of which the best were done by Zez Confrey at the piano. There were, also, of course, various kinds of modern 'blues,' besides a jazz fantasy on the 'Volga Boat Song,' symphonic arrangements of popular tunes including the, what is now, historic 'Alexander's Rag-time Band,' 'modern' orchestral arrangements of semi-classical melodies, like MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose,' four beautifully orchestrated serenades by Victor Herbert, a fair amount of trash, George Gershwin's remarkable piano 'Rhapsody in Blue,' which the composer himself played with a 'modern' orchestral accompaniment.

"It was, on the whole, a curious orgy of unrestrained laughter and tears, in which East and West met and merged with strange, half-caste results. There were, for instance, sustained, drawn-out Slavic effects in melodic passages of pure, Anglo-Saxon bathos. Perverted brasses and winds depicted, in subtle and intoxicating colors, humor of the slap-stick variety. Aphrodisiacal rhythms alternated with those of the ordinary dance. And in 'The Rhapsody in Blue,' which takes its title from the negro phase of jazz, one heard a dialog between American slang and expressions as elemental as the soil."

WAR PLAYS IN LONDON AND PARIS

BOTH LONDON AND PARIS are each agitated over a war play. This is news indeed for us who have said so often that the war as a literary or dramatic motif is dead. To be sure these plays produce an opposite effect on their auditors. In London the actors are cheered; in Paris they are booed. What seems in cold type a quite impossible piece in London is loved; while in Paris a perfectly reasonable discussion of new domestic relations is execrated and almost silenced with uproar. If the plays ever come to us, and "Havoc," the English piece is promised for next season, we may perhaps have to try to impose on ourselves the psychology of the peoples who are now so deeply stirred. "Havoc" is described in brief by James Agate of *The Sunday Times* (London) as: "Suicide (1), blindness (1), shell-shock (1), killed in action (15). Fifteen men on a dead woman's chest, on the bosom or conscience, that is, of a harpy who was never spiritually alive." Is the approval given this play an anti-feminist demonstration resulting from the feminist emancipation during the war?

Violet Deering is pictured as a kind of war butterfly who seems to have pleased herself as to the number of men she entangles—"a monstrosity," says A. J. Cummings in the London *Daily News*, "as monstrous as *Caliban*." The action shows several English soldiers of different rank, "at death grips with the enemy at the height of one of the most tremendous battles of the war," who interrupted the proceedings to quarrel about her. Mr. Agate of *The Sunday Times* takes it up:

"To be perfectly candid, the play is not the comprehensive stuff which Mr. Munro, Mr. Drinkwater, or Mr. Galsworthy might have written under this title. The havoc to which we are invited to bring our minds is not the incalculable mental and moral damage wrought in the Soul of Man by War. It can be accurately computed, and a 'return' made on an Army Form. . . .

"*Violet Deering* was of the order of pretty ladies which, a few years ago, beguiled Mr. Arnold Bennett into writing some of his less admirable novels. I can not bring myself to believe that her kind did any other harm, or was ever mistaken, in real life, for anything significant or responsible. But then I do not know her world. Neither, I suspect, does Mr. Harry Wall, the author of the play. Is *Violet* an adventuress, or is she supposed to have breeding? Is she a musical comedy actress—we are shown her frock for 'Drop it and Run'—or is she just a fool? Whatever she is she gives interviews to journalists and chatters about her 'unconscious' charm. Miss Frances Carson gave a very clever impersonation of this fearsome creature. She made her drift into the room like a soul aswoon, exude that 'unconscious' charm by the bucketful, couch upon sofa-cushions like a moping panther and behave generally like the most orchidaceous 'vamp.'"

Mr. Agate scouts the possible objection that "to evoke the war is to use a wheel of world-torment out of all proportion to this butterfly":

"Plays, after all, have got to be about something, and they may as well be about something concerning which the author also knows something. Mr. Wall obviously knows a good deal about soldiers if not about sirens, and he tells us what he knows without pretending to philosophic significance. His plot is not entirely credible, but that is a way plots have. Nobody in the theater believed that *Roddy Dunton*, whose girl *Dick Chappell* had stolen, would have run that bright lieutenant out in a company cricket match, let alone sending him and the *Babe* and fifteen others to certain death. No British officer, gentleman and sportsman would have done such a thing. In sporting parlance the probabilities bumped us here. But we were not bored. It is much less disconcerting in the theater to be forced to swallow a good big matter-of-fact camel at the start, which you can at once forget, than to be asked to strain at psychological gnats every ten minutes or so. Once you had made up your mind to believe the central incident in 'Havoc' the play, as entertainment, followed logically and delightfully. It would have been unbearable if *Dick* and the *Babe* had been killed. They were not.

"The dialog was excellent throughout, except for half a dozen sentences, and these could easily have been pruned away. I do not believe that young officers at the front declared their chums' eyes to be the bluest they had ever seen, or made moan that they were glazed and staring at the stars. I do not believe that when they had lost a trench they went about lamenting that where the Boche is to-day, there, on that hateful spot, they had yesterday gathered primroses. The *Babe* and his kind may have been cherubim, but they did not quire."

The French play was produced at the Comédie Française and is called "Le Tombeau Sous l'Arc de Triomphe." The irony of the piece is intensified when we reflect that the hero of the play might be the Unknown Soldier holding that honored place to-day beneath the Arc de Triomphe. An outline of the piece attuned to American sensibilities might best be learned in a letter to the New York *Tribune:*

"Raynal's piece, the name of which gave rise to expectations of quite another sort than those the author furnished, reached the first theater of France through influence. There is no doubt about that. If it had seen the light of day somewhere else it might have passed unnoticed and not have been greeted with a near riot which sent catcalls down from the balconies to mingle with the hisses from the orchestra and with physical encounters in the loges.

"If it had seen the light of day anywhere else the marital amours of the second act, in which a bed figured largely, would have caused no comment. If it had been produced somewhere else five critics would not have worked themselves into a frenzy about it, while a sixth, who likes Raynal and declared openly in *L'Œuvre* that Raynal's drama was a master work, would not have lost his job. And if it had been produced somewhere else . . . but returns from numerous resultant duels have not, at the time of writing, yet come in.

"Raynal has built into three interminable acts the psychological reactions of three characters involved in the war. After the successful Champagne battle of 1915 his soldier hero, played by M. Alexandre, returns to his home. Father and fiancée believe that the end of the struggle is in sight; the son, in all his weariness and disillusion with things as they are, knows better. A telegram recalls him. With only twenty-four hours of rest ahead of him his fiancée, Mme. Ventura, insists that there is no need of a marriage ceremony to sanctify their love. Here the curtain falls after an hour of unutterably long-drawn-out conversation, keen enough in its analysis of character, but yet too boring for the house of Molière and its sophisticated audiences.

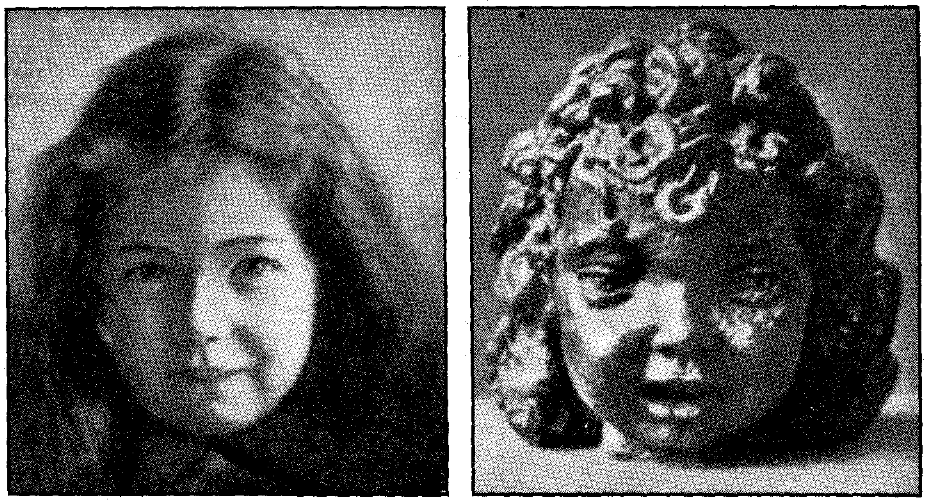
"However, the first act was accepted. So was the second, in a manner of speaking, altho when the curtain rose upon a bedroom reminiscent of Broadway farces, in which Alexandre was taking leave of his fiancée, the audience was a bit startled. When the girl told her lover she no longer loved him the audience was a bit more startled. And the final act, when the son accuses his father of jealousy and other scarcely virtuous activities, thereby destroying at one stroke one of the most sacred articles of the French family creed, filial devotion, pandemonium broke loose and stayed loose.

"The actors kept on bravely. Shouts of 'Anarchy!' of 'Curtain!' waving of fists and hisses left the three protagonists nobly unmoved, even tho their lines were absolutely undiscernible. Those who defended Raynal—it may have been a claque—took up the cudgels and made more noise than his decriers. Yet still the drama moved on, allowing the girl to intervene between father and son, and to reinstate sufficient morality into the climax to permit at last the final curtain to fall in peace.

"There remained only the verdict of the critics the next morning and the verdict of the public the next evening. 'Boredom, heavy and sad,' was the verdict of five out of six of the former.

"With another riot the general public received it the next evening. Not being obligated to the management on account of free seats, the general public rioted more vociferously even than the critics.

"But, as might be expected, the 'Tombeau Sous l'Arc de Triomphe' has not been withdrawn and the attendance continues to be excellent. And M. Paul Raynal is jubilant."


GOD'S PEGGY EPSTEIN'S PEGGY

THE SCULPTOR'S DAUGHTER IN TWO GUISES

As indicative of the mind of some French critics who were not overawed by the play, we have the remark of Georges Pioch in *L'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris) that it is a noble work characterized by traits of grandeur and of candor. Nevertheless, he finds it rather too literary and not sufficiently natural in dialog. For lack of true life, this critic believes the play in the end fails of emotional effect; and because this truth of life is not to be found in it he thinks it "irritates more than it convinces." Yet he praises the author's literary gift. To his mind, however, the characters appear as symbols in an allegorical poem rather than living people. This is especially true, he declares, of the woman *Aude* and the father. The soldier seems more genuine, it is said, because he exhibits the new nature inflicted upon him by the war, which "puts him above human forces—but not above life."

THE COVER DESIGN—The cover reproduces one of the notable masterpieces of Frans Hals called "The Lute-player." Hals was a native of Haarlem and in the town hall of that city of Holland are to be found some of his most famous works. These compositions are many of them involved and contain a great many figures, yet there is a masterly art shown in weaving them into a unity. Some of his striking pictures, however, are of single figures like the one here reproduced. As Mr. Charles H. Caffin observes in his "Short History of Art," "he used a brush full of pigment, and laid the color fluently and freely on the canvas; juxtaposing the hues and values so knowingly that no subsequent alteration was necessary. He was, in fact, a consummate 'brush man.'" In these respects, as we are told, "Hals influenced the other painters of Holland so that the school, as a whole, displayed a technical proficiency that has never been excelled. Further, his corporation pictures exhibit a beautiful rendering of the fabrics of costumes and of the articles of still life, tablecloths, goblets, swords, fruit and the like. He revealed the beauty that is inherent in things of every-day life."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

OUR SHARE IN THE MURDERER'S GUILT

FOUR YOUNG MEN were sentenced to death the other day in Brooklyn, and the grim tragedy in the still courtroom was the grimmer in that it might have been prevented. In cold blood and after long deliberation, these young men had murdered and robbed two bank messengers in a Brooklyn elevated station. Thus six lives are taken away, and the guilt is fastened not alone on the four young criminals, three of them hardly more than boys, but primarily upon the American public conscience. The method of their upbringing was wrong, as it is wrong to-day, we are told, everywhere in the land—evidenced in the national scandals which have exposed a cesspool of corruption, in the courts of every large city, in the reformatories, in the jails, in the prisons. The fact is brought out in our issue of March 15; it is brought out again in this because just now the subject is forcibly engaging the attention of our religious leaders, jurists, editors and journalists, all faced suddenly, it seems, by the appalling tragedy presented by a feeble public conscience which has almost discarded every form of religious and moral instruction and surrendered the home as the mainstay of virtue. No nation, we are told, can depend on its police system to preserve its moral fiber. The gallows and the chair are sorry substitutes for the Sunday school and the old-fashioned altar of maternal knees. The problem is long past the debating stage, and earnest thinkers of the three great branches of religion embraced in American life, both clerical and lay, are seeking some method whereby American youth may be saved from the wanton neglect which in so many cases ends in a lonely cell or in legal execution.

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ON THEIR WAY TO THE DEATH HOUSE

Morris and Joseph Diamond to pay with their lives for a crime of which the public is not entirely innocent.

Morris Diamond, "beefy and bewildered"; his brother, Joe, "slender and sardonic"; John Farina, "with the lean, hard face and wrong eyes," and little Tony Pantano, "with the sad, intelligent smile," completed in the Brooklyn Supreme Court all but the last details of their lives that led to the electric chair. After sentencing them, Justice James C. Cropsey said that the occasion should not pass without comment. One of the outstanding facts in the case, he observed, is the age of the offenders. Three of them are but little more than twenty-one years old; the fourth is only a few years older. Yet two of them had previously served terms of imprisonment, and the other two are said to have had long association with criminals. An equally distressing fact, continued Justice Cropsey, is that the age of these offenders is not unusual. As we quote him from the New York *Sun and The Globe*, the Justice went on:

> "Most of the criminals are boys and young men. To be exact, over eighty per cent. of them are less than twenty-five years of age. If the people of Brooklyn ask why so many youths become criminals, I can tell them. A dozen years of investigation and experience in these matters have demonstrated that the vast majority of all the youthful offenders committed crime because they had bad associates and were not under the proper influences in the years when boyhood was turning into manhood—between the ages of twelve and eighteen. That is the most important period in a boy's life. Then his ideals are acquired, his character formed.
>
> "This condition is a challenge to the manhood of our community. What are we men doing? Tens of thousands of boys are nightly on our streets looking for amusement, seeking adventure, yearning for companionship. Many of them have no fathers, and the parents of many others give little or no heed to the places their boys visit or the companions they choose. Do we men owe no duty to these boys? Can we longer remain blind to the perils that beset them? Should we not provide places where such boys may meet and play and be entertained and instructed, and all the time be under the influence of the men of the right kind?
>
> "This is a practical thing. It can be done. It has been done in a small way and with wonderful results. Why should not we undertake it in a big way? We can lessen the crimes in our midst by giving our attention to the youths. They need a man's guiding hand and helpful personality. They need the example of a true man's life in forming their character.
>
> "Brooklyn can be made better. Whether it will, depends upon us, its men. Shall we turn our backs and ignore existing conditions or shall we accept the challenge, and lend ourselves to the task? It's a man's job and it needs red-blooded men who will put something of themselves into the undertaking.
>
> "Men, this is a call to us. Are we awake? Do we hear it? Will our consciences let us ignore it? Shall we not help to make better the boys of to-day? Should we not begin at once?"

Religious education is coming back, says the Rev. Walter M. Howlett, Secretary of the Religious Education Department of the New York Federation of Churches and of the Metropolitan Federation of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. "Regular daily hours of worship, combined with systematic instruction in things spiritual, will soon be included in the routine of every child of public-school age in New York City if a movement now under way is completely successful." Protestants, Catholics and Jews, we are told, are uniting in the movement. Now, however, religious instruction has been abandoned to a large extent, says Mr. Howlett in an interview with Charles W. Wood, published in the New York *World*, "and America is just now paying the penalty." Experience has shown that the public school, college and university are not places for religious instruction, and the home, which was once "logically relied upon as the place where this education should take place, is not the place it used to be" because of the social transition through which we have passed. So,

> "Under the circumstances we can hardly wonder that the moral condition of large groups of young people, especially in our American cities, is giving cause for alarm. They are lacking in reverence. Their sense of the sacred has never been developed. They do not know the attitude of worship. They have no conscious knowledge of God.
>
> "Looking at it only in its social aspect, this has brought about an unendurable situation. Such crimes as that of the Diamond brothers make us realize with a shock this utter lack of moral sense within a section of our community. Those boys happen to be Jews, but their partners in crime came from Catholic and Protestant homes. We Protestants have hitherto centered our thoughts upon extending Protestant religious education. To-day we must see the equal necessity of the Catholic and Jewish children developing *their* religious life."

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"MEN, THIS IS A CALL TO US"

Says Justice James C. Cropsey, in pointing out, after sentencing four murderers, that "most of our criminals are boys and young men."

Catholics and Jews are in full accord with this view. America has insisted on complete separation of Church and State, says Archbishop Hayes, who was also interviewed by Mr. Wood. But the Archbishop is sure that America never intended to divorce religion from life, and he says that there is a very general feeling that the spiritual rights of our little ones should not be violated. Tho fully aware of the present situation, Archbishop Hayes is not pessimistic, and he says:

> "The very fact that the situation is being recognized so clearly is cause for congratulation. But there is no time to be lost. Whatever one's religious views may be, all must agree that it is not fair to the children to neglect them as they are being neglected to-day. That it is not fair to society at large is also true, but my heart aches for the little ones. They need God in their young lives. They need spiritual guidance. They need to be delivered from the aimlessness and boredom, to say nothing of the more acute tragedies, of the godless life.
>
> "Socially, also, this involves much more than the problem of crime. Even without the murders and atrocities which have so shocked us lately, there would still be an urgent social need to resume religious instruction generally. Where there is no religion there is no purpose in life. And modern life wofully lacks purpose."

For the problem as it exists now a radical remedy is suggested by William McAdoo, Chief City Magistrate of New York City. He would have the police go into the breeding-places and haunts of the criminals, and arrest them out of hand and lock them up as vagrants. From the biological standpoint, writes Judge McAdoo, in *The World*, "this army of young criminals is emotionally deficient; that is, they are strangers to love, affection, pity, sympathy, friendship, charity, kindness, temperance and chastity." In many respects they are not much advanced from merely predatory animals. Outlaws and dangerous men, goes on the magistrate, are evolved from heredity and environment, and some of them are incurable and ought never be allowed at large. He suggests, therefore, a large custodial institution, self-supporting, where these people will be kept and looked after physically and mentally, in many cases during the term of their natural lives. But

> "The difficulty is that the moment you begin to talk about using scientific methods with criminals, people who have never looked into the subject at once say it is all nonsense. They say we are coddling the criminal, treating him as diseased, covering him with flowers and encouraging crime. But this is strictly not so.
>
> "What those who believe in those things are advocating is simply that we shall anticipate the crime as far as possible. And, on the other hand, when they have committed crime, this army of predatory cave-men and women shall be kept for the safety of the public under present methods for as long terms of imprisonment and confinement as possible.
>
> "Also we must always keep in mind the rights of first offenders. Those who are mentally and physically sound, who do not belong to the class I have spoken of, who have yielded to sudden temptation, great pressure of circumstances, violent mental agitation or other causes, should be dealt with charitably and kindly. Of these guilty only of minor offenses, through probation wisely administered, we can salvage much good material."

A JOHN KNOX NEEDED

A MINISTER WHO WAS HARANGUING against divorce recently made an unfortunate mistake, we are told, for in his choir were no fewer than seven persons who had been through the divorce court. The conductor of the choir, says the Dallas *News*, was a divorced man and was then the husband of a woman who herself had been divorced. Another singer had had three divorces and was potentially eligible for a fourth, at least to the extent that he was then living with his fourth wife. It is not alleged, we are told, that any of these legal separations had been obtained by collusion or been negotiated in any manner legally improper. "But under the circumstances the hymn-hoisters back of that minister were naturally ill at ease during the sermon." Nor is it surprizing, it is said, that they didn't come back right away. But when the preacher found out the composition of his choir, he apologized. "If you like," remarks the Dallas paper, sensing the moral in the episode, "you may say that he was a coward for that. Or you may decide that it only made matters worse to back down from a position well supported by the Church and the Gospel to which the Church owes allegiance." Anyway, the preacher apologized, and

> "If laymen can't sympathize with the forces brought to bear upon him to that extent, editorial writers can. An Elijah or a John Knox may shake an accusing finger in the face of errant royalty and escape unharmed, but now and then a John the Baptist, just as right and just as bold, loses his head for following their example. Editorial writers often ponder the thought, and doubtless it occurs also to clergymen.
>
> "But after all, the minister who apologized did no more than society generally is doing. Society, no doubt, is doing a just thing in affording relief to aggrieved persons unequally yoked in matrimony. But, after all, divorce is an ugly scar. Upon the guilty it is a brand. If we backed our ministers up in saying that, the choir loft might be filled up with the unbranded, and even find room for a singer or two who could still sing after a long and contented married life. And if the singing were a trifle less brilliant it would be worth the congregation's while to be reminded that there are plenty of good husbands and good wives left in this disappointing old world. *The News* knows that there are such, because it has been printing the pictures of some of them, who, after a half century or more together, have neither recrimination nor regret. If a young person about to marry thought more about such cases, there'd be more cases like them fifty years from now."

"TROTTING" TO PERDITION

MEDICAL MEN ARE NOT NOTED as ethical extremists, and it is, therefore, all the more significant when they join the chorus of religious leaders and police matrons in condemning certain types of modern dances as relics of jungle days, still employed by primitive peoples for immoral purposes. It goes without saying, we are told, that these degenerate dances are as morally harmful among civilized peoples, and that they are to be regarded as traps set to ensnare innocent feet. In New York an amazing condition of immorality has been found to exist in twenty per cent. of the public dance-halls, and in Canada a Roman Catholic Cardinal pleads with his parishioners to avoid specified dances as they would the plague. In calling attention to the danger, *The Medical Review of Reviews* says that dancing as a stimulus to certain physical impulses has been known from time immemorial, "and to this end it has been employed by both man and beast." It has even been argued, we are told, that dancing was primarily introduced for the sake of arousing these impulses, and, continues the medical journal:

> "Thomas in his 'Source Book of Social Origins' puts in a terse paragraph the status of the dance among primitive peoples: 'In the dance both parties rise to a passionate excitement; they become intoxicated by the tones and movements, the enthusiasm rises higher and higher, and swells finally into a real madness, which not rarely breaks out with violence.' . . . There can scarcely be any doubt that dancing came about as an adjunct to sexual stimulation. As such it still exists, undisguised among primitive peoples, and as such has existed among the peoples of antiquity. It still retains this original purpose among us to-day, but it is not avowed as such openly."

Immoral excesses of the worst sort exist in some of the dance-halls of New York, according to the report of a four months' survey, undertaken at the request of August W. Glatzmayer, Commissioner of Licenses, and directed by Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, Chairman of the Commercial Recreation Committees of the New York City Recreation Committee and the Woman's City Club. Most disturbing of all, Mrs. Moskowitz says, is a new type of resort known as the "closed dance-hall," which has been imported from the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Back of the dance-halls, says Mrs. Moskowitz, as she is quoted in the New York *Times*, is the question of public behavior. Young people read about things and see things on the stage which they want to do. "The boys and girls of our colleges are as much responsible for conditions in our dance-halls as any other group." The dance-halls adopt dances originating at some college and these "are degraded all the way down until they are finally very different." Of course, comments *The Herald of Gospel Liberty* (Christian), welfare workers and police matrons know full well the terrible danger and ruin to young manhood and womanhood wrought in public dance-halls.

> "The extremely indelicate and immodest practises of these places constantly call for the most rigorous regulation by city authorities; and even then those who have an intimate and confidential knowledge know of the evil results to which these dances lead. To such an extent is this true that for pastors or parents to speak indiscriminately of 'dancing' with a nonchalance as tho it were altogether an innocent pastime or a daring pleasure easily regulated, is to reveal either a dense ignorance of the subject or an utter disregard for the best welfare of innocent and unprotected youth in their quite natural quest for pleasure."

Without mincing matters, Cardinal Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec, condemns "lascivious" dances, however they may be called, "in order to raise an effective dike against the rising flood of neo-paganism." Since the modern world wishes to give a "place of honor" to dances of this nature, he says in a pastoral letter quoted in the Canadian press and in the *Osservatore Romano*, they must be combated as moral contagion. They can not be executed in a decent manner, we are told; and even if this were possible, "dances which are justly denounced because of their very nature would be accredited." A decree of the Synod published at the same time names the prohibited dances:

> "We energetically reprove those dances which are lascivious, either in themselves—such as the 'fox-trot,' the 'tango,' the 'shimmy,' the 'cheek-to-cheek' the 'turkey-trot,' the 'camel-trot,' the 'one-step,' 'two-step,' and others of the same kind, by whatever name they may be called—or in the manner in which they are executed—as is the case with the waltz, the polka, and other dances which are commonly danced to-day in a lascivious manner; we energetically reprove these dances as immediate, proximate occasions of sin, and we expressly forbid them throughout the entire diocese so that if any one—which God forbid—should venture to abandon himself to these dances, or permit his children or dependents to abandon themselves to them, or permit them to be danced in his home, he would commit a grave sin of disobedience."

An echo of approval by public opinion shows that the Cardinal's observations on certain dances are appreciated as being opportune. The general superintendent of the Methodist Church of Toronto, states, according to press reports, that the Cardinal has spoken like a highly inspired man, adding that, "Altho he seems to have assumed an extreme attitude on the subject of dancing, he is perfectly right from his point of view." Another Protestant dignitary, Albert Moore, declares: "This very categorical statement regarding lascivious dancing. . . . influences a large number of Canadians, both Catholic and Protestant," and an Anglican ecclesiastic, Canon Charles Inglis, comments: "I am not afraid to express myself frankly on this subject. Modern dances, where women are scantily clothed, are simply repulsive. These women are not only a terrible temptation for young men, but they place themselves in danger. I can not find words strong enough to express my disapproval." Says *The Montreal Star:*

> "The pastoral letter of Cardinal Bégin will meet with the approval of all right-thinking people. Certain methods of dancing have become more and more repugnant, more and more immodest; the characteristic of these dances is impropriety. When the Catholic Church speaks on such a question, she speaks with authority, with resolution and with the faculty of applying her orders. However much the Protestant churches may do through exhortation and disapproval from the pulpit, it must be admitted that they have no power to apply their advice. The sooner we have an authorized condemnation of all the indecencies mentioned, the better it will be for the health and morals of the people. The sooner there is a return to reasonable recreation, the better for the welfare of society. The soul can be sick, but a sick soul is nearly always neglected, while a sick body has thousands of well-paid doctors at its disposal."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

POETRY (Chicago) for March contains a poem that brings before us vividly, perhaps, the highest romance of which to-day is capable. The elements, at least, are all here:

ELEGIES OVER JOHN REED

By Marya Zaturensky

THEY BURY HIM IN THE KREMLIN

Into the sad cold heart
Of sleeping Russia they laid
The dreamer from the West
Among the buried Tsars of ancient Muscovy.

No holy candles burnt
There in that ancient place.
No long-haired priest
Spoke three times the blessings for the dead.

But with uncomprehending eyes
Slowly filed in
The peasants and soldiers of the new order.
Over their comrade from the west
They lifted their red flags.
This was their benediction!

Where the Old Tsars lay
In winding-sheets of gold brocade
They left the high adventurous heart
Asleep among the old shadows.

And from the hearts of the dead a whisper ran
And the graves of the old church opened and spoke:
"Who comes here to lie at our side?"
And the heart of the dead man spoke
To the dead hearts, telling
Of the new Russia and the new desolation.

Ivan the hated stirs
From his broken rest.
Katerina the lustful ceases
To dream of her dead lovers.
Boris the slain, Feodor the saint,
And the young Tsaritsas stir
In their golden shrouds.
Piotr the eager stirs:
"What was the sound I heard
Down in my grave today,
What was the scarlet flash
That came between sleep and my dead eyes?"

Said the vaults of the old church:
"He came with a scarlet flash,
With new voices, with a new song,
With new banners and a new cry."

SONG OF THE SCARLET BANNERS

New York, with your loud noise
And hurrying hurried heart,
Moan him. Chicago, loud,
Blatant with laughter, seek
Him who was once your son.
But he heard a new song, he
Followed a new star, heard
A strange voice luring him.

And ever the old bells tolled
A requiem for that high
Lonely adventurous soul.

THE ELEGY OF THE KREMLIN BELLS

Peace to the quiet dead
And the unquiet soul—
Great peace from feet to head
While floods of time shall roll!

Far from your shouting West,
Here shall this sorrowed land
Take you to her dreaming breast,
And love and understand.

Let the old bells toll,
That long have tolled for sorrow,
Peace to your lonely soul
And Russia's glad tomorrow!

Chorus

"Place over him a stone
And write with a soft sigh,
For people not my own
I laid me down to die."

The London *Daily News* treats us to this delicious bit that we suspected first to be a tragedy, then a satire, and finally found to be—?

THE NIMBLE STAG: An Extravaganza

By E. V. Knox

["Evoe" of *Punch*]

The nimble stag awoke at dawn;
He had been petted when a fawn,
And nourished in a park with care
By gallant men and ladies fair.
But now he had two horns in front
And was quite old enough to hunt.

The Muddlebury Staghounds are
Exceedingly particular.
They choose the stag they think most fleet,
And then they cart it to the meet,
And hunt it up and down all day
And slaughter it when dusk is gray
(Unless, of course, it gets away).

The stag that I was speaking of,
Although it had a trifling cough,
Was otherwise quite fit and well,
And ran like—well, it ran quite well.
And after a tremendous chase
It doubled at a fearful pace
To Muddlebury Market Place.
In which there stands an oil-cake shop,
With office buildings at the top.
The stag, whose heart went pit-a-pat,
Decided to run into that.
It ran upstairs with nimble hoof,
And somehow got on to the roof.

Of course there was a hue and cry,
And everybody said, "My eye!
Did you observe the stag come by?"
The clerks' excitement knew no bounds,
They all came out to see the hounds:
When suddenly—we can't inquire
Exactly how—the shop caught fire.
There never had been such a blaze
Since Muddlebury's earliest days.

The fire brigade with hose and spout
Did all they could to put it out.
But fearful consternation reigned
When they perceived the stag remained
High up alone upon a ledge,
Of which the flames had reached the edge.
The Master, Mr. Samuel Jape,
Went swiftly up the fire escape,
And he was followed by the Whip,
Whose name, I think, was Reuben Tripp;
The Vicar and the Squire, as well,
Dashed bravely through the blazing hell.
They fought amidst the fiery fumes
That filled the charred and gutted rooms;
The firemen simply did not dare
To follow them, though brave they were.
Ah! how the people shouted when
That little group of stalwart men
Were finally observed to drag
On to the fire-escape the stag,
Though since the building was so hot
They most of them were burned a lot;
They lowered it with anxious face
To Muddlebury market-place.
But that did not complete the task,
They gave it brandy from a flask,
And tried its feeble pulse to stir,
And stuck a glass thermometer
Into its mouth below the tongue,
Until its nerves were less unstrung,
Then when the stag at last revived,
Though not before the vet arrived,
The Master said to Reuben Tripp
"He almost gave my hounds the slip!
Suppose he had a feed of hay,
Could we go on, d'you think, to-day?"
But Reuben Tripp replied with sorrow,
"Scarcely to-day, sir. Say, to-morrow."

So when the morrow morning came
They carted out that stag of fame,
And after an exciting run
Killed him at Little Wurzelton.
And only then did it transpire
That both the Vicar and the Squire
Were still unrescued from the fire.

A newcomer and a young voice in *The Measure*, revealing something of youth:

SONNET

By Lindley Williams Hubbell

Look in my face and search there as you will,
Nothing will meet your question but a lad
That knows no more of life than to be glad,
And whistle tunes, and lie upon a hill;
A clear-eyed child that should he see or touch
A lovely thing, will lift to you a smile,
And you will take his hand a little while,
Not knowing why, nor caring very much.

You have not heard how on a certain day
A lonely centaur, parching for a drink,
Unearthed a spring and stooping to the brink
Screamed out to see the thing he could not say;
And how from that time forth he runs his course
In madness, from the hoof-beats of a horse.

In the *New Freedom* (Honolulu) this tribute seems to us one of the best we've seen:

WOODROW WILSON

(1854–1924)

By Donald Gillies

Strange justice walks abroad to-night.
The pale, forsaken figure, whose
Exalted quest was peace, has found
The peace none may refuse.

—Teacher, Statesman, Leader freed
From living strife and mortal pain—
Exhausted with the weight of dreams
And hopes too great to gain.

Beside the Thames, they share to-night
Potomac's sorrow and goodbye
For him who rose, when aid was life,
A comrade and ally.

On Paris streets, young soldiers pause
To talk of him who sought to bring
On sown, green fields of home, an end
To war's red harvesting.

Beyond the Rhine, the vanquished know
No greed of empire touched his brain,
But faith more sovereign than power
And greater than domain.

The tongue that stirred a half a world
Is silent now; at rest the mind
That knew the ultimate of praise
And venom of mankind.

Slow to the tomb the body goes—
Timed to no dim drum:
Let those who scorned his faith stand forth
And scoff his martyrdom!

February 6, 1924

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

FIGHTING THE ETERNAL SEA

"Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again—
Where the flaw shall head us or the full Trade suits—
Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack again—
And that's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!"

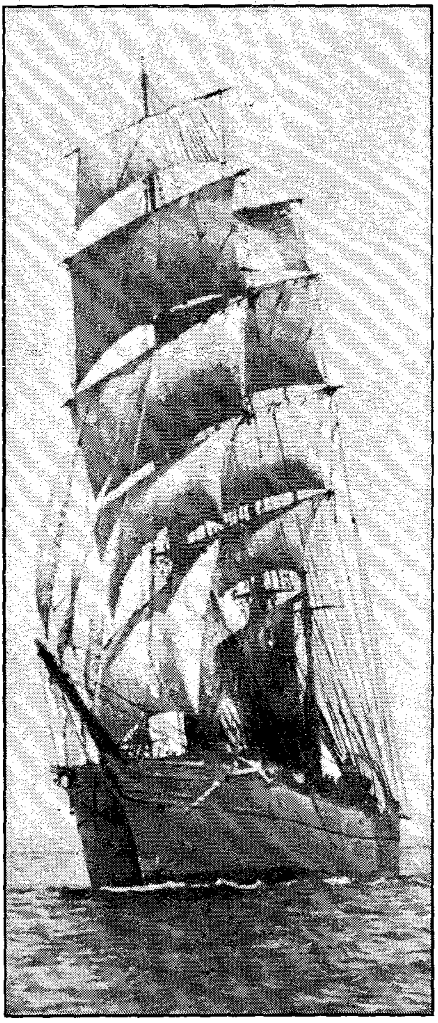
BEATEN BACK FROM "CAPE STIFF" by bull-mouthed seas lifting sixty feet of sheer green water, dismasted and water-logged—the tale of the tough old ship *Garthwray* brings back the indomitable days of Magellan and "Frankie" Drake himself. Five hundred and nineteen days the *Garthwray* took to battle her way around the globe from Grangemouth, Scotland, with a cargo of briquet coal for Iquique, Chile. Veteran shipmasters along New York's waterfront are said to have declared that this establishes the record at sea for "windjammers" in modern times. Certainly the story of the voyage constitutes an epic of persistence as it is told by "Skipper" Williams, the veteran ship news reporter of the New York *Times*, who is said to have a "Round the Horn" record himself.

The gallant ship, he tells us, was dismasted twice, had three captains, and was compelled to sail around the world, going south of Australia, to get to the coast of Chile because she could not weather Cape Horn. Her log showed a total distance of 21,000 miles, and the only members of the original crew who remained on the ship from Grangemouth to Iquique were the carpenter, steward and nine cadets. Possibly one of these cadets or "middies" will some day write another "Two Years Before the Mast." According to another account a first officer and a mate who had been part of the original crew were left, but possibly these were two of the nine midshipmen, since three are reported ready to pass their examinations for mate.

This sea story, which has appeared in one form or another in most of the New York papers, was brought from Iquique by J. R. Griffiths, assistant purser of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's liner *Ebro*, which arrived recently from Valparaiso. The purser's curiosity appears to have been excited in Iquique harbor by the sight of the vessel, which then looked as if each of the seven seas had been playing cat and mouse with her for years. This vessel, originally the *Wray Castle*, built in 1889 as a full-rigged ship of 1937 tons, had left Scotland as a bark, and now, described as a full-rigged ship again, was refitting for the back trek to Scotland with a new crew. An illustration perhaps of Kipling's line that

> "The game is more than the player of the game,
> And the ship is more than the crew!"

Here is the story as "Skipper" Williams tells it:



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ONE OF THE SHIPS THAT PASS

You may haunt the pier, looking for deep-sea ships like this, or the *Garthwray*, yet seldom, as John Masefield sings in the English *Review:*

—see those proud ones swaying home
With mainyards backed and bows a cream of foam.
Those bows so lovely curving, cut so fine,
Those coulters of the many-bubbled brine,
As once, long since, when all the docks were filled,
With that sea beauty man has ceased to build.

The ship encountered bad luck from the day she left Scotland and was delayed by head-winds and calms, and finally lost her fore and main topmasts and jib-boom in a pampero off the River Plate, and had her bulwarks swept away fore and aft. As the captain was unable to make the mouth of the river with the ship in her disabled condition, he signaled to a passing steamer to send out a tugboat, and was finally towed into Montevideo to refit. Captain Henry, the marine superintendent of the Marine Navigation Company of Canada, owners of the *Garthwray*, took command there and the captain who had brought her out from home went ashore for a rest.

With new spars and fresh provisions and a few changes in the crew the *Garthwray* sailed away from Montevideo to weather Cape Horn, known to old sailors as "Cape Stiff," and it was thirty-two days before she reached the stormy headland of South America. It was a case of one westerly hurricane after another, and altho Captain Henry tried his best to drive his ship round the Pacific, he could not accomplish it. Sail after sail was blown from the bolt-ropes, and he was finally reduced to keeping her head to sea under a goose-wing main topsail. The *Garthwray* was blown down to 58 south latitude, and several times Captain Henry went about when the weather moderated.

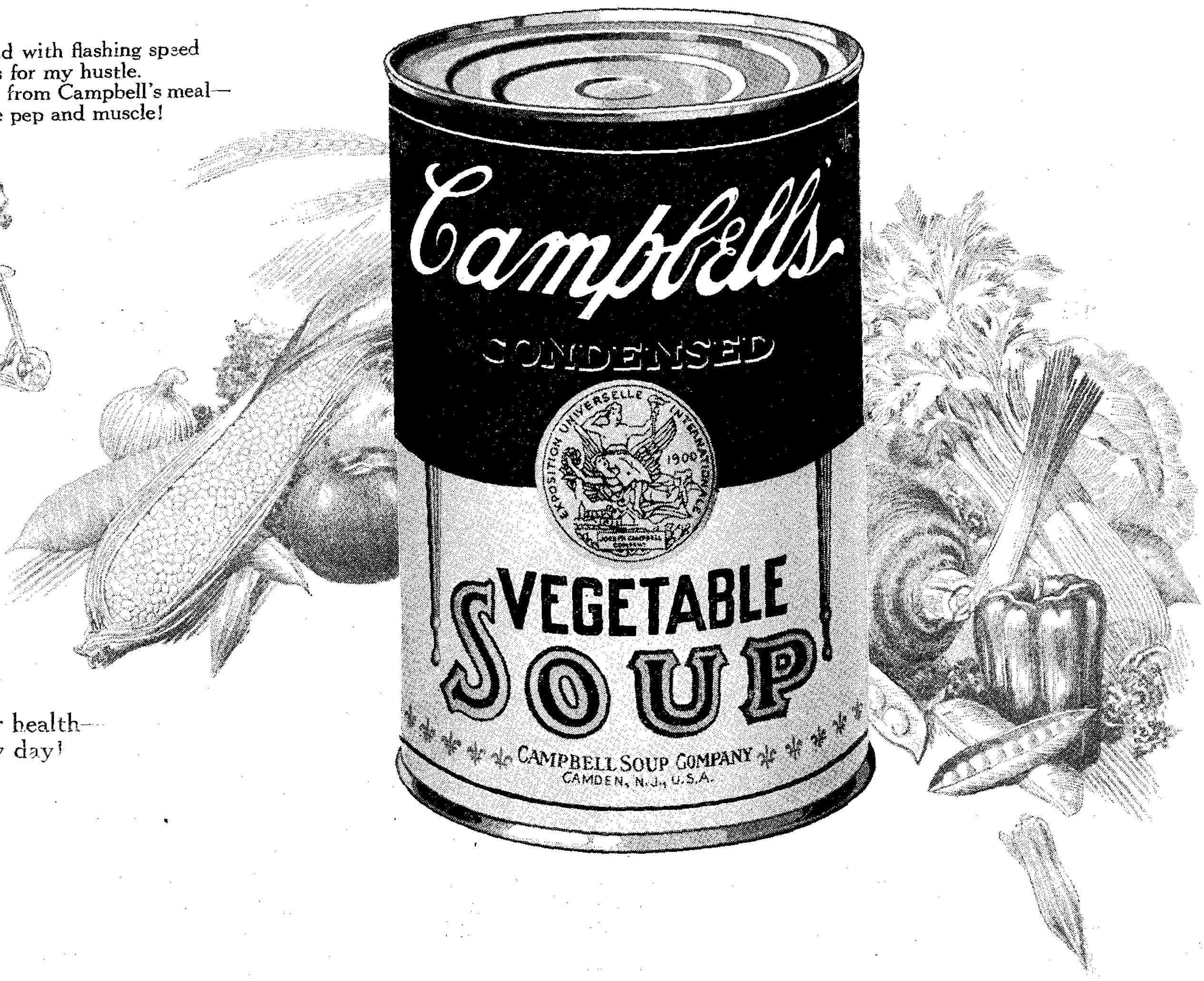
She stood into Cape Horn three degrees to the northward of his position, but each time was driven back again by the westerly gales and great green seas with white tops fully sixty feet high, which came over the bows with terrific force and dashed along her decks. The only place where the watch on deck could stand was on the poop under the lee of a weather cloth lashed to the jigger rigging. They risked their lives every four hours to get forward to the topgallant fo'csle.

When it seemed a hopeless task to weather the Cape, the captain tried to make Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands to anchor and refit, but again the elements were against him, and he decided to run before the wind down to the Cape of Good Hope, a distance of 4,000 miles. For ninety-nine days without a break the crew of the *Garthwray* lived on salt beef and salt pork with hard biscuits, pea soup, and occasionally some Australian soup and bouilli, preserved meat like strings with rice and dried vegetables mixed with it. The apprentices said that the salt beef got so hard with being so long in the brine that they polished it with linseed oil and carved models from it. The hardtack became so infested with weevils that when a biscuit was broken into small pieces they would separate and travel in all directions on the backs of the insects.

When the *Garthwray* went into drydock at Cape Town to have about three feet of grass and several tons of barnacles scraped off her hull, Miggs the ship's pet tortoise-shell cat, which had sailed seven times round Cape Horn and was entitled to walk on the weather side of the poop deck, went ashore and started up country toward Rhodesia and never came back. The feline had lived precariously on the flying-fish that came over the bulwarks in the main rigging at night, and occasionally a piece of dolphin or porpoise when the crew managed to stick any fish.

The first mate went home sick from Cape Town, and another captain took charge, with more changes in the crew. After the

I take the lead with flashing speed
I'm famous for my hustle.
I get my zeal from Campbell's meal—
It gives me pep and muscle!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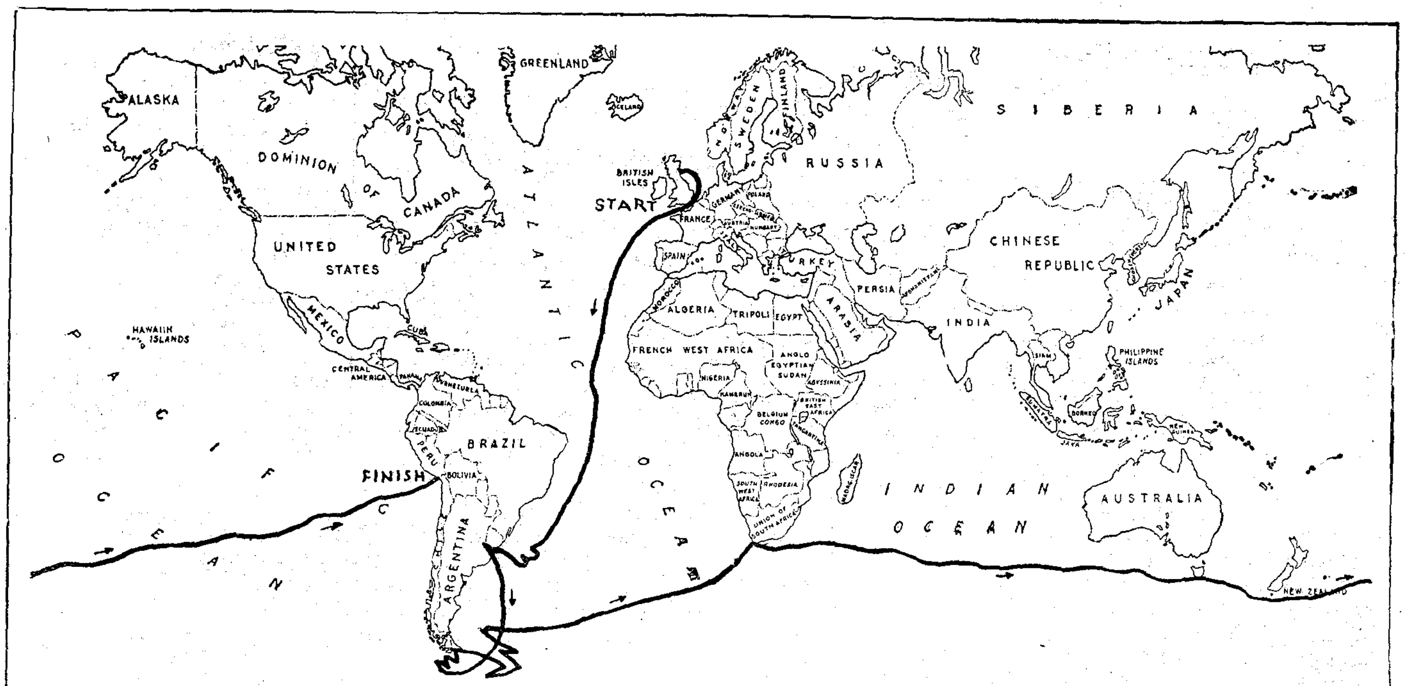


ROUND THE WORLD IN 519 DAYS

From Grangemouth, Scotland, in the Firth of Forth to Iquique in the north of Chile, here is the approximate trail of the much-battered *Garthwray*, as taken from various accounts. Montevideo, in Uruguay, Cape Town in South Africa, and Hobart, Tasmania were way-stations.

vessel had been refitted with new spars, and canvas, and the bulwarks repaired she started to sail down to Tasmania and round South Australia to Iquique instead of trying to weather Cape Horn again. A stop was made at Hobart, Tasmania, for fresh water and provisions, and with fair winds all the way the ship finally anchored in the harbor of Iquique on December 23, 1923, about fourteen months late in delivering her cargo of briquets to the Chilean consignees.

The fuel was being unloaded when the *Ebro* left two weeks ago, and is expected to be finished at the end of this month, and then the captain of the *Garthwray* will look for a freight to Scotland or any old port in the United Kingdom. The nine cadets have become skilful able seamen on the long voyage, and three of them are out of their time and ready to pass their examinations for second mate.

The *Garthwray* on a previous voyage made the passage from Taltal, Chile, round Cape Horn to Falmouth, England, with a cargo of nitrate in eighty-four days. The vessel is 1,957 registered tonnage, 264 feet long, and was built at Workington in 1889. She is one of twelve big sailing ships remaining under the British flag and sailing out of the United Kingdom.

Here is an old salt's story of the first gale that stript the *Garthwray*. It is taken from *Seabreezes*, a little magazine published by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in Liverpool:

> The skipper saw by the signs of the sky and by the changes of wind that something out of the usual was impending. He gave orders to take in sail, for we were jogging along quite comfortably. The members of the watch were up aloft, obeying orders, when down came the wind in its strength. Sails, rigging, spars were smashed, but the good ship kept above.
>
> For two hours the gale lasted at its height. After that time it began to die down, but while it raged at its full strength the crew of the *Garthwray* had their time cut out to keep the ship afloat. Just before the first squall struck us we were going along quite smoothly and very comfortably, everybody on board—it being summer time in these latitudes—anticipating an easy passage around the Horn.
>
> We were so badly smashed up in the blow that Captain Mann determined to seek shelter, so the ship made for the River Plate port, Montevideo, into which the ship was towed, after having been nearly 150 days out from the Firth of Forth. We had to stay in Montevideo for over four months.

The first Cape Horn blow was thus calmly described by the second skipper, Captain Henry, as follows:

> When in 58.22 degrees S. and about 70 degrees W. on May 22, the first of the winter Cape Horn gales was met. The records of the log-book show that the wind was W. S. W., with squalls of hurricane force, heavy hail and snow. The gale lasted for rather more than 48 hours, during which a good deal of damage was done to the spars, one of the yards being entirely lost after great efforts had been made to save it.

Then they crossed the South Atlantic—that is all, and at anchor in Table Bay, South Africa, he reported:

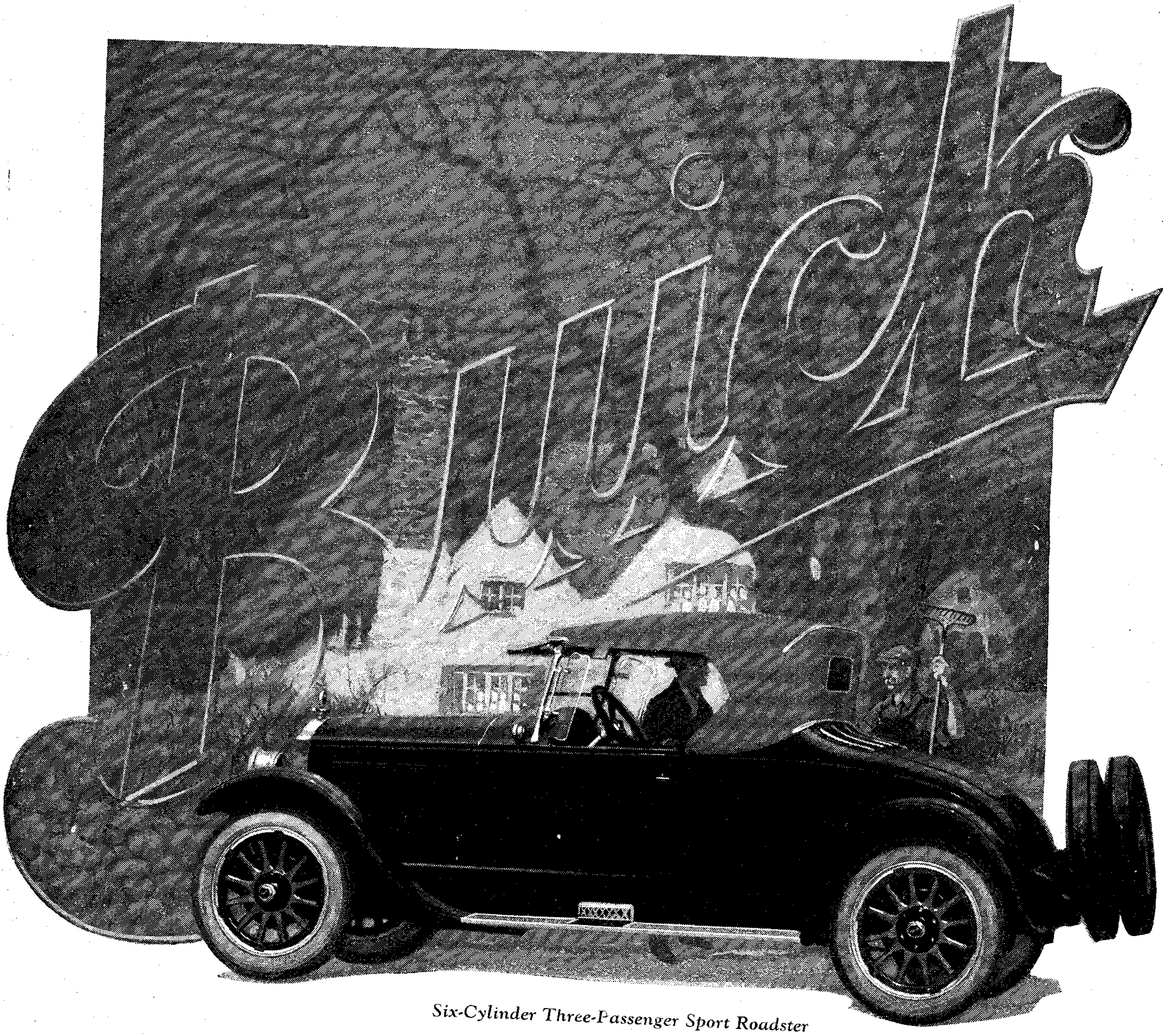
> While the ship has been well "dusted" by wind and weather, not a member of the crew suffered any damage. In fact, a more cheerful lot of young men, for most of them are youngsters, it would be difficult to find anywhere. More than anything else, every one is in the best of health. No one was hurt during the long-drawn voyage, and no one fell ill.

Perhaps that is how the nine doughty apprentices came to stay with the ship when the new captain decided to "run his easting down" to get to Iquique, instead of trying to round the Horn. This meant a voyage more than half-way round the world, all the way across the Indian Ocean, and then south of Tasmania and New Zealand. The magazine writer concludes enviously:

> Nine apprentices! All vainly struggling to round old Cape Stiff. These are the experiences which apprentices, nowadays, say are hard to get. Perhaps we might have one or two of these lucky lads later on.
>
> "The longest tussle ever I had in getting round Cape Horn," adds Mr. Monkman, "was many years ago, when I was in the full-rigged ship *Onieda*. We took 186 days from Liverpool to San Francisco, and we were eight weeks getting round the Horn. Plenty of ice and snow all the time and not a dry shirt to put on." Good, old, dreaded Cape Horn!
>
> But the old ship was not always so dilatory in rounding the Cape. Dated August 20, 1913, I have a letter from Capt. John Hay, then Master of the *Wray Castle*, written at Iquique, in which he says they had a good passage. He enclosed me particulars of some of the Yankee clippers. What different lots our stars accord!
>
> But taking the rough with the smooth, and the ups with the downs, they all contribute their quota toward the story of the sea which we have set out to tell. Doubtless, to the old owner the wind-jammer meant nothing but business; to ourselves she means Romance.

The stirring days of the China tea clippers are brought to mind by the reminiscences of a certain Captain Bowling, which appeared in the New Zealand *Canterbury Times*. After relating that the ship in which he sailed in those days, the *Wynaud* was designed for the opium trade, and partly as a pirate catcher as well, we are told that "she was armed with six 9-pounder cannonades." Needless to say, she had ample supply of muskets, pistols, cutlasses and boarding pikes. When running the teas, as the narrative continues, she

> Carried a gunner, and gun drill was regularly carried out by her crew, so they were well equipped for a tussle with the night-prowling proas of the Malay Seas, or the junks of the sneaky



Six-Cylinder Three-Passenger Sport Roadster

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cut-throat Chinamen. Many a ship mysteriously disappeared from the face of the waters in those days, but tho nothing was ever heard of them, there was little doubt in the minds of sailors as to their fate, supposing they had not got clear of the Malay Islands.

All vessels that could do so, reported at Anjer Point (Straits of Sunda), and there a sort of record was kept of all ships entering and leaving the Malay and China waters. "Pirates got her" was the verdict on a missing ship. Sometimes the Malays or Chinese craft coming along under their long sweeps, would surprize a vessel in a calm at the dead of night. Sometimes a ship would run aground in these shallow waters and then from the creeks and coves of the near-by land, fleets of swift proas, crowded with murderous gangs would dash down upon her.

The fights put up by the white crews would be brave and desperate, but the numbers of their ferocious opponents would prevail. The end was always the same, once the pirate took the ship. *Dead men tell no tales.* Every soul, passengers as well as sailors, would be murdered, the ship looted of all valuables, and then burned, scuttled and sunk.

After working down through the China Sea with the forest-hung mountains of Borneo, close on the port hand, the clipper would pass through Banca or Gaspar Straits into the Java Sea. All these waters reef-dotted and shoal-infested, and the coast of the great islands that hemmed in the shallow seas, wooded from the water's edge to their cloudy summits, swarmed with pirates of the Malay and China breeds.

Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Banca, Billiton, Lombok, and a hundred smaller islands harbored these ruffians of the seas; and when the wind came ahead in restricted waters, and the ship had to anchor to save herself from being swept back, or shoreward, by the strong currents, a close and anxious watch was kept for the silently stealing proas.

Sometimes the anchor was let go for the night so close to the Islands of Banca and Sumatra, etc., that the monkeys could be heard chattering in the trees, and the tropic birds singing and screaming, while the roar of the tiger was heard as "Stripes" came down to drink at some creek mouth. On such occasions an armed anchor watch was set, one man with a loaded rifle on the poop, and another similarly armed on the fo'csle head, with orders to fire the instant any boat was seen approaching.

The six-pounders were kept loaded, and the poker ready heated in the galley fire. (The *Wynaud's* crew at that time fired their guns in the primitive manner, powder on the touch-hole, and a red-hot iron. Later cartridges were used and fired by detonators.) The shot used was canister and grape, the most effective projectiles for crowded proas. The intricate navigation, with the arduous seamanship required in those perilous waters, and the necessity for warlike precautions gave the master mariners of the China clippers of those days an anxious time until they cleared the Straits of Sunda and left the pirate nests well astern.

In the China Sea the weather was often shockingly bad, rain in tropical sheets, thunder and lightning something terrible. We'd be wet through all day, and whenever the wind came fair it was out with the stu'n sails; no possible chance was lost, for it was always a race. We boys had to be roused out in our watch below to set top-gallant and royal stu'n sails, and we'd be perched aloft reeving and unreeving gear, and setting and taking in the sails half-a-dozen times a day.

And it was not an easy thing to set a royal stu'n sail; it was a delicate bit of work, and nowadays an accomplishment that is lost altogether. We youngsters had plenty of practise in the art in those days. There was no watch below in the afternoon for us boys at any time when the wind came fair. Then the lead was always kept going in those waters when working through the risky passages.

Old Captain Reid would not trust the men to heave the lead, but kept his apprentices at it. There was always one of the boys in the missen chains, swinging the handlead, heaving it far ahead and singing out the depth of water that the line told; then hauling it in and coiling up ready for another heave. I'd be wet down to the waist for hours at a time heaving that heavy lead.

Old Captain Reid would be lying down in his long chair on the poop. "Now then, youngster," he would say, "what watter ha'e ye gotten?" When there was a longer interval than usual between the apprentice's reports, "Dom it; are ye asleep?" The old man thought a lot of his boys, tho he made them work like niggers. "Ah!" he would say, "Ye'll nae gang awa' frae me and say I did'na mak sailors o' ye."

Sailor's yarns like that famous China Sea tale of the "Straits of Bally Bang-jang, where the sailors could not get the yards swung on account of the overhanging trees and the monkeys' tails getting jammed in the brace blocks" were brought again to mind by another recent incident in New York harbor. Captain Ant Anderssen of the 4,000-ton Norwegian tramp whaler *Velloy*, with 3,700 tons of whale oil aboard out of Georgia Island in the South Atlantic, according to *The Tribune* came nearer losing his ship at her dock recently than ever he did in Antarctic ice-fields. Driven by a sixty-mile gale, a New Haven car ferry having parted her moorings at dawn, headed into the slip where the whaler lay.

Almost at the same time Standard Oil tanker 60, a 5,000-ton craft, slipt anchor and drove between Piers 6 and 7, colliding with the car ferry and driving her broadside toward the shore end of the dock. Six tugs heeded an emergency call and succeeded in towing out the Standard Oil vessel. The car ferry, jammed bow and stern between piers, was held there when the tide went out and remained several hours suspended stem and stern with five feet of daylight under her keel. She floated when the tide rose.

When daylight came Chief Mate Jacobsen of the *Velloy*, served an extra ration of grog to his crew of forty men whose efforts during the night had been directed to preventing their ship from being hoisted high and dry on the concrete platform beside which she lay. Later Captain Anderssen was found asleep in his cabin. He remarked as he awoke, rubbing his eyes, that risks a whaler runs are not confined to the Antarctic, and grinned at a suggestion that romance had not vanished from the seven seas since whalers still ply their trade.

Later, Captain Anderssen was prevailed upon by the *Tribune's* ship news reporter to tell some of his experiences while crashing through blue water at the tail of a "forty-barrel bull."

"It's a hard life," said Anderssen. "As to romance, that's as a man thinks. Whaling isn't what it used to be when we chased the big fellows with hand harpoons and paid out line over the bow of a ship's boat. Nowadays we use steam cruisers 100 to 120 feet over all, with a swivel harpoon gun in the bow. A hundred-foot blue whale often gives even these craft a hard run for the money. I've been towed thirty to forty miles by a good-sized whale, and put in three hours maneuvering before I managed to get a loop around his tail.

"You see, this ship's an oil transport—sort of mother to the regular whalers. They do the work and we haul the oil after it's been boiled out in rendering works ashore. We've got six whale-cutters working from Georgia Island. They go out each day at dawn and sometimes haul in as many as seven or eight whales in a day. We tow 'em ashore by their tails and haul 'em out with steam tackles along a runway to the boiling sheds. It's a messy job and plenty of risks go with it. There's Olssen now; he came near being eaten by dogfish when he went overside trying to get a line round the last whale taken this season.

"Dogfish? Oh, millions. They travel in schools, the biggest about sixteen feet long. When a whale's fast they come from all directions and try to tear the whale to bits before we can land it. A dog'll eat a man as quick as he will a whale. When Olssen did his Brodie they tore the pants off him and came near makin' a meal o' the lad before we could drag him aboard. He squatted on the whale's carcass, hanging to a harpoon shaft, pretty near naked, with dogfish taking running jumps at him. Before we got him off he was near smothered by carrion birds—what we call cape pigeons. Them things has sharp beaks and they bit Olssen from head to foot.

"There's adventure enough. I mind when a 110-foot blue whale in a flurry after we'd speared him come drivin' head-on and stove in two plates on the starboard quarter. Had a hard time keepin' the gun-boat afloat long enough to make port, and her deck was a-wash when she docked. Just the same, we towed that there whale home and made him pay the damages. Not only has the romance been taken out o' whaling, but speculative interest as well. Them old Bedford hookers used to carry crews that shared in the catch. Well, all our oil is owner's oil. We work for wages, same as the rest of the proletariat. Yes, sir; it's a job nowadays, and that's about all."

One pictures Captain Anderssen a few days later, having delivered his million-dollar cargo to the Ivory soap factory, and once more safely headed for Tierra del Fuego. He paces the bridge in his battered derby hat, watching the bootleggers beating in from the Bahamas and Newfoundland, while a wheeling airplane or two watches them from the murky shore-line. With his ship headed south to the "roaring forties," the captain sadly speculates on the lamentable death of Romance.

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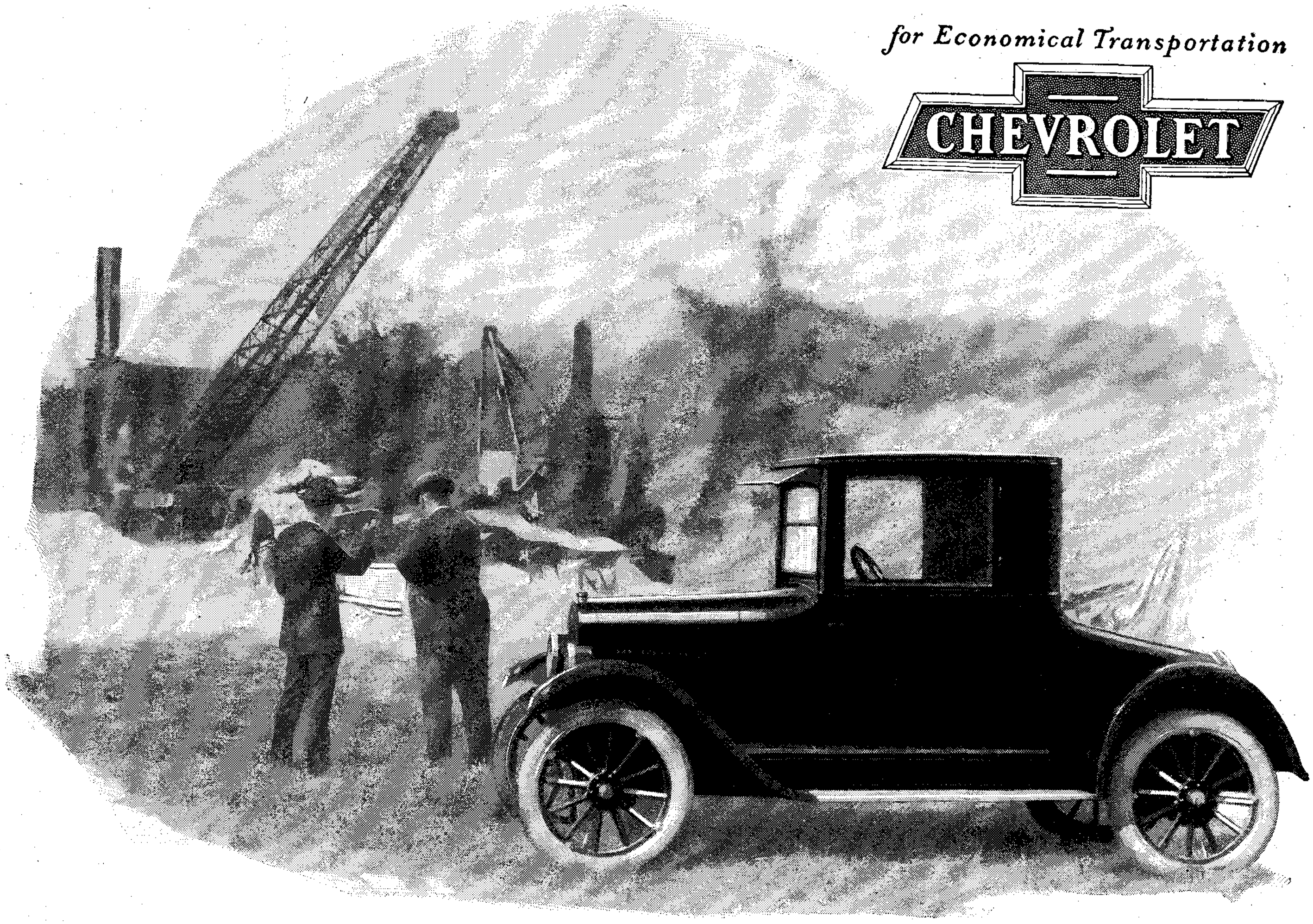

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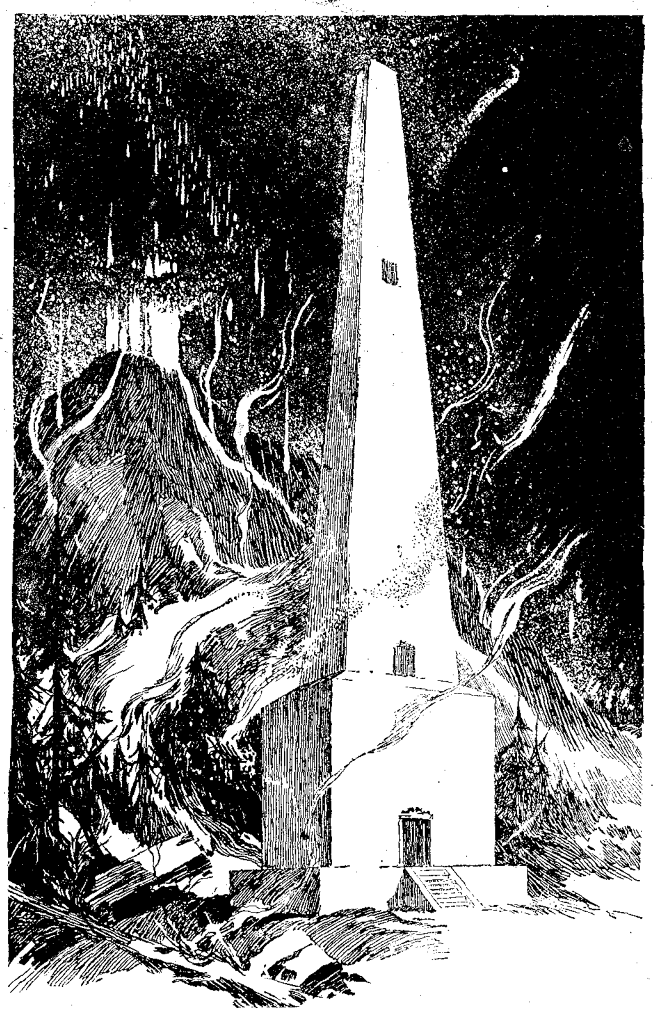
A MODERN PYRAMID TO SAVE RECORDS OF OUR CIVILIZATION

AMERICA IS TO HAVE A PYRAMID, or a kind of combined pyramid and obelisk, to judge by its design, in which interesting records of our civilization will be placed for the edification of future inhabitants of the earth. Old King Tut did a somewhat similar service to the present generation, it will be recalled, by preserving art objects and other evidences of the way folks lived in his time. The American pyramid will rise 130 feet into the air from its base on a peak in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. It will contain, among other important matters, a document telling why our American civilization fell. For American civilization, together with all other civilizations of the world, is doomed to fall, and fall soon, according to the pyramid builder, whose plans and beliefs are recorded in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Whether or not the predicted collapse is really pulled off this time, or goes the ordinary pleasant way of world collapses that are predicted from time to time, the pyramid, its builder and his theories are attracting a good deal of attention. The builder is William H. Harvey, known as "Coin" Harvey in the days when he was the great prophet and exponent of "Free Silver," the general idea upon which William Jennings Bryan first rose to prominence. It is Mr. Harvey's belief, according to *The Ledger*, that:

> Ten thousand years hence, when the people of a new civilization roam the earth and, more specifically, that part of it now known as Arkansas, they will come upon this massive work of twentieth-century engineering skill and will probably marvel, just as we of to-day marvel, at the engineering skill that built the pyramids of Egypt. Perhaps the erosion of centuries will have leveled the Ozarks and filled the valleys, and perhaps only the top of the pyramid will be visible, but that will be enough. For on the top of the obelisk will be a metal plate bearing this inscription:
>
> *When this can be read go below and find the cause of the death of a former civilization.*
>
> Similar plates will be placed on the exterior wall of the vaults, except that "go below" will be changed to "go within."

Most people may scoff at the idea, admits the writer, but "it is likely that the good citizens of Egypt scoffed at the idea of their civilization ever becoming lost." Just the same—

> It did. And "Coin" Harvey is firm in his belief that altho the end of the world may not be near, we are now on the verge of another cataclysm such as the Dark Ages, and that every vestige of civilization will be destroyed.
>
> And why? Well, you must know something about "Coin" Harvey and his history to comprehend his theory.
>
> He is almost seventy-three now, having been born in 1851 in the little town of Buffalo, West Virginia. After living for a time in Gallipolis, Ohio, he went westward to Colorado and at the time of the cry for free silver became identified with that movement. In 1895 he debated with Roswell G. Horr, of New York, on the financial question, taking the side for free silver, and his speech in this debate as well as his writings played an important part in the Presidential campaign that followed.
>
> After the defeat of free silver he moved to Arkansas, there to bide his time until the world moved around to the point where civilization was threatened and the people ready to follow his lead. And now, he says, the time has come. Always an opponent of the moneyed interests and "money-lenders" as he calls them, he believes that the present monetary situation is responsible for the economic ills of the country and world. He decries the banking laws of to-day as being unfair, and says they are but the tools of the Capitalists. Money, he believes, is the life-blood of commerce, and as such ought to be given free passage through the body of the country and not be hoarded by the few. The present system is the cause of growing selfishness throughout the world, he believes, and will result in the complete breakdown of our civilization within a very short time.



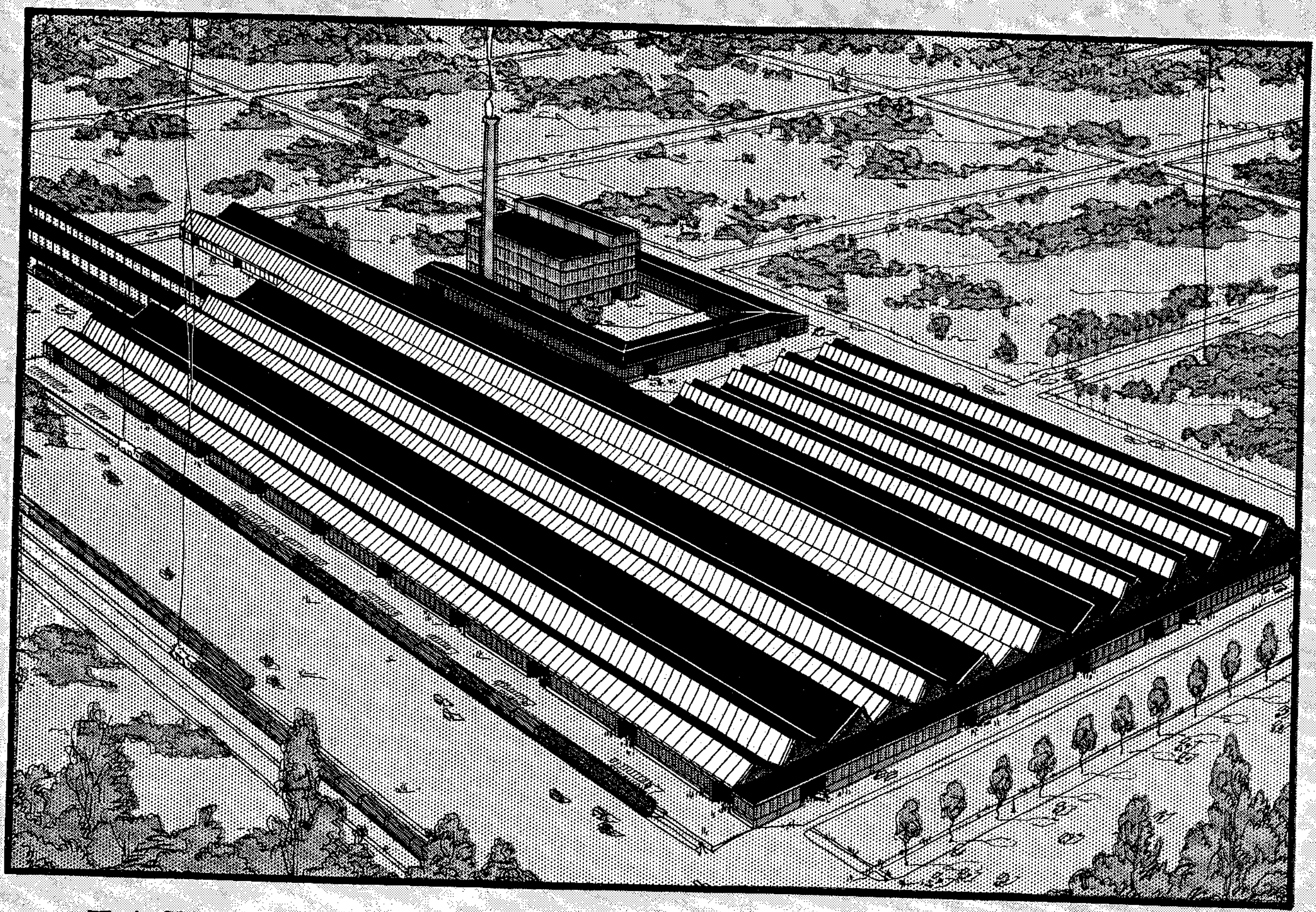
Courtesy of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger"

WILL IT PRESERVE AMERICA'S MEMORY 10,000 YEARS?

A philosopher of the Ozark Mountains is erecting this remarkable pyramid in the expectation that it will preserve his iconoclastic books, at least, for something like that length of time.

Work on the pyramid has already been started, reports the writer, and all knowledge on the subject of concrete will be used in making the structure one that will endure for all time. To begin with:

> The pedestal of the pyramid will rest on solid limestone rock, will be forty feet square and ten feet high, containing 16,000 cubic feet of reenforced cement concrete. The pyramid resting on this pedestal will be thirty-two feet square, rising perpendicularly for a height of thirty-five feet, then reduced to twenty-two feet square and rising in shaft-like formation eighty-five feet, and ending at the top six feet square. The total distance from the ground to the top of the pyramid will be 130 feet.
>
> In the part that will be thirty-two feet square there will be a room sixteen feet square surrounded by a wall, concrete, eight feet thick. In the shaft there will be two vaults.
>
> In the construction of the pyramid there will be used 14,000 sacks of cement, 27,000 cubic feet of sand and 54,000 cubic feet of gravel. The total cost is estimated at about $25,000. The location of the pyramid is at Monte Ne, Benton County, Arkansas. The site selected is at the end of a spur of the mountain at the edge of a valley. These mountains, according to some geologists, were once 14,000 feet above sea-level. They are said to be among the oldest in the world, and by a process of erosion have been brought down to a height of 1,400 feet above sea-level. The distance from the site of the pyramid to the top of the mountains is about 240 feet.
>
> "The records of ancient civilizations which we have unearthed do not tell the merits and demerits of that civilization, the struggles of those peoples and why they fell," said Mr. Harvey in explaining his project. "The pyramid to be erected here will contain all such records. Upon opening the pyramid and reading the documents contained therein mankind ten thousand years hence will learn of the airplane, of the circulation of the blood, railroads and other great discoveries and inventions. The structure will be reenforced strongly. I have made a special study of reenforcing concrete, and all the latest devices will be used to prevent expansion or contraction and cracking."
>
> In the large room at the base of the pyramid and in the two



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That the architect, Albert Kahn, who has designed most of the automobile plants in Detroit, and the officials of the Jewett plant, chose a Viskalt Membrane Roof after careful investigation, shows how generally Viskalt is recognized as the logical covering for industrial buildings. In Detroit alone, there are about forty acres of Viskalt Membrane Roofs.

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vaults in the shaft, avers the report, will be placed a book giving the rise and decline of this civilization and the cause of its death. At least the book will present the "free silver" advocate's ideas on the subject. According to the *Ledger* reporter:

> The book will be a cloth-bound volume of probably 300 or 400 pages, printed on paper on which a paper expert in New York City will pass, and each page of the book will be covered with transparent paper, through which one can easily read, thus preserving the ink from fading.
>
> When the pyramid is completed, except the closing of the entrances to the room and two vaults, it will be given a year to dry. During that year the book will be written and three volumes printed and prepared to go therein. A recent book of Harvey's, entitled "Common Sense," which tells of his opinions of the monetary system as it is to-day, will be a part of the big book, as will such other writings as he completes before the sealing of the pyramid. Dates will be given to show the publication and what attempts have been made to save civilization and "stay the devastating flood of political and economic ruin that is now engulfing our civilization. Also, as the product of unselfish wisdom, gleaned from the experience of mankind in the attempt at the making of this civilization, it will give the organic law necessary for the making of a perfected civilization."
>
> This book, one each, will be placed in three heavy glass containers, at a glass factory, with the lid molded thereon, the air taken out through a small hole in the glass and then sealed up hermetically. One each of these three containers will be placed in the room and two vaults of the pyramid.
>
> "The book will be published and the proceeds of its sale will go into a trust fund to be used in trying to save this civilization," Harvey explained.
>
> "In the room, in addition to the book, will be placed volumes on each industry and scientific attainment that has been developed by this civilization, containing pictures of all inventions and discoveries. Also of people and animals and statuettes of the former, showing styles of dress at different periods of this civilization. Also a book that will aid in their translation into the language in use when the pyramid is opened.
>
> "The three entrances to the pyramid will then be closed with reenforced concrete and the plates securely bolted thereon. During this process the air will be taken from the room and vaults.
>
> "It is presumed that a new civilization rising from the ashes of this one will rise slowly, as this one has, making discoveries gradually as prompted by human reason, knowing no more of what we have discovered than we know now of the stages of advancement of prehistoric civilizations, and that it must arrive at a period when steel and dynamite have been discovered by them before they can break into the pyramid. This presupposes an intelligence for deciphering the words on the plates and for appreciation of what they find in the pyramid."

Some persons, says the reporter, have suggested that the opening of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen prompted the erection of "Coin" Harvey's pyramid, but he denies this, saying the idea was conceived before the Egyptian's tomb was discovered. In the pyramid builder's own words:

> "Nor is there any similarity," he says. "His was to contain his remains and things of and about him. The purpose of the pyramid I am building is as stated, and the person of no one will be entombed therein. There will be nothing about it that partakes of self or vanity, and no one's name will appear on the outside of it."
>
> It was Harvey's idea to finance the building of the pyramid out of his own income, but friends suggested that others might help. "I had not thought before of this," he said, "it being my intention to meet the cost myself. But to do so the work on it must proceed periodically, as a very small income I have will permit; or, as I sell real estate here, of which I own considerable. My will, in case of my death, puts my estate behind it as of first consideration, and my son, who will be my executor, will cheerfully comply with the will. I estimate that I can finish it myself in five years. But there is a sentiment that speaks volumes for our cause in the desire of others to join me in the building of the pyramid. And it will hasten its construction, possibly within the year."
>
> So "Coin" has decided to let others who want to assist in the building, and has decided to include their names on a parchment which he will place as the last thing to go into the pyramid before it is sealed.
>
> And so it is quite likely that the newspapers in the year 11,924 A. D. will carry front-page stories of the finding of a strange structure in what was once the mountains of Arkansas, and later will tell of the startling disclosures that resulted when the pyramid was opened.

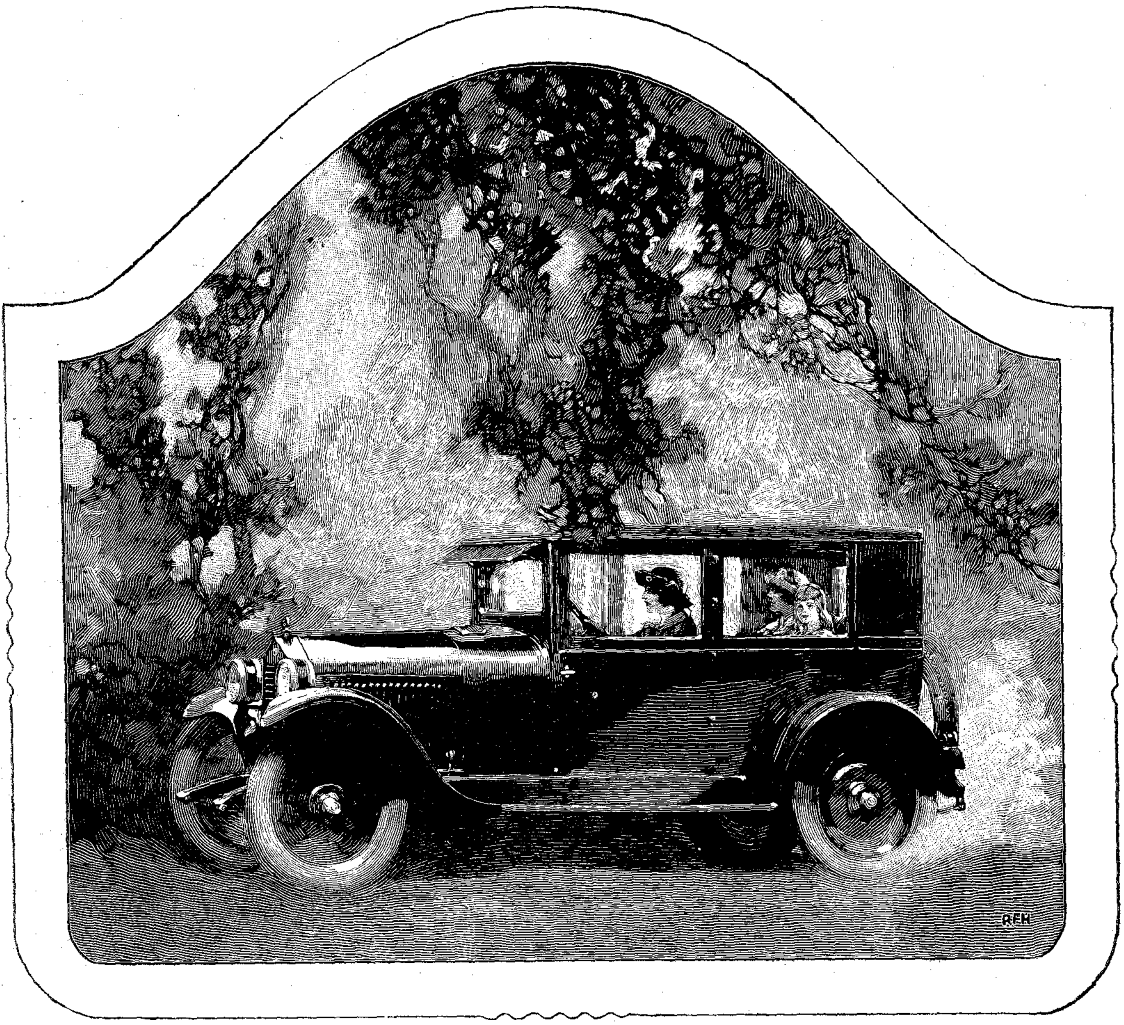
WHAT ONE WOMAN IS DOING IN BRITISH POLITICS

AMERICAN WOMEN, protest many of our foremost advocates of women's rights, don't take as much interest in politics and public affairs as they should: in fact, they seem to be "naturally conservative." British women, it appears, are rather more radical, at least so believes one of them, Dr. Marian Phillips, who, according to a London report, "is regarded as having played a major rôle in putting J. Ramsay MacDonald into 10 Downing Street. "Women are radicals by nature," she says. "They are much more radical and uncompromising than men." However, as to our own particular branch of radical women in politics, she is credited with remarking: "I have little patience with a Woman's party such as Alice Paul is heading in the United States. I do not believe in separate politics for women. Women should mix with the men; altho, of course, there are problems which concern principally women and on which they should have and exercise the greater influence in determining the party's policy." As for the personality and accomplishment of this "successful British politician," writes John Elliott from London to the New York *Herald*:

> She is officially known as the Chief Woman Officer of the Labor party. Her job is to organize and marshal the women members of the organization. How well she did it is shown by the result of the election.
>
> In November last everybody was wondering how the women would vote. When the polls were declared it was seen that a surprizing proportion of them, particularly in the industrial districts, had voted Labor and therefore swung many of the three-cornered fights to Mr. MacDonald's party. Labor's success was a vindication of Dr. Phillips's methods. In the older parties there was general amazement followed by a desire to imitate her methods. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, one of the chief Tory organizers, personally wrote her a letter congratulating her and asking how she did it.
>
> For the machine that Dr. Phillips has built up in the last five years does not stop functioning immediately after an election. It goes on working ceaselessly throughout the year. Week in and week out the Labor women all over England are having their lectures, their tea-parties, their socials, theatricals, debates, organization meetings at which socialist principles and aims are explained and clarified, and at the center of this labyrinthian network of propaganda sits Dr. Phillips planning and directing it all. So well has she done her task of organization that her more enthusiastic coworkers in the party somewhat extravagantly call her the "Carnot of the Labor movement."

When a representative of the New York *Herald,* the reporter continues, called on Dr. Phillips to ask her how she had corraled so many women voters for Labor, she replied modestly:

> "It wasn't I; it was our organization that did it. In every town and hamlet where there is a Labor party we have a woman's section. It is not distinct from the Labor party, but it is a branch that deals with issues and questions that particularly interest women. These women meet, elect their own officers and conduct their own business. Our object in forming a woman's section is, of course, to bring more women into the Labor party by making a special appeal to them, to educate women in public affairs and to express the point of view of labor women. Our goal is 8,000,000 women, which is the whole of the adult working-women population in this country. At present we have in the neighborhood of 250,000 members, but this does not include the women who are attached to the Labor party through their labor unions or cooperative organizations or societies like the Fabian. At the head of the women's section of the Labor movement is the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organizations of which I am secretary. This body comprises representatives of women in the political party and the trades union movement.
>
> "My job is largely to give advice and suggestions to newly founded women's sections. I give advice in the conduct of their work, suggest subjects for discussion, tell of suitable labor literature and send information on the work of different Government bodies.
>
> "In connection with the women's work I edit a monthly called *The Labor Woman,* which I founded twelve years ago. It keeps the labor women informed as to what their sisters in other parts of the country are doing. It has special articles dealing with subjects of peculiar interest to women, and now that we have



Old Time Essex Performance With Hudson Smoothness

$170 LESS THAN THE COACH EVER SOLD FOR

The new Essex Six, built by Hudson under Hudson patents, duplicates former Essex performance from one to fifty miles an hour. The price is $975 for the coach—$850 for five passenger open car. Tax and freight extra.

It has Hudson smoothness and reliability. It possesses the qualities for which 135,000 owners of the Essex four are so enthusiastic. Hudson type clutch, transmission and axles are used in the new Essex.

Motor starts promptly—steering is like guiding a bicycle, little attention is required to lubricate or keep car in top condition.

Economy in fuel, oil and tires is greater. A new policy in minimum fixed prices for replacement parts guarantees lowest maintenance cost. Your dealer will show you price lists.

For the family desiring a reliable, smart car of satisfactory performance at low cost, that gives unusual gasoline, oil and tire mileage and requires little mechanical attention, the new Essex Six provides "Ideal Transportation."

It is a value such as heretofore the motor market never provided.

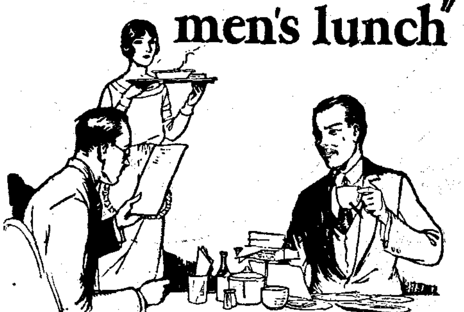
ESSEX MOTORS, Detroit, Michigan

ESSEX COACH $975

Touring Model $850 *Freight and Tax Extra*

A Six Built by Hudson Under Hudson Patents

"The business men's lunch"



– how does it harm your gums?

MANY OF US feel that we're blocking the path of progress unless we're hitting on all six, every minute of the day. We live on our nerves—we force the pace—and worst of all, we eat too quickly.

Especially with the soft, modern food of today, this hasty eating is ruining our teeth by cheating our gums of the stimulation and massage once provided by rough, coarse food. Soft, bleeding and tender gums are the result. "Pink toothbrush" is the forerunner of worse trouble to come.

Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

To restore gums to a hard, normal condition, thousands of dentists prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have written us that in stubborn cases they direct a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, is a great aid in alleviating conditions of tenderness and softness. It is the one great enemy of the "pink toothbrush."

Send for a sample today

Just because Ipana is beneficial, don't think it has a terrible taste. It's delicious and it leaves your mouth with a fine, clean feeling that will delight and surprise you.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Labor women in Parliament we hope to keep our readers thoroughly informed of their activities."

The notion that women are naturally conservative, believes Dr. Phillips, is particularly absurd. She declared:

"Women are radicals by nature. They are much more radical and uncompromising than men. It's true that in the past women have seemed to be conservative. But that's because only until within comparatively recent times have they had a chance to participate in politics. So naturally they have been indifferent. But once women become politically conscious, they turn to the left. The recent election in England showed that. I think as women become more and more interested in political affairs their radical tendencies will come progressively to the front." Dr. Phillips said, however, that she had little patience with a woman's party such as Alice Paul was heading in the United States. "I do not believe in separate politics for women. It's not necessary. They should mix with the men. There are plenty of men who are interested in seeing that justice is done the women and more can be accomplished by working in conjunction with men sympathetic to our aims than by working separately. The record of the Labor party has shown that. Of course, there are problems which concern principally women and on which they should have and exercise the greater influence in determining the party's policy."

The chief woman organizer of the Labor party said that she had never been to the United States and was not "pining" to go, altho she might do so if she "was invited."

"You see I come from a new country myself. I was born and brought up in Melbourne, Australia. I have always been interested in old countries. They appeal to me more with their history, their traditions and their legends. That's why I stayed in England after I came here.

"I'd like to see all countries, but I have no particular desire to travel to the United States. I'd much rather go to Italy or Mexico, where there is an older civilization."

Dr. Phillips declared she first joined the Socialist party after coming to England.

"I was always radically inclined, but when I left Australia the Labor party had not yet embraced the doctrines of socialism. So I drifted into socialism after I came to study at the London School of Economics. I first belonged to the Woman's Labor League, which no longer exists, and also to the Fabian Society and the Independent Labor party."

Dr. Phillips was born in Melbourne in 1881 and educated at the university there and at the London School of Economics, where she took her degree of doctor of science. At London University she won brilliant honors as research student, becoming a medallist. She became a Socialist in 1905. She was an investigator on the Royal Commission on the Poor Law in 1907–1908.

Now she is secretary of the standing joint committee of the Industrial Women's Organizations and secretary of the International Federation of Working Women.

It would be considerable of a task to enumerate all the various international gatherings that Dr. Phillips has attended.

As if these were not occupations enough, this remarkable woman is a magistrate for Essex. She is much interested in the work of reclaiming erring girls, and once made a tour of the Borstal Correctional Schools for Girls. She chatted intimately with all these unfortunate girls, one of whom was a murderess.

Dr. Phillips makes her home in a flat behind Fleet Street. Here she entertains her brilliant coterie of friends, the wits and intellectual lights of the Labor party. Prominent at many of these gatherings is Miss Rebecca West, the keen literary critic. Not since the Webbs held open house for the rising hopes of the Labor party in their dingy, book-lined rooms in Chelsea has any Labor home entertained such gifted men and women as Dr. Marian Phillips receives in her apartment overlooking the Thames embankment.

WHO IS OWEN J. ROBERTS, OIL SCANDAL PROSECUTOR?

A TELEPHONE wire, reaching from the White House to the various exchanges over miles of distance, and ending in the living-room of a house in Philadelphia, was the means by which a comparatively obscure lawyer was suddenly drawn into the limelight of the nation's politics. Contemporary American biographies contain many instances of rapid rise to prominence and fortune, yet no man, reports a Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *World*, has recently been hailed to the fore quite as rapidly as was Owen J. Roberts, choice of President Coolidge as prosecutor of the oil manipulators. Yesterday, reports the correspondent:

He was a Philadelphia practitioner pursuing the even tenor of his ways, hardly known outside the courts of his native State—to-day he is charged with a goodly portion of the task of bringing justice to those who would barter the natural resources of their country for private profit.

In a word this is the story of Owen J. Roberts.

The entire transformation of the city lawyer to national prosecutor was effected overnight—within a few hours—and, irrespective of the ultimate result of the oil scandal prosecutions, the reputation of Mr. Roberts has been made through the memorable telephone call.

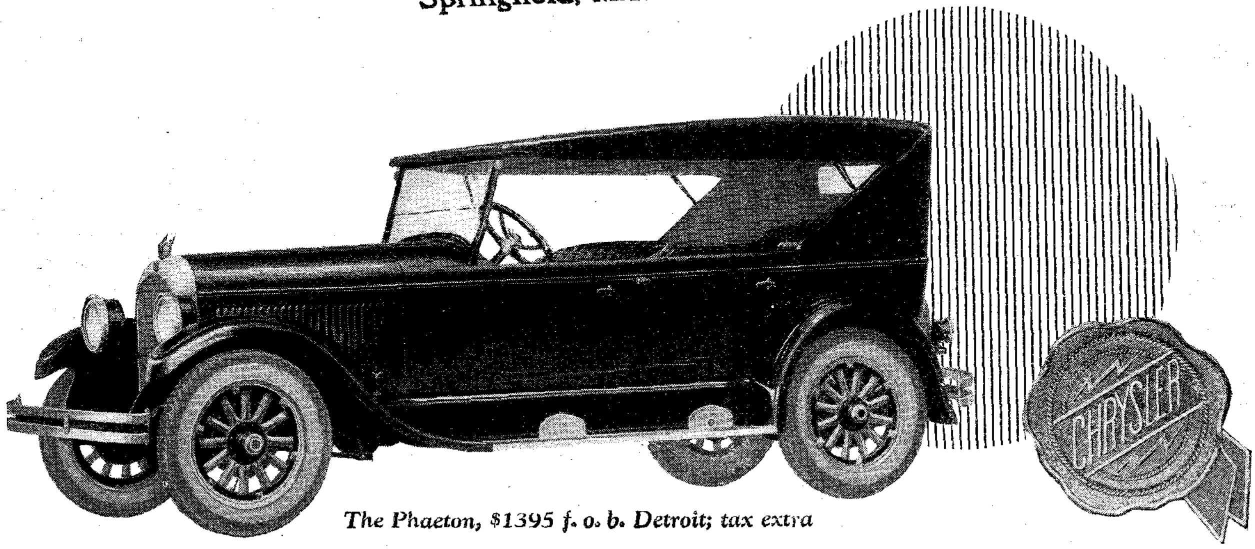
His life, habits, career, associations, clientèle, friends, family; in fact, every phase of life as it is lived by a lawyer was subjected to searching examination during the hours following the announcement of the selection.

Fame struck Owen J. Roberts with the swiftness of lightning. His life and his career so far have withstood the terrific searchlight of inquiry. Every activity he ever had indulged in was raked over the coals of investigation. Immediately he became a target. The slightest reflection upon him; the merest suggestion of corporate service in any way allied with oil industry—and Mr. Roberts would have passed on from public vision like a cinematographic figure.

After the personal evidence in his case had been assimilated, there was one suggestion of so-called unfitness. He had made a speech in New York wherein he had referred to the big salaries paid officials of the Standard Oil Corporation, which he said were justified. Senator La Follette grasped this speech with La Follette fervor.

The selection of Mr. Roberts by the

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



The Phaeton, $1395 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

How the Chrysler Six Establishes New Ideals of Ease and Stability

By going back to fundamentals, Chrysler engineers have literally obsoleted previous ideals of motor car solidity and riding comfort.

The overall length of the Chrysler Six is 160 inches. It conveniently adapts itself to the ordinary city parking space. Yet it provides generous room for five large adults. It rides so smoothly you can drive in comfort up to 60 m. p. h. over a rutted road.

The Chrysler Six Phaeton weighs 2740 pounds, ready for the road.

Yet you can drive it 60—70 miles an hour without the usual clutching of the steering wheel, without side-sway and road weaving.

It took three years for Chrysler engineers to work out all of the seven fundamentals of Chrysler riding ease and roadability.

First, they brought the center of gravity closer to the road by scientific chassis layout.

Then they perfected a new, scientific Chrome-Molybdenum tubular axle, with 34 per cent greater rigidity, or static strength, than an I-beam axle of the same weight; over five times the resistance to horizontal strains fore and aft. Its resistance to torsion, or twisting, strain is 138 per cent greater.

The greater rigidity of this new axle makes steering infinitely easier; riding infinitely smoother.

The next step was to distribute the weight of the car to keep the whole chassis in perfect balance at even highest speeds.

Then a new spring mounting was devised.

Chrysler Six springs are mounted close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels. That eliminates side-sway. You can actually drive the Chrysler around turns at 50 miles an hour.

To make the riding ease exceptional, the springs are scientifically balanced—thin Chrome vanadium leaves of precisely the right length and number to cradle you over a bump that usually hurls you out of the seat.

The great spring companies say that Chrysler has accomplished the perfected spring action they have been seeking for years.

In addition, all these features of comfort are supplemented by tires of extraordinary size.

The result of these engineering advances is that the Chrysler Six flattens down to the road like a greyhound, and runs steadily as an express train.

To these epochal improvements, Chrysler has added two others—

Pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearings on the king pins, so there is no more strain handling your Chrysler at 65 than at 35.

Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, with perfect hydraulic equalization, so that your Chrysler is always under control.

Test the Chrysler Six for yourself. Then you'll understand why this already famous quality light six is literally revolutionizing modern car design.

Touring Car, $1335; Phaeton, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Sedan, $1625;
Brougham, $1795; Imperial, $1895. All Prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

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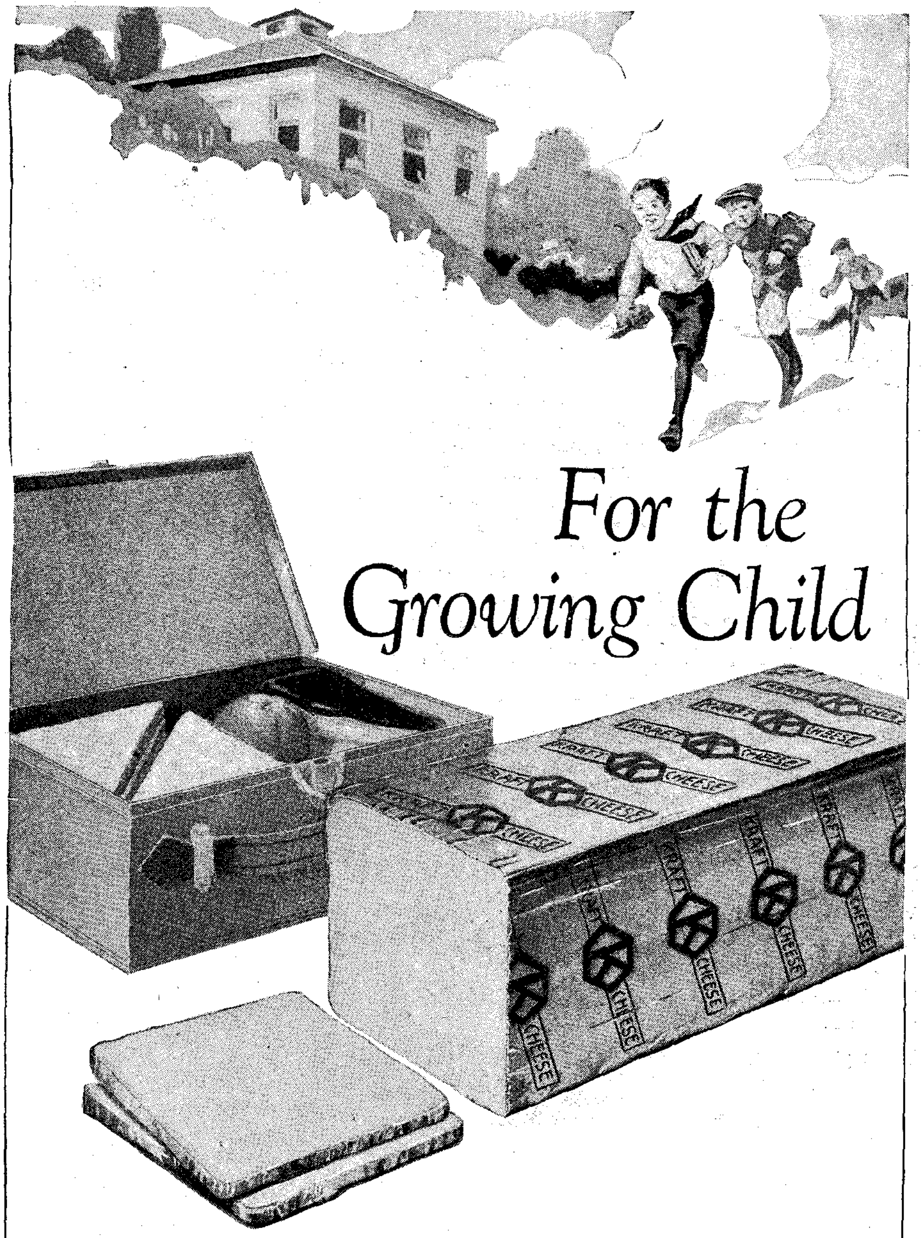
The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Cry´-sler



Cheese, like milk, is a most valuable food for children. Good cheese gives the necessary lime and phosphorus for sturdy growth.

You can buy good cheese now without any guesswork—all you need to do is look at the label. If you find the Kraft name on it you can feel sure it is good cheese, for you will never find the Kraft name on any other kind.

Send requests for Free illustrated recipe book L. D-3 to 410 Rush St., Chicago.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

President gives rise to the questions: Who is Owen J. Roberts? What did he ever do? What are his characteristics? Why did Mr. Coolidge select him when there are so many Republican lawyers of national repute, noted trial counsel? Who is his backer? Why was he thus honored?

Such queries are natural. When the Senate Public Lands Committee met to consider the selection, Senator Walsh, Nemesis of the oil crowd, remarked: "When the selection was announced not one member of the committee had ever heard of Mr. Roberts."

Nearly 150,000,000 Americans were in the same category, remarks the correspondent. However:

From close associates it is now learned that the choice of the Philadelphian was 100 per cent. the work of United States Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania, upon whom, in the present Administration crisis, Mr. Coolidge is depending largely for counsel and guidance. Senator Pepper has known Roberts since boyhood. And while they were never closely associated professionally or socially, Senator Pepper felt his friend would stand the acid test.

The call to the oil inquiry came to Mr. Roberts as he sat in his De Lancey Street home. The telephone bell tinkled. He answered it. The White House was calling. All was very mysterious. Senator Pepper asked him to come to Washington at once. Mrs. Roberts accompanied him.

Those who know the oil prosecutor best declare he is sincere. Not so long ago Roberts attracted local attention when he won for a crippled victim of a railroad wreck a record damage verdict for the courts of Pennsylvania. A jury awarded his client $55,000.

Philadelphia attorneys, friends of Mr. Roberts, say he is ideally equipped as a trial lawyer. He is an upstanding, powerfully built six-footer with iron gray hair, smooth face and square, determined jaw. There is a quick, alert manner about him. Daily he spends from twelve to sixteen hours in legal endeavor.

Then, on impulse, he will depart from Philadelphia for the Maine Woods. There he remains in the wilderness three or four weeks trailing big game. Stalking moose is Mr. Roberts's amusement. It is in this fashion he keeps fit, doing his "stalking" for the sake of health rather than sport, for it is seldom he kills a moose after he catches up with it.

Moose-hunters tell a story of an astonished Indian guide who threw up his hands when Mr. Roberts, after a sinew-wrenching, muscle-stretching climb over rough lands, finally got within hailing distance of the moose, inspected the animal with interest, and then turned around and started home.

The legal career of the oil prosecutor, it appears, has been devoid of pyrotechnics, according to his present biographer:

He is not what is known as a "born lawyer." In fact, as a youth he abhorred the idea of the law. His eighty-eight-year-old father, still a resident of Germantown, Philadelphia, was responsible for Roberts studying law at Pennsylvania, where the younger man first met Senator Pepper.

"Owen," said the father, "wanted to

be a school-teacher. I wanted him to be a lawyer. He was always good at arguments. He protested he did not want to be a lawyer, because lawyers were not honest." The younger Roberts at the time was attending Germantown Academy. It was decided to have the matter of a career determined by Dr. William Kershaw, then headmaster of the academy.

"Your father is right," said Dr. Kershaw. "You will be a lawyer, Owen."

"But can I be a lawyer and be honest?" Owen asked. The father tells how the schoolmaster put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said: "Owen, you can be honest at anything."

"Owen had only one fault as a boy," said his father. "He was inclined to be a little too eager to quarrel when he thought his rights were transgressed. He learned later to control his temper.

"He was never fond of athletics at school. He preferred study. Three incidents I remember particularly were those in which Owen tried to become a 'painter'; when he learned to swim and when he learned to become a cornetist. His first two efforts were not so successful as the third, for after diligent practise with his cornet, he was chosen cornet soloist at the Baptist Church. Later he joined the Episcopal Church."

He is forty-eight years old. His early education was obtained at Germantown Academy. After that he went to the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1895.

In 1898 he took an LL.D. from the same institution. From 1898 until 1900 he was a fellow and instructor in the University of Pennsylvania Law School, and served as Professor of Law from 1901 until 1918.

For three years, from 1903 until 1906, inclusive, he served as first Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia County. It was there he got his first training in criminal cases.

From the time Mr. Roberts left the District Attorney's office to the present, his work has been confined mostly to civil trial and court work. During the World War, however, at the request of the Attorney-General he represented the Government in the prosecution of cases arising under the Espionage Act in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and was made Special Deputy Attorney-General for that purpose.

During the war, also, at the request of the United States Housing Corporation, Mr. Roberts represented this body in Philadelphia. He has not been active in general criminal cases, as he purposely sought to confine his practise to civil cases.

The spirit in which he handles legal matters is shown by the method he pursued in the case of Henry Brock, Philadelphia millionaire and society man.

Late one night a speeding automobile driven by an intoxicated man killed three women. Brock was the driver. The following day the millionaire consulted Roberts, his counsel. "Surrender yourself," advised Roberts. Brock did so. He was held for trial.

The case was called. "Plead guilty," advised Roberts. Brock did so.

To-day Brock is a convict in the Eastern Penitentiary. He has five more years to serve.

We All Know 'Em.—"Foot-and-mouth disease has now spread to golfers."

"To golfers?"

"Yes. They foot it all day and mouth about it all night."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

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The owner of a Hoover has always enjoyed advantages which are denied the owner of the ordinary electric cleaner. For The Hoover "BEATS . . . as it Sweeps, as it Cleans," and what other cleaner do you know of that does all *these essential things? And now, if you own a Hoover, you can enjoy the further benefit of using*

The most remarkable set of air-cleaning attachments ever devised

With these new attachments you can clean your draperies, and dust the fixtures and furnishings of your home, as easily, as quickly, and as *thoroughly* as you can beat, sweep and clean your rugs.

It's only a moment's work to connect them, and no effort! You'll like the way they snap together, and *lock.* There's no chance of their working loose or parting at the joints. And they fit so easily, and snugly.

You'll be delighted with the *swivel connection,* another new feature, that permits the cleaning tool to glide around curves and relieves your hand of any twisting strains.

You'll be amazed at the force of air which flows through these new attachments. Newly designed joints, *without obstructing shoulders,* allow free passage to Hoover powerful suction.

And another thing! Even their use has been simplified! With one combined cleaning tool—the nozzle-brush—you can brush loose and suction away the dirt from almost every conceivable resting place.

As an example of the completeness of these new attachments, this nozzle-brush is encircled with a heavy rubber bumper that it may not mar any highly polished woodwork.

Other cleaning instruments are of course provided. There are, for instance, two metal tubes which enable you to reach places ordinarily inaccessible, as well as a flat fibre tool for cleaning radiators, the plaits of upholstered furniture and the like.

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And even though their cost is almost unbelievably low, it will be divided into monthly payments if you so desire.

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It Beats ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

Courtesy of "ASIA" (New York)

WHEN HUMAN AND ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE WORK TOGETHER

"This means that the Indian elephant is a profound and practical logician and philosopher, who knows when to cease fighting."

THE CONTEST OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE IN MAN, and human intelligence in animals, meet in the jungle. Which will win out is a question. Do the elephants, tigers, and lions, roaming through their jungle home, know enough to escape the hunter with his rifle, or will the hunter get in his shot first? If a green young naturalist—such as William T. Hornaday says he was in the days when he was hunting the Indian bison—should meet a herd of eight elephants, what is the correct thing to do, especially in view of the fact, as Dr. Hornaday says in *Asia* (New York), that he had no license to shoot elephants?

That same question of human intelligence versus animal intelligence arises often in the New York Zoo. For instance, what would the ordinary man do if a seventeen-foot python had calmly slid his slimy length out of a hole in his cage, and was concealed somewhere in the Zoological Park? What Dr. Hornaday did under these rather nerve-straining circumstances, is told in his article on Adventures with Wild-Animal Intelligence." Before quoting the story of the python, however, let us find out about those elephants:

My first impressions of the wild Asiatic elephant arrived in a somewhat damaged condition, and the goods were otherwise not up to my expectations. I had trekked down from the wondrously parklike and beautiful Nilgiris ("hills" seven thousand feet high!) to the rather commonplace Wynaad forest, to hunt for the Indian bison, now known in the books as the *gaur*. It was not on the cards that I should hunt elephants, and I had no leave or license therefor. The end of this story will reveal the kindness of fortune to young fools.

On my second day of hunting in the great Wynaad, I went out companioned only by one timid old native, who could track superbly, but who had within him no sporting blood whatever. After a long, running shot at a group of bisons, we saw a herd of eight elephants, a quarter of a mile off, but in view of the five hundred-*rupee* fine that hung over them, we virtuously let them go in peace. A half-hour later that same herd implanted itself in our path; and again we said, "Get thee behind us, Satan!" and went another way. And then, an hour later, my evil genius again brought that herd close by on our port quarter, quietly eating grass. The herd was made up of a big tusker, a young tusker, four females and two baby elephants. They were pulling up big tufts of long grass, jerking them from side to side to switch the dirt off the roots, and then rolling them up to their mouths. Some of them were brushing flies off their back and heads with small green branches that they had broken off for that purpose.

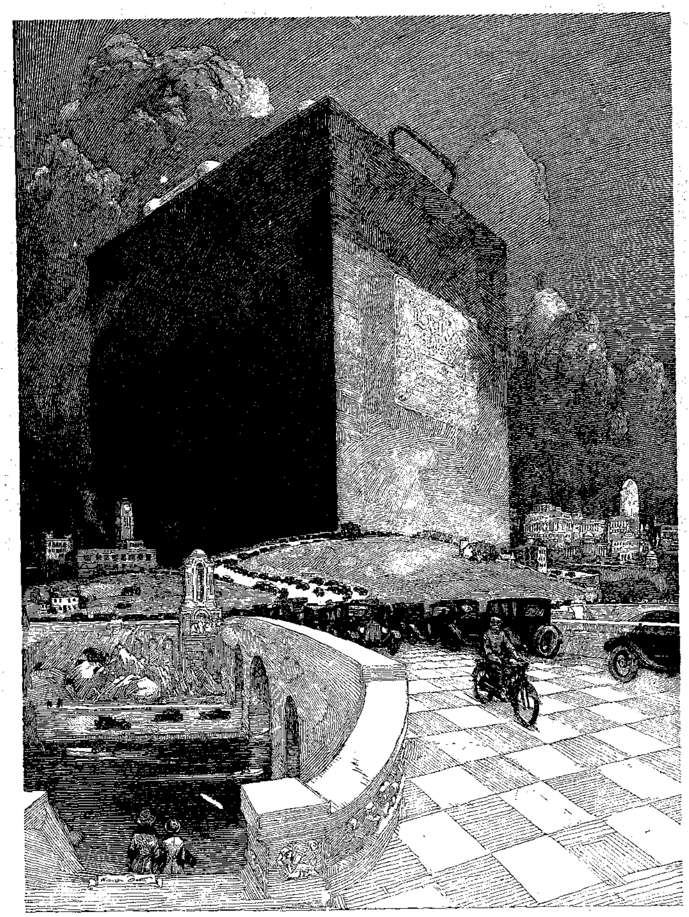
Before that third temptation my iron-clad probity broke down. "This," I said in sign-language to my old *shikari*, "is too much. Human morality can not endure it. I am going to stalk that herd and kill that big tusker if I die for it. If they fine me five hundred rupees, his skin and skeleton will be worth it." Seeing the fire in my right eye, the old native washed his hands of the crime, retired a quarter of a mile and climbed a tree!

I had no more difficulty in stalking that herd than one would have in stalking a horse in an orchard. Keeping a tree-trunk squarely between the eye of the elephant and me, I approached within thirty feet of him. But it did me no good. Up to that hour I never had seen anybody shoot an elephant. I knew only the front head shot, and I virtuously reasoned that I had no right to try any experiments on the side. I backed out and made another stalk, close up, but the elephant swung away from me, until I was again unable to get a front shot. I was at one time so near my elephant that I could have touched his hindquarters with a fish-pole. The other elephants were ranged in a semicircle in front of me, in a park of grass and small trees no larger than a circus tent. In fact, it made me think of an Iowa-prairie circus without the dog-fennel. Once more I made a close-up stalk, this time in front of the tusker, fired my No. 10 smoothbore, aiming for the brain, but failed to reach the vital spot and disturbed the elephant not at all seriously, so far as I could discover. Then the herd ran off about three hundred yards and with outrageous contempt began feeding again. That finished me. An hour later, however, and ever afterward, I realized that it was lucky for that half-baked collecting naturalist that his idiotic bullet did not find the brain of the great beast.

The hearing of the elephant is poor, and the sense of smell is weak, partly for the reason that the constant movement of the trunk makes the olfactory nerves sluggish. Every time the trunk descends to the earth in seeking food, the animal's sense of smell is almost obliterated. These sense handicaps leave the elephant at the mercy of his enemies.

Later on, I learned things about the mind of the Indian elephant that made me foreget the dulness of his sight, hearing and sense of smell. There are two or three facts about his mind that compel high regard. Of all the wild animals known to me, he is the philosopher-in-chief. He it is who most quickly learns that man's crafty mind is superior to the great strength of beasts, that

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR



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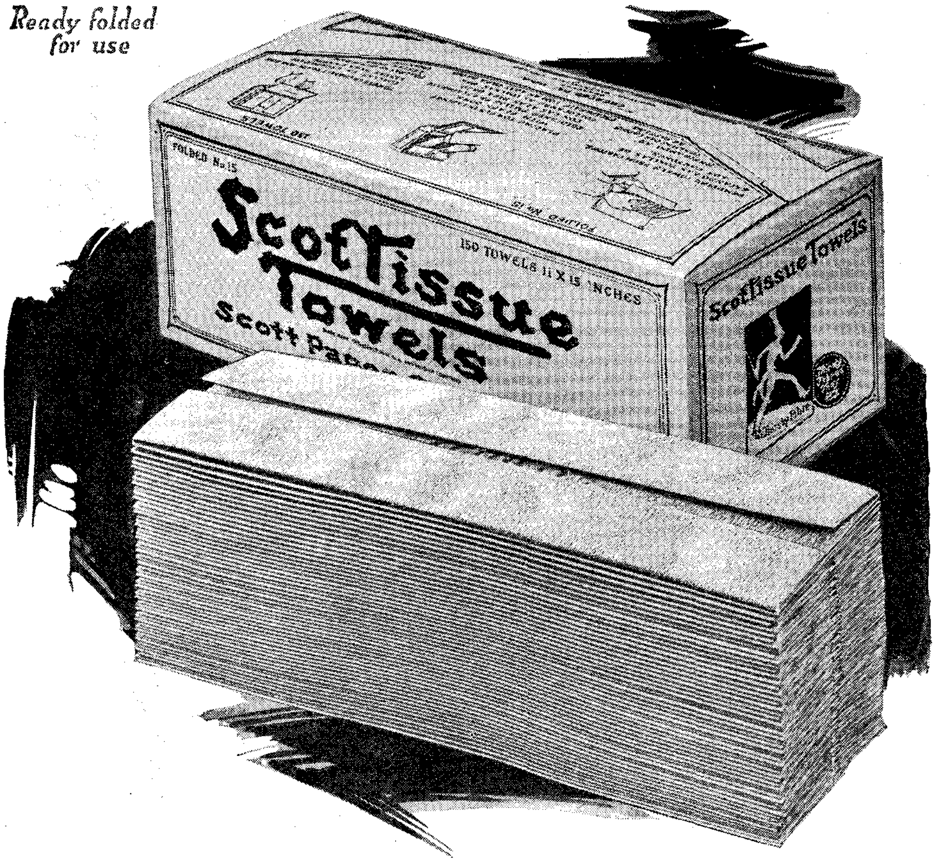

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

it pays to be good, and that obedience in camp and on the trail promotes peace, boiled rice and longevity. Catch a full-grown chimpanzee or orang, and what do you get? A savage animal, an implacable enemy with the cunning of a devil and the strength of four men. You can not for a moment trust yourself within his grasp. Even when sick and three-quarters dead, he will reach out, seize your friendly hand and bite you to the limit in his last gasp. A wild lion or a grizzly bear may in time become quiet and trustworthy; but a big and powerful ape—never.

Now, how is it with the Indian elephant? If you catch a score of fully grown elephants (with the help of tame elephants that are nearly as wise as their *mahouts*), you can easily conquer every one of them and train them to service so thoroughly that in six months they look and act just like the professional workers. Mr. G. P. Sanderson once told me that, in six weeks after the catching operation, his men had a newly caught elephant tamed, trained and successfully dragging and arranging logs in the timber-yard. In the whole class *Mammalia*, can you equal it? All this means that the Indian elephant is a profound and practical logician and philosopher, who knows when to cease fighting. Think what it would have meant to unhappy Ireland if De Valera ever had acquired as much sound sense as an Indian elephant.

Wild animals in their haunts put forth their keenest mental efforts in detecting danger and in inventing means of escape from it. Closely allied to the mental faculties that promote successful escape are the ability and disposition to fight and the final passion for revenge. This leads me back to the gaur, the jungle colleague, in the Anamalai Hills, in Assam and in the Malay Peninsula, of the wild Indian elephant. In spite of the fact that once I was the champion greenhorn big-game hunter of India, with my own absurd guns I bagged eight gaurs for the museums of America without being killed once.

The full-grown gaur is a big, heavy and powerful beast, as large as our American bison and equipped with horns far more dangerous than those of the bison. The gaur herds live on hard ground, in the thickest forests they can find. Of all the world's wild cattle, the gaur species is one of the finest. The collecting naturalist who diligently pursues his calling in the East Indies is certain to have experiences with the intelligence of the apes and monkeys of that wild region. Among apes and monkeys, the mental capacity of species ranges all the way from ninety per cent down to zero. Some species know so little and are so poorly equipped for survival that they seem to have been born only for sorrow and destruction. In the Anamalai Hills the big, jet-black uncanny black Langurs are particularly clever at evading the murderous white man.

My hillmen always vowed that the profanity of these animals was aimed at me because I was white and therefore clearly not one of them. I never admitted that the theory was true. But we had demonstrations of it while slowly and silently marching in single file through that hunter's-paradise forest of bamboo, teak and blackwood, on the alert for elephants, bisons, sambur deer, axis deer, bears or wild hogs. Suddenly there would come a burst of raucous sound, usually from the lower branches of a tree directly over our heads. "Wah! Wah! Wah!" was the first cry from several throats, in tones of defiant scorn and hatred. Out of a close-order group of eight to twelve big forms, like black imps in an inferno, a half-dozen pairs of savage eyes would glare down upon us. And then came the real explosion, say thirty feet above our heads, of deep, guttural roars, saying: "Wah! Wah! Wah-*hoo*-oo-*hoo*-oo-*hoo*-oo!" We all jumped at the sound and laughed at our own nerves.

As I got in position forthwith to "collect" a monkey, a black face encircled by a ring of white hair would be stealthily peering at me from the fork of a tree. Then, the moment I raised my rifle, the tree-top became so alive with wildly leaping black forms and flying tails that a fair rifle-shot was out of the question. As the troop ran through the tree-tops, we rushed along below. At last, after pausing to look at us once more, the monkeys hid. Only one or two black faces most cautiously peeped from cover. My men would pant and peer and point, to show me where to fire, but seven times out of ten I was so slow on the draw that the monkeys would take a fresh start and again rush on. Once we saw seventeen troops of those black langurs in once day, and we earned all of them that we ever collected. They believed in the survival of the fittest, and they were more expert in running and hiding than we were in chasing them. So the museums of America received less than a quarter of the black langurs to which they were entitled.

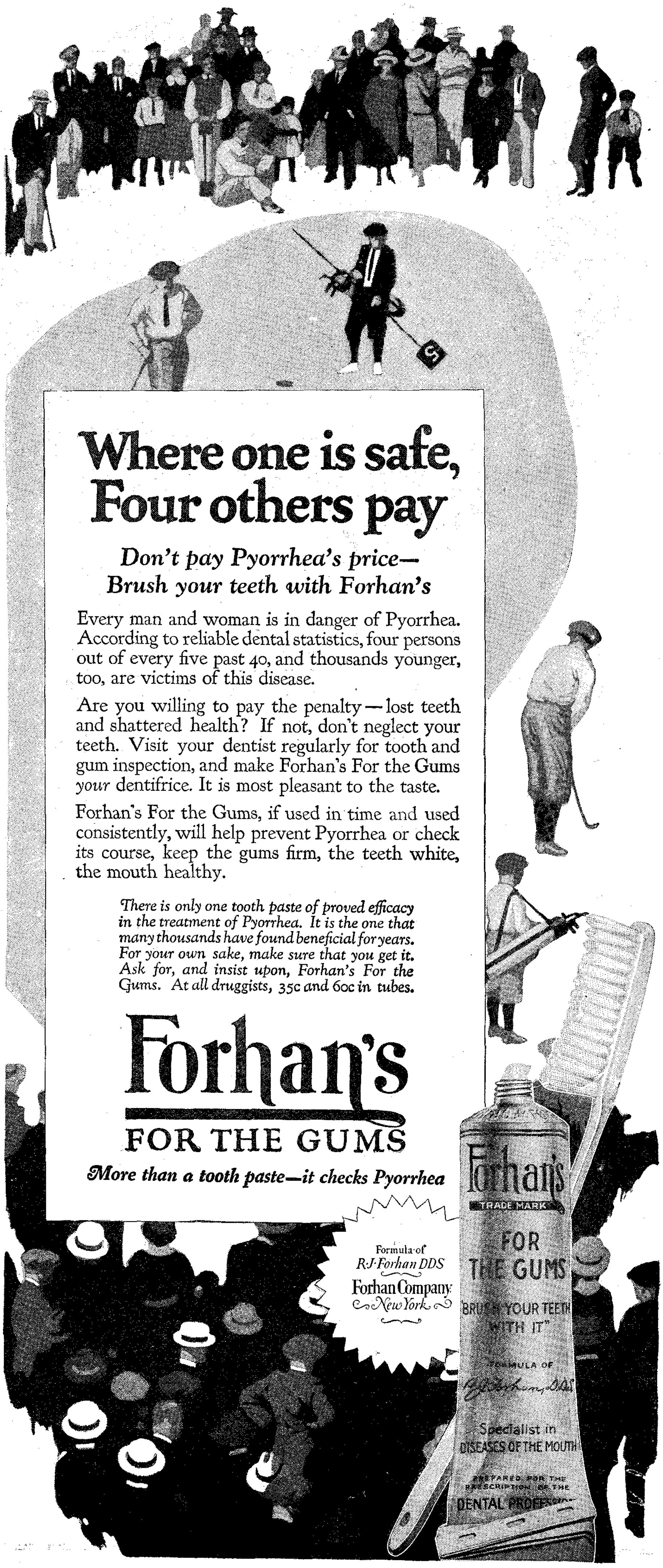
Now we come to the story of the escaped python:

In the summer of 1899, not in the East Indian jungles, where, tho I hurt my eyes with looking, I never once saw a large snake free and going under his own steam, but in our own New York Zoological Park, six months previous to its opening, my one and only thrilling big-snake experience occurred. I was scared nominally to death, not so much by the snake as by the fear of newspaper publicity.

We bought the snake, a vigorous and vicious black-tailed python, because it was plentiful and cheap. Our carpenters built for it a palatial temporary cage, back in our new service-yard, where many other wild things were encamped. At five o'clock the python was safely landed in its new quarters, and with serene minds we went home. But the next morning a scared messenger-boy rushed to meet me and panted out, "The big snake has escaped, sir!"

Then and there a bottomless pit yawned in front of me. It is no disparagement to a now great reptile curator, Mr. Raymond Lee Ditmars, to say that twenty-three years ago we were all as green as grass in the handling of big and new pythons with bad tempers. Our kind carpenters had carefully left a six-inch hole, most cunningly concealed from all outside view, at an upper corner of the cage! If that seventeen-foot snake had disappeared in the dense jungle that then surrounded the service-yard, we should have the time of our lives in finding it, let alone catching it. And just think how the great hungry, metropolitan dailies would feature those horrors! I saw a perfectly good, tho slightly underdone, director dragged down into oblivion by one escaped python that cost only $175. For the snake I cared less than nothing. It was myself that I sought to save.

A half-dozen men were assembled and lectured on "How We Catch Big Snakes." Then we beat the bushes all around the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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

outside of the yard but never "got a rise." Next we drew in our skirmish-line and went through the yard, itself, foot by foot. Under the floor of the temporary wooden cook-house that stood in the center of the yard, we found our snake, coiled at the central point and calmly awaiting attack.

We knew that the snake was ours! But how were we to prove it, without being bitten, struck or squeezed? We took up a plank from the cook-house floor, and the reptile-man tried to catch the python's head under a gunny-sack. In vain. The python promptly uncoiled and shifted to a position beyond reach. We took up another board, and, while other men diverted the snake's attention, the carpenter and I seized its plump and vigorous tail and quickly hauled four feet of it from under the floor.

Once more we thought that python was ours; but it had made other arrangements. Inch by inch and foot by foot the tail pulled out of our grasp, and, altho we were husky men, disappeared in spite of us. Its constricting power was at least one hundred per cent. greater than our own tensile strength. The men working at the snake's head also were baffled. Two feet beyond their reach the serpent lay coiled, and every time a hand advanced, the head lunged at it. Then I had a flash of intelligence. Bidding the men maintain the *status quo*, I hurried to the carpenter's shop, procured a hickory stick three feet long and quickly fixt a stout screw-eye into its outer end. I ran a strong chalk-line through this screw-eye and made a slip noose.

I found the snake at parade-rest, but the moment I put my head under the floor and looked at him, he struck at me. The next time he lunged for my devoted nose, his head went through my noose. I jerked it taut, well behind the swell of his neck, and for the third time he was ours. He fought us for all he was worth; but we held him. When we got his head within grabbing distance, Mr. Ditmars seized him firmly by the neck. He came out foot by foot; and at every third foot another man took hold, to keep him straight and discourage constriction tactics.

When all was over, I assembled the men who had participated, lectured them on the folly and wickedness of newspapers and pointed out the depth of our disgrace if the news of that escape once got away from us. The men solemnly promised and the unexpected happened. Not one newspaper got the slightest tip of that affair until it was five months old and so hopelessly cold that it could not be warmed over. Conditions are very different to-day: thrilling escapes and adventures quite often get into the papers before they occur.

In my estimation, the chimpanzee is next in intelligence to man, and the orang-utan is a good second. The "chimp" is nervous, alert, sure-footed and showy; the orang is sanguine, deliberate, steady and rather hampered by the great length of its toes. The chimpanzee is the more effective animal for stage performances and therefore better known to American audiences. Personally, I prefer the orang, because it is an animal of better disposition and more reliable affections. I had great success in my quest for museum specimens of the orang-utan. On the Simunjon River, of Sarawak, Borneo, I saw many nests of orang-utans, which from the very first excited my admiration for the intelligence of the animals that built them.

So far as I can learn, throughout the range of the great order *Primates* (man, apes, baboons, monkeys and lemurs), there is no other species except man that regularly or irregularly builds a comfortable place to sleep. Is it not strange that the gorilla, chimpanzee, siamang, gibbon and a host of baboons and monkeys do not break leafy branches and the ends of branches and make them into nests in which to repose? In captivity the chimpanzees carefully make of their straw soft beds on which to sleep, and it is all the more to be accounted strange that in their jungle they make no leafy nests.

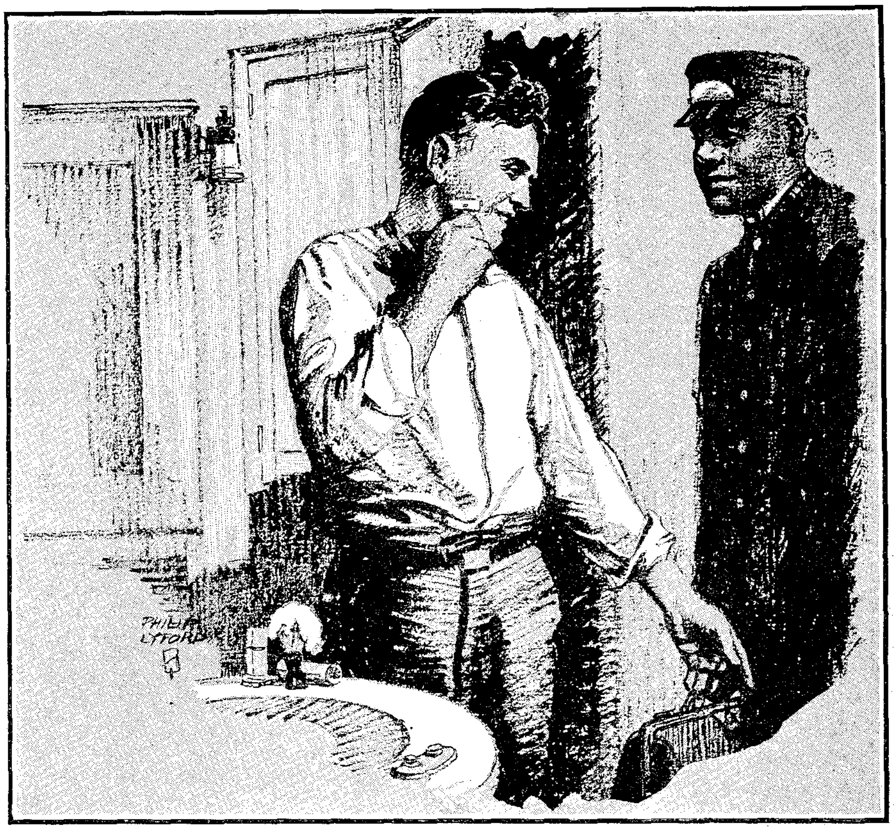
Once on the Simunjon River I saw seventeen orangs' nests in one day, and one of them was of colossal size. It was about seven feet across and three feet deep. Upon it lay "the old he-one"—one of the largest orangs that I "collected." His length was 4 feet, 6 inches from head to heel, his arms and hands had an 8-foot spread between tips, and his weight could not have been less than 250 pounds. And there he lay at noontide, dreaming the happy hours away. When he fell into the water and we laid hold of him to haul him into our boat, he looked like a huge and terrible monster from another world. No: it was not in the least like taking a human being captive. Linnæus named the orang-utan *Simia satyrus*, which means "satyr-ape." The name was indeed well chosen; for that great red beast, with a flat face thirteen inches across, can discount the champion satyr in the mythology of the Greeks.

HIDDEN HOMES

When children we were often told that if only we had keen enough sight we could see the fairies all around us. Perhaps no one of us has ever been able to prove that to our satisfaction, but it has been proven that all around, as we walk in the forest, are small woodland creatures, living in their homes with their shy little families, and hiding even their front doors so cleverly that we walk unseeingly past.

The whippoorwill and meadow-lark leave no latch-string hanging out, to give away the secret of their house, and we hear from Laurence H. Snyder, in *American Forests and American Life* (Washington) that: "On a day's ramble through the fields and woods it is possible to pass dozens of homes; homes of birds, mammals, or insects, and not see more than a very small per cent. of them." Some of these creatures are most ingenious in hiding their dwellings from the human giants who stalk unheeding along. Mr. Snyder says:

> Altho all birds hide their nests more or less, some seem to take especial pains to do so. The meadow-lark, which builds on the ground, in the midst of a field, arches its nest over with grass, so that it is invisible from above, and can only be seen from close to the ground, and then only from directly in front. Moreover, the bird does not rise directly from the nest, but runs a little way along the ground before flying, so as not to betray the spot. The meadow-lark is the only field-nesting bird which habitually conceals its nest in this manner.
>
> The oven-bird uses a like method on the



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

ground in the woods, covering its nest with dead leaves, so that it is one of the hardest of all nests to find. Other nests are occasionally concealed in this way, but these two are outstanding.

The humming-bird saddles its tiny nest to a branch, and, tho no leaves may hide it, it is all but invisible. The outside is covered with small pieces of lichen, fastened with spider web or plant fibers, so that the nest, which only measures about an inch across, looks exactly like a bump or excrescence on the branch. Whether or not the humming-bird purposely uses the lichen for concealment is an interesting question, but the nest could not be better concealed. It is a strange thing that of about four hundred known species of humming-birds, only one visits eastern North America.

The wood-peewee and several of the flycatchers use a similar means of concealment, saddling their nests carefully to bare branches.

The marsh wren builds a bulky globular nest in the reeds and uses a unique method of concealing it. Since the nest is large and not easy to hide, the wrens build several, only one of which is used. The others serve as "dummy" nests. The male bird will sometimes lure an intruder to an empty nest, as if to show him that there is no family in the neighborhood. If one does not suffice to prove this point, he will take the intruder to another empty one. Whether done on purpose or not, this serves as an excellent means of protection for the sitting female.

There are birds which build no nest at all, but whose homes are concealed by the fact that the eggs closely match their surroundings. The killdeer nests on the bare ground, yet its home is not easy to find. The nighthawk lays its eggs on the ground, on a flat rock, or a gravel roof, and they match their background so well as to be nearly invisible. The whippoorwill lays its eggs on the ground in the deep woods, where both the bird and the eggs match their surroundings to perfection.

Some birds of other countries offer interesting examples of skill in concealment. The hornbill female nests in a hole in a tree, and during incubation the male imprisons her by sealing up the entrance with mud. Only a small opening is left, through which he supplies her with food. The tailor-bird sews the edges of a large growing leaf around the nest, completely concealing the home from view.

Some of the burrowing animals take especial care to hide the entrance of the burrow. Since a pile of dirt would give away the location, it is frequently removed. Chipmunks sometimes carry the dirt considerable distances away, in the cheek pouches. Another way is to dig down, piling up all the dirt at the beginning of the excavation, and keep digging up again to a new spot, which, being dug from below, will not have a pile of dirt to mark its location. The old entrance may then be filled up and abandoned.

The otter makes its home in a burrow in the bank along the edges of a stream, the entrance usually hidden by being under water, for the otter is as much at home in the water as the fish it lives on.

Among the lower forms are occasionally found extremely clever means of hiding homes. The trap-door spider makes tubular burrows under the surface of the ground, covering the entrance with a hinged trap-door. When the spider enters its home and closes the door after it, the entrance is practically invisible. In the places where these spiders nest, the ground around the hole is carpeted with moss; so the spider covers the trap-door with moss, too. This is not as intelligent an act as it looks, for if the moss is removed from the door and also from the ground around the nest, the spider will bring moss across the bare ground and cover the trap-door again; so that now, instead of being hidden, the door is the most conspicuous object in sight.

Some small crustaceans build tubular nests among seaweed. These are spun of a weblike material, and frequently bits of seaweed are used in building. This, of course, makes an effective means of concealment.

SURPRIZE PARTIES OF THE JUNGLE

IT may be that the ostrich in Africa has not kept track of all the traditions about its own stupidity, and it does not always live up to the nursery tales and pictures of the ostrich standing long periods at a stretch, with its head buried in the sand, slyly congratulating itself that it is thus invisible, for Mr. Carl E. Akeley says the ones he hunted behaved very differently. In Mr. Akeley's book, "In Brightest Africa" (Doubleday Page & Company) we read that the ostriches he met hid their large plumed bodies, and kept their small heads and bright eyes out. Mr. Akeley writes:

> During two days of hunting in the dry bush of this desert I had seen many ostriches, but none of them had put its head into the ground and left its big black-and-white plumed body for me to shoot at. On the contrary, in this my first experience with them I found them exceedingly wary. They kept their bodies hidden behind the bush. Only their heads were exposed, each head only about large enough to carry a pair of very keen eyes and much too small to serve as a target at the distance that they maintained. As a result of being continually outwitted by them for two days I began to think ill of the man who originally started the story about their stupidity.
>
> With the difficulties of the chase firmly in mind I set out early on the third day to see if I could get a specimen. Concluding that the smaller the party the better the opportunity, I took only a mule and my pony boy. When only a half mile from camp I met an old hyena who was loafing along after a night out. He looked like a good specimen, but after I shot him, one look at his dead carcass was enough to satisfy me that he was not desirable as I had thought, for his skin was badly diseased. I had very good reason to think of this very hard later in the day.
>
> Soon after this I climbed to the top of a termite hill, about eight feet high, to look the country over with field-glasses. As I held the glasses to my eyes while adjusting the focus, I suddenly realized that the letter S that I was focusing on was the head and neck of an ostrich, and that there was a second letter S beside it. The birds remained perfectly motionless watching, and I did likewise, locating their position meanwhile by the termite hills which were nearly in line between us. Suddenly the heads ducked and disappeared behind the

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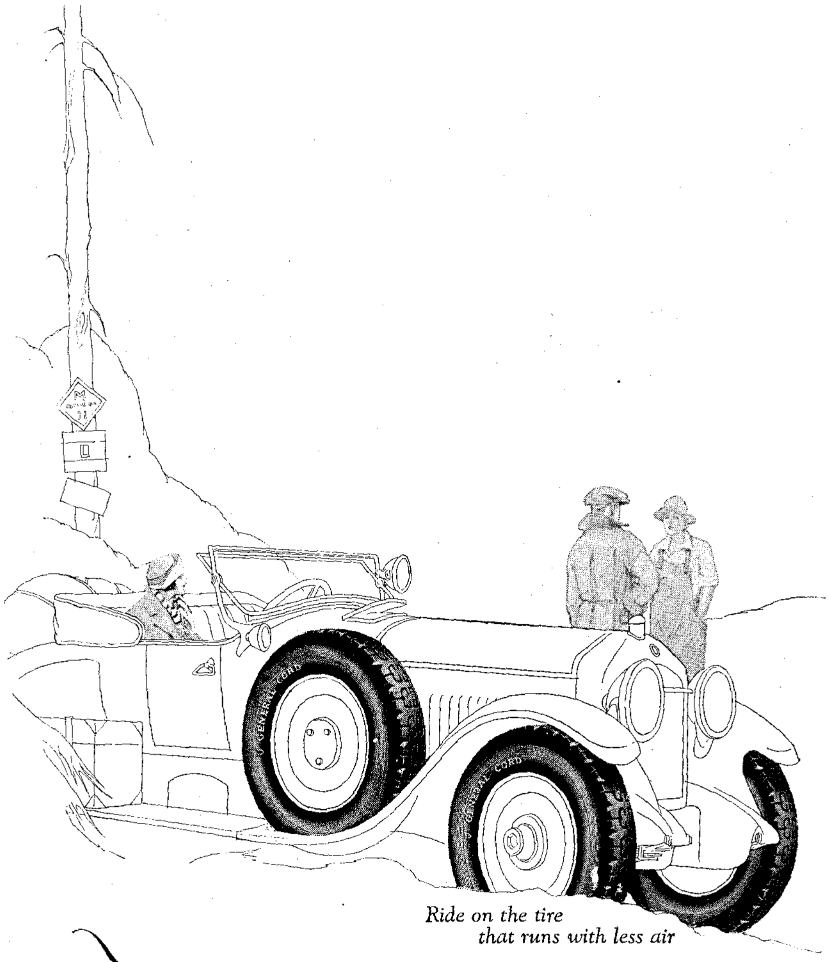

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Convince Yourself!

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

bush. I dropt from my perch and ran rapidly to where they had been, but found only their trail in the sand.

When I had given up tracking them and was about to start farther afield I came into an opening in the bush that was about thirty yards wide and two hundred yards long. Near the center of the opening was a dense green bush a dozen feet in diameter. A beautiful cock ostrich broke into the clearing at full speed just below the bush, and as I raised my rifle he disappeared behind the bush. I held ready to catch him as he passed out from behind it on the other side, where there was fifteen or twenty yards of clear ground before he would reach cover again. I stood there ready with my gun up until I felt foolish. Then I ran quickly to the bush expecting to find him just on the other side. He was nowhere in sight, but his trail told the story. As he had come into the open he had seen me and when behind the bush he had stopt short, as indicated by a great hole and swirl of sand where he had caught himself by one foot, had turned at right angles and run straight away the length of the clearing, keeping the bush between himself and his enemy. I have not known many animals to do a more clever thing than this. I got one shot at him later—putting my sights at three hundred yards—but the bullet struck in the sand between his legs.

Mr. Akeley is not only a naturalist of note but a sculptor and biographer of the vanishing wild life of Africa, making in sincere and permanent form a record of all the truths he has learned about wild animal life. At great personal risk he has come into close contact with lions, elephants, leopards, and many savage denizens of the jungle. How he met a leopard and what happened to him and to the leopard is told in his book:

As we came near to the place where I had shot the hyena in the morning, it occurred to me that perhaps there might be another hyena about the carcass, and feeling a bit "sore" at the tribe for stealing my wart hog, I thought I might pay off the score by getting a good specimen of a hyena for the collections. The pony boy led me to the spot, but the dead hyena was nowhere in sight. There was the blood where he had fallen, and in the dusk we could make out a trail in the sand where he had been dragged away.

Advancing a few steps, a slight sound attracted my attention, and glancing to one side I got a glimpse of a shadowy form going behind a bush. I then did a very foolish thing. Without a sight of what I was shooting at, I shot hastily into the bush. The snarl of a leopard told me what kind of a customer I was taking chances with. A leopard is a cat and has all the qualities that gave rise to the "nine lives" legend. To kill him you have got to kill him to the tip of his tail. Added to that, a leopard, unlike a lion, is vindictive. A wounded leopard will fight to a finish practically every time, no matter how many chances it has to escape. Once aroused, its determination is fixt on fight, and if a leopard ever gets hold, it claws and bites until its victim is in shreds. All this was in my mind, and I began looking about for the best way out of it, for I had no desire to try conclusions with a possibly wounded leopard when it was so late in the day that I could not see the sights of my rifle. My intention was to leave it until morning and if it had been wounded there might then be a chance of finding it. I turned to the left to cross to the opposite bank of a deep, narrow *tug*, and when there I found that I was on an island where the *tug* forked, and by going along a short distance to the point of the island I would be in position to see behind the bush where the leopard had stopt. But what I had started the leopard was intent on finishing. While peering about I detected the beast crossing the *tug* about twenty yards above me. I again began shooting, altho I could not see to aim. However, I could see where the bullets struck as the sand spurted up beyond the leopard. The first two shots went above her, but the third scored. The leopard stopt and I thought she was killed. The pony boy broke into a song of triumph which was promptly cut short by another song such as only a thoroughly angry leopard is capable of making as it charges. For just a flash I was paralyzed with fear, then came power for action. I worked the bolt of my rifle and became conscious that the magazine was empty. At the same instant I realized that a solid point cartridge rested in the palm of my left hand, one that I had intended, as I came up to the dead hyena, to replace with a soft nose. If I could but escape the leopard until I could get the cartridge into the chamber!

As she came up the bank on one side of the point of the island, I dropt down the other side and ran about the point from which she had charged, by which time the cartridge was in place, and I wheeled—to face the leopard in mid-air. The rifle was knocked flying and in its place was eighty pounds of frantic cat. Her intention was to sink her teeth into my throat and with this grip and her forepaws hang to me while with her hind claws she dug out my stomach, for this pleasant practise is the way of leopards. However, happily for me, she missed her aim. Instead of getting my throat she was to one side. She struck me high in the chest and caught my upper right arm with her mouth. This not only saved my throat but left her hind legs hanging clear where they could not reach my stomach. With my left hand I caught her throat and tried to wrench my right arm free, but I couldn't do it except little by little. When I got grip enough on her throat to loosen her hold just a little she would catch my arm again an inch or two lower down. In this way I drew the full length of the arm through her mouth inch by inch. I was conscious of no pain, only of the sound of the crushing of tense muscles and the choking, snarling grunts of the beast. As I pushed her farther and farther down my arm I bent over, and finally when it was almost freed I fell to the ground, the leopard underneath me, my right hand in her mouth, my left hand clutching her throat, my knees on her lungs, my elbows in her armpits spreading her front legs apart so that the frantic clawing did nothing more than tear my shirt. Her body was twisted in an effort to get hold of the ground to turn herself, but the loose sand offered no hold. For a moment there was no change in our positions, and then for the first time I began to think and hope I had a chance to win this curious fight. Up to that time it had been simply a good fight in which I expected to lose, but now if I could keep my advantage perhaps the pony boy would come with a knife. I called, but to no effect. I still held her and continued to shove the hand down her throat so hard she could not close her mouth and with the other I gripped her throat in a strangle-hold. Then I surged down on her with my knees. To my surprize I felt a rib go. I did it again. I felt her relax, a sort of letting go, altho she was still struggling. At the same time I felt myself weakening similarly, and then it became a question as to which would give up first. Little by little her struggling ceased. My strength had outlasted hers.

After what seemed an interminable passage of time I let go and tried to stand, calling to the pony boy that it was finished. He now screwed up his courage sufficiently to approach. Then the leopard began to gasp, and I saw that she might recover; so I asked the boy for his knife. He had thrown it away in his fear, but quickly found it, and I at last made certain that the beast was dead. As I looked at her later I came to the conclusion that what had saved me was the first shot I had fired when she went into the bush. It hit her right hind foot. I think it was this broken foot which threw out the aim of her spring and made her get my arm instead of my throat. With the excitement of the battle still on me I did not realize how badly used up I was. I tried to shoulder the leopard to carry it to camp, but was very soon satisfied to confine my efforts to getting myself to camp.

When I came inside the *zareba*, my companions were at dinner before one of the tents. They had heard the shots and had speculated on the probabilities. They had decided that I was in a mix-up with a lion or with natives, but that I would have the nemy or the enemy would have me before hey could get to me; so they had coninued their dinner. The fatalistic spirit f the country had prevailed. When I ame within their range of vision, however, ny appearance was quite sufficient to rrest attention, for my clothes were all ipped, my arm was chewed into an unleasant sight, and there was blood and lirt all over me. Moreover, my demands or all the antiseptics in camp gave them omething to do, for nothing was keener n my mind than that the leopard had een feeding on the diseased hyena that had shot in the morning. To the practical ertainty of blood poisoning from any opard bite not quickly treated was added he certainty that this leopard's mouth as particularly foul with disease. While companions were getting the surgical pliances ready, my boys were stripping and dousing me with cold water. hat done, the antiseptic was pumped to every one of the innumerable tooth ounds until my arm was so full of the quid that an injection in one drove it out another. During the process I nearly gretted that the leopard had not won. ut it was applied so quickly and so oroughly that it was a complete case.

Later in the evening they brought the opard in and laid it beside my cot. Her ght hind foot showed where the first ot had hit her. The only other bullet at struck her was the last before she arged and that had creased her just der the skin on the back of the neck, m the shock of which she had instantly overed.

If you live in leopard land, life is enened by the knowledge that a leopard y appear at any odd moment on some and that calls him under your bed, or

Stopping Tooth Decay by increasing the action of the mouth glands

If you assist the natural protective processes of the mouth, the teeth are kept safe

MOUTH acids cause tooth decay. These acids are constantly forming. Brushing removes them for a few minutes. Then they begin to form again and all day they cover your teeth and begin to eat into the enamel.

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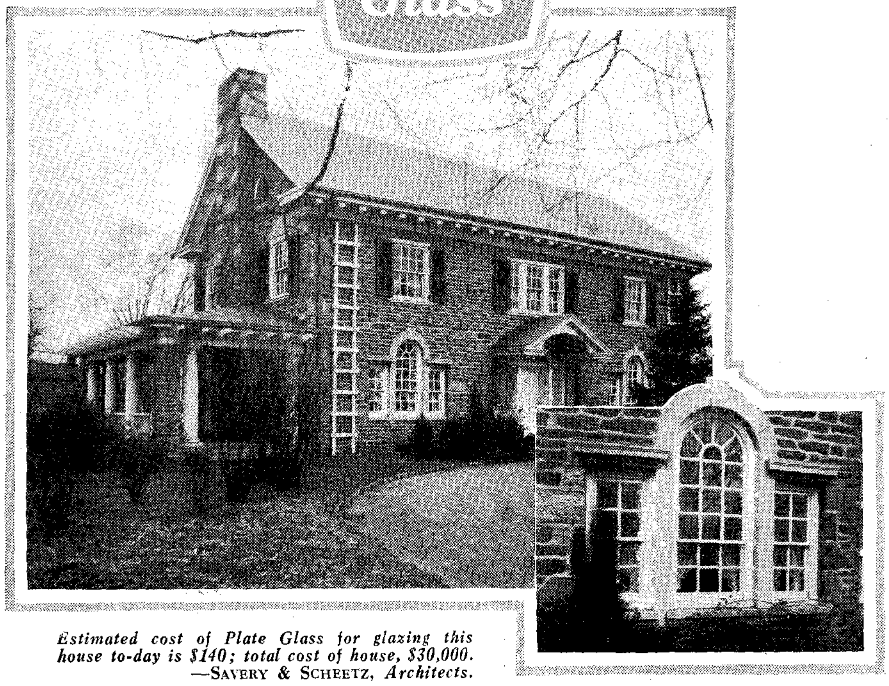

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

the spirit may move him to kill your favorite dog that dreams peacefully under a table. As Mr. Akeley tells us:

> Besides monkeys and baboons, leopards seem inordinately fond of dogs. A pack of dogs like Paul Rainey's can make short work of a leopard, but on the other hand a leopard can make short work of a single dog and seemingly takes great pleasure in doing so. One night in a shack in Nyiri, a settler sat talking to his neighbor, while his dog slept under the table. Suddenly a leopard slipt in through the door. Confusion reigned for a moment and then the men found themselves on the table. The leopard was under the table killing the dog and somehow in the excitement the door had been closed. One after the other the men fled out of the window, leaving the dog to his fate.
>
> I had a camp in Somaliland once where the tents were surrounded by two thorn thickets—the inner and outer *zareba.* A leopard came in one night, killed a sheep, dragged it under the very fly of my tent on the way out, jumped the *zareba,* and got away. Fifteen years ago, when Nairobi was a very small place, the daughter of one of the government officers went into her room one evening to dress. As she opened the door she heard a noise and looking she noticed the end of a leopard's tail sticking out from under the bed with the tip gently moving from side to side. With great presence of mind the young lady quietly went out and closed the door Nairobi had many possibilities of thrills i those days.

THE LOON NOT SO CRAZY AFTER AL

"IT was a June day, on a beautifu lake in Maine," Floyd Bralliar begins in his "Story of the Great Diver," take from his delightful book, "Knowing Bird Through Stories" (Funk and Wagnall Company), and it was on this particula day of June that "the great diver, with kick and a sprawl, rolled out of his eggshe prison." "Loon" is the great diver' name, and many a person has heard th idiotic laughing call the loon gives. Th great diver of which Mr. Bralliar write found his parents had built a very fine ne in shallow water. Two or three bushels rush and moss, anchored firmly to the ta green rushes, made his home. Then first saw his mother, as Mr. Bralliar says:

> The great diver gazed over the delightf expanse of water, and at some distance saw a handsome bird almost as large as goose but with shorter neck, gliding ov the surface of the water. Instinct told hi that this was his mother. This bird had black head and neck, while her black ba and wings were heavily and irregular spotted with white. Her belly and brea were whitish, tho he could not see mu of this, for she swam so low that only t top of her back showed above the water.
>
> At the other end of the lake a simil bird was diving and playing in the wat This was his father who, choosing to lea the feeding-grounds near the nest to busy wife, did his own fishing fart away. Suddenly the mother disappear

under the surface of the lake and presently arose with a fish in her mouth. Carrying this to the edge of the nest she proceeded to tear off strips of flesh and after thoroughly macerating these she placed them in the diver's mouth and he ate them greedily.

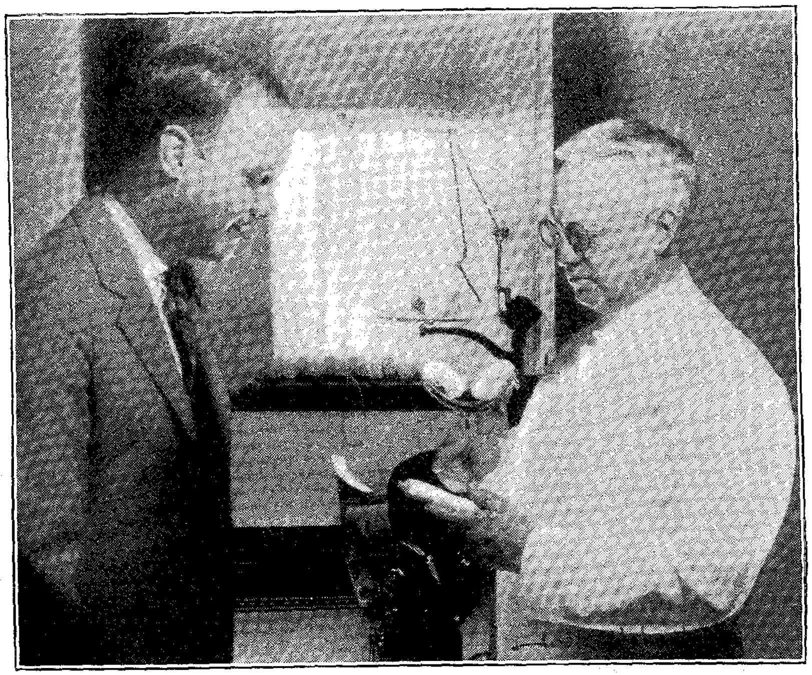
When his appetite was satisfied, his mother cleaned out the remaining pieces of eggshell from the nest, put her house in order and clambered on the nest to brood her offspring and perchance hatch the other great brown egg that still remained in the nest. This egg was almost as large as a goose's egg, rather long in shape, and somewhat pointed at one end. It was chocolate brown, more or less marked and splashed with a deeper color. Only two had been laid in this nest, altho the common loon occasionally lays three eggs.

Presently, from the far end of the lake came a long laughing idiotic call, very much like the hysterical laugh of a lunatic, weird, wild, but not unmusical. The weather was warm, and recognizing this as the call of her mate, the mother slid into the water and swam rapidly down the lake to join him. With her wings tightly folded on her back she swam with long, alternating sweeps of her great webbed feet, making a speed that is possible to only a few of the swimming birds. Before she reached her lord, she noticed a young shiny trout in the clear water below and, diving, set chase. The startled trout, recognizing his danger, darted away with the utmost speed, but the great bird gained rapidly in spite of his exertions. Presently she caught him some six or eight feet under water and crunching his body two or three times gave him a quick twirl and catching him by the head swallowed him before she reached the surface.

Joining her lord they played about over the surface of the lake for some time, then, mindful of her baby, she returned to her brooding. Things ran along in this way for two or three days, when the great diver became impatient to get into the water; the mother loon, finding that the remaining eggs did not hatch, permitted him to do this. That night the little family rested together on the water near the edge of the lake. With the first gleam of dawn they were awake and their weird cries were echoing far and near. Soon the father bird raised himself straight up in the water facing the rising sun and began flapping his wings. Immediately his wife joined in his weird morning dance and the great diver, seeing his parents go through this ceremony, imitated them as best he could.

This was the regular morning ceremony with which they greeted the rising sun, and is an interesting characteristic of the loon. This ceremony over, the father departed to his feeding ground at the far end of the lake and the mother led the great diver to the shallow water near the nest.

One day soon after the diver had left the nest a man chanced to see him and his mother as they floated on the bosom of the lake. They were near the nest and the man pushed his canoe into the water so as to cut them off from the body of the lake. When the mother saw the man in his boat she gave a peculiar cry which the diver understood to be a danger cry. He promptly disappeared beneath the water and dived through the rushes away from the boat. His mother almost immediately dived and, coming up a few yards on the other side of the boat, flapped the water with her wings and feet as loudly as possible to attract the man's attention. But the man knew something of birds and was not to be deceived by the mother; so keeping a keen eye on the water among the



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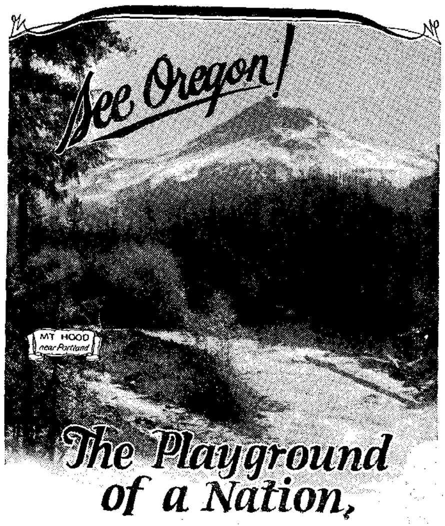

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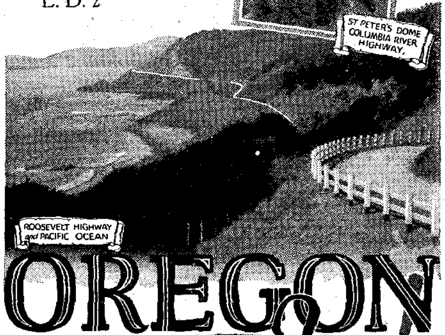

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

rushes he saw the baby loon rise to the surface, where he remained perfectly still. With two or three strokes of the paddle the boat glided toward the spot where he was hidden. The mother again uttered her warning cry and the great diver boldly dived out into the lake toward his mother. Again she dived and coming up very near the boat made a great splattering of the water to attract attention to herself.

Back and forth the chase continued for some time, when the great diver growing more wary dived into some brush that overhung the bank and rising just high enough to allow his nostrils to stick out of the water remained perfectly hidden.

The man was outwitted at last. He knew the bird was somewhere in the neighborhood doing this very thing, but could not locate him; so he gave up the chase and rowed down the lake. When he had rounded the point the mother loon uttered a low call and her son came to meet her. Swimming to him and letting her body down until only her head stuck out of the water she received him on her back and then rising to the surface swam rapidly down the lake. She swam, dived, and even caught fish with her young on her back, and so successfully was it done that he was not dislodged.

As the days went by, the loon family began to take an occasional flight. Loons can not rise directly from the water as some ducks do, but run for a considerable distance over the surface, paddling with their feet, flapping their wings, and making great speed. Finally they are able to rise into the air. These three birds would race across the water as rapidly as possible, but when the parent birds rose the great diver was not able to follow. Disconsolate he watched them fly away and when after a time they returned and plunged into the lake with terrific force he was overjoyed. Loons have very heavy bodies and comparatively short wings and so find it hard to rise from the water, but when they succeed in taking flight they fly with great rapidity. They are not able to check their speed much and still remain in the air. When ready to alight, they circle over the water getting lower each time until finally they often plunge in with almost the velocity of an express train, making a tremendous noise and half-run, half-swim, for a considerable distance before they can stop.

Within another week the great diver was able to take to the air himself, and then he accompanied his parents on their daily excursions.

One day he accompanied them on a prolonged trip to the seashore. While he was fishing his parents disappeared, he knew not where. At first he was lonely, but he soon discovered many young birds like himself fishing in the same region and made friends with them. These birds soon learned to wander far out at sea, sometimes gathering in large flocks at night to sleep on the surface of the ocean. However, they preferred to sleep on the shore.

As the weather grew colder, one after another departed for the Southland, and one day the great diver went also. After spending the winter fishing in the lakes and on the coast of Florida he selected a mate with whom he flew to the Northland, and seeking out a lake that was not already occupied by loons set up housekeeping for himself.

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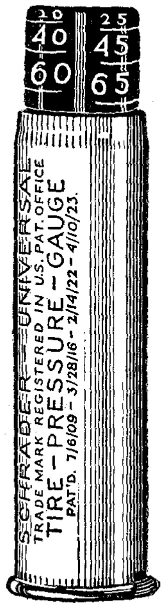
A BRUSH WITH WOLVES

WHEN the fir-trees in the Canadian woods stand tall and mysterious, communing with the stars, when the air is dry and cold, and the moon's lonely gleams shine pale on the frozen lakes and deeply snowclad forests, then that long, drawn-out wailing howl of the wolf-pack chills the hearer's blood.

Perhaps the one who hears may be a deer, and he knows that death is on his trail. The veteran hunter, John A. Hope, feels that some organized effort to kill these crafty and cruel enemies of the deer and smaller animals should be undertaken by the Government, or by bands of hunters.

Mr. Hope in *The Canadian Forest and Outdoors* (Ottawa) tells of the thrilling experiences he and some of the hunting parties he conducted went through with these cunning and dangerous animals:

> Of course the nightly howls of wolves in the close vicinity of camps was a little disconcerting to men whose nerves were frayed at the edges from a too close contact with an ultra-civilization that compels an artificial life between bricks and mortar, as was to be expected. But the aroma of balsam and pine in the pure, crisp air invigorated the jaded appetite, and braced up the nerves as no tonic could, in the first few days, so that by the time they left for home they were in splendid physical condition.
>
> For instance, that two male lynx should fall out and elect to settle their difference within one hundred feet of camp at two o'clock in the morning, with nerve-shattering screeches, interspersed with the smashing of underbrush, brought from their bunks two of my guests, who had only arrived the previous day.
>
> "What in heaven's name is that horrible racket?" demanded one with a nervous tremor in his voice, groping for a match in the darkness and upsetting a lamp in the process.
>
> "Nothing to bother about, gentlemen," said I, striking a match, "only a couple of male lynx settling a love affair."
>
> A few nights later the same gentlemen were treated to a more exciting experience.
>
> From across the lake fronting our cabin came a low prolonged howl, with a peculiar note at the end, from a lone wolf. Instantly from a ridge behind the cabin came an answering volley of howls, sharp as pistol shots, from the main pack, rising in volume of sound as they swept down and past the cabin, which divided the pack into two halves, and out onto the lake, bright as day under a moon nearly at the full, where their rapidly moving forms appeared like black dots on a white screen.
>
> Still early in the night, I had not yet retired, and at the first volley of howls, sprang to the door, rifle in hand, and threw it wide open on the chance of a shot as they swept past and out onto the lake.
>
> With the opening of the door the cabin seemed to be full of howling wolves and brought my guests out of their bunks all standing—in more senses than one!
>
> Nervous and confused at being awakened so suddenly by a horrid din, neither spoke for the first minutes. Finally one said:
>
> "What a fearful noise! More lynx, I suppose, settling love affairs?"
>
> "No," I replied, throwing some wood on the open fire, "a lone wolf scouting across the lake found a deer and called the pack waiting on the ridge behind us here, and



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

they promptly answered the call to supper. In the morning, we'll go over and see by their spoor how wolves encircle and pull down deer on the ice, or among tangled undergrowth on the edge of lakes."

The trail led us next morning to the scene of the tragedy in a little bay. Trampled, blood-bespattered snow, covering hundreds of feet round; here, there, and beyond the spoor of the deer—a large doe—told where she had tried, and tried again, to break through the ever tightening ring of the gray tigers of the Northern forests. Over there she had finally dropt exhausted from loss of blood well outside the bloody ring, where she had warded off repeated springs from single wolves, in and out in turn, to tear her flanks open.

My most exciting adventure with wolves came when all alone many miles north of the nearest settlement. Walking shortly after daybreak along the edge of a long lake to examine some traps, in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind, carrying a slight flurry of snow, the "yi-ki-hi's" of a pack giving tongue, broke on my ears from a hardwood ridge running parallel with the lake on my left.

Being nothing unusual in such a wolf-infested district, I kept steadily on, body bent and eyes lowered to escape the keen wind. Presently, glancing ahead, I saw what looked like a deer, come out of the timber some nine hundred to one thousand yards distant, followed by a second; then a third, until I counted fourteen—of what I now recognized were wolves, and probably the same pack I had heard a short time before, as they were running in the same direction as myself.

Crouching down I watched them intently for a few minutes to see what they would do, for one may pass a lifetime in the woods—as many do—and never see a band of wolves in broad daylight.

Evidently they had failed to overtake and kill in the light snows of early winter, for presently they lay down on the ice some little distance out from the edge.

Then it suddenly occurred to me to put to the test the continually advertised theory and firmly rooted opinion among backwoodsmen generally that: "A pack of wolves will attack man." Here was the opportunity.

Getting onto my feet, I commenced walking slowly toward them. For the first 60 or 70 feet they gave no sign, presently a slight upheaval and the whole pack were sitting up on their haunches with heads turned in my direction. Their keen eyes had caught the lone figure out on the ice; now which would they do—slink into the timber, or charge and pull me down? All doubts were quickly set at rest as part of the pack sprang forward, the rest trailing on a few seconds later. On they came straight toward me.

"Ah!" I thought, getting ready to receive them, "the theories and firmly rooted opinions were correct then apparently, for here are fourteen wolves charging down on me in broad daylight."

Nine hundred, eight hundred, seven hundred, how swiftly and smoothly in long, low bounds, and in perfect silence, they covered the level ice, with its thin coating of snow, opening out in extended order as they came like a lady's fan.

Six hundred, five hundred, four hundred yards. "By heavens," I thought, jamming a clip of cartridges into the magazine

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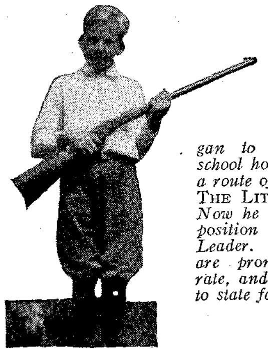

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of my rifle, "they mean business," and I frankly admit a nervous sweat broke out on my forehead.

I had dropt a charging grizzly in the Rockies, the same with an enraged Wapiti stag in the "rutting" season that I had badly wounded and cornered; and climbed a gumsapling in a hurry to escape a wild boar my dogs had irritated to madness in a river swamp in Australia. But here was something new, something unexpected—which past experience did not warrant—sweeping down in perfect silence, a silence that unnerved, with the speed of race-horses, opening out until the points of the "fan" were some three hundred feet apart, to encircle—their usual tactics with deer.

Three hundred. Two hundred. Something must be done, and that quickly, for the strain on the nerves had become unbearable. Springing up on the snowshoes I had been kneeling on, I fired a right and left at the two points of the "fan." At the two sharp cracks and the showers of ice ripped up by the high-power bullets, the "fan" closed up with surprizing suddenness, wheeled round and sped back over their tracks.

Surprized and relieved, I sent shot after shot at the fleeing gray devils, the ripped-up ice falling in showers over and around them until they disappeared into the timber where I had first seen them.

Here are three points to consider:

(1) Did the pack really charge down on what they knew was a man?

(2) Would they have carried the attack home had I not fired?

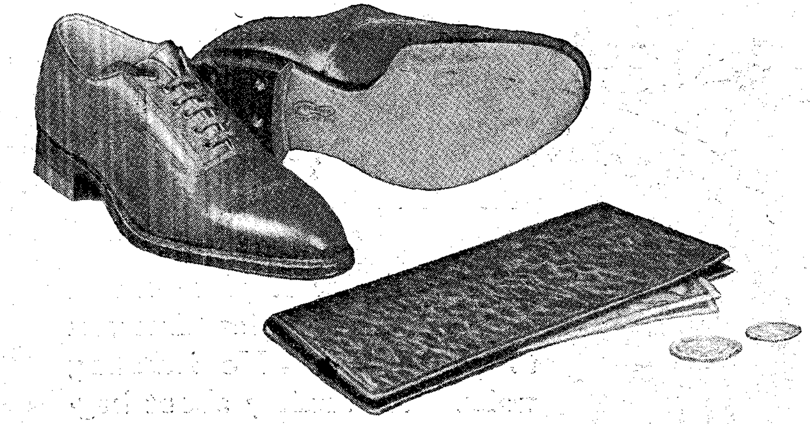
(3) Did they mistake me for a deer?

I incline to the third theory.

"JELLY-FISH" NOW A TERM OF COMPLIMENT

FAR from the previous estimate of our friend the oft-reviled jelly-fish, he is not so lily-livered as his name would imply. In fact, we are told that he is "a very devil of a fellow in the days of his hot youth," which some would take as a compliment. Mr. W. P. Pycraft in *The Illustrated London News* says that "under the veil of frailty, than which nothing could seem more frail, the jelly-fish masks a capacity for rapine that is astounding." Dr. Marie Lebour of the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, England, has made a long study of this deep-sea pirate, and Mr. Pycraft tells of some of the conclusions:

> Jelly-fish, it is to be noted, form a part of what is known as the "Plankton-fauna" of the sea. This term was originally coined to denote all the aquatic organisms, whether plant or animal, which are, perforce, passively carried along by currents, whether at the surface or in deep water, by tide or wind. Jelly-fish, seemingly innocent creatures, mingle with the crowd, as it were, for nefarious purposes.
>
> Jelly-fish are almost the only hint that ordinary folk ever get of the existence of this "plankton"; and this hint is afforded by the vast numbers of these creatures which are so often to be seen stranded upon the beach. For miles at a stretch their water-logged bodies, crystal-clear, may be seen in every stage of disintegration. Yet how few people realize how profoundly interesting this wreckage really is!
>
> It is time, some may think, that I came to the matter of what jelly-fish live on; and how they obtain that sustenance. Let



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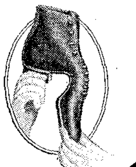

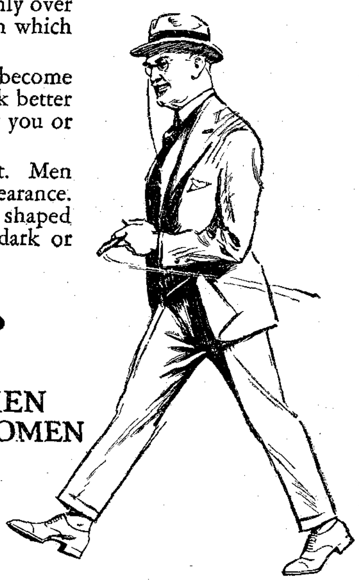

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Asheville—Pollock's
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Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)
Baltimore—325 North Charles St. (2nd floor)
Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie.
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
Boston—109 Newbury St. cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
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Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
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Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

me, then, take the case of "Chrysaora isosceles." While quite young, and no more than an inch in diameter, it is possest by a most ravenous appetite; nothing comes amiss to it. Spreading out its enormously long and excessively delicate tentacles, it pursues its way along the crowded highways of the sea, seeking whom it may devour. Its long, invisible, vibrant tentacles make no mistake, waste no energy, in seizing prey too large to be safely tackled. But whatsoever receives the fatal touch must yield. The young of jelly-fishes other than its own species, arrow-worms, larvæ of crabs, and larval fishes—gobies, blennies, bull-heads, pollack, rockling—are all eagerly taken, three, and even four, at a time! As soon as the fatal touch is given, the tentacle begins slowly to retract, till the victim is drawn up to the mouth. Some species have pendant lips, which close around the captive, and force it toward the stomach. It is not necessary that they should enter this. Its digestive juices are poured into the bag-like cavity formed by the approximated lips, till the victim is demolished.

Two young and lively Æquoreas were placed in a tank together. For three weeks they lived riotously on young sucker-fish and other juicy morsels. Then a tragedy happened—one of them was itself eaten by a swimming crab! The other, possibly not sorry to lose a competitor, lived on for another two months like an epicure. His choice fell upon the young of one of the plume-gilled mollusks, young sucker-fish, blennies, and pipe-fish, two or three a day. On a day in August he narrowly escaped the fate of his companion—a swimming crab bit a piece out of his "umbrella"—his disk-like body—and he was given up for dead. But in the space of a few hours he "sat up and took a little nourishment"—a young pipe-fish. Next day the wound had healed, and he was as well as ever.

A species of jelly-fish resembling a transparent sack, with a fringe (its tentacles) around the mouth, is particularly voracious, engulfing prey even longer than itself.

Our beaches, during the autumn, are often strewn with myriads of small, translucent, almost spherical jelly-fish, which, if placed in a bowl of water, will swim about by means of a wonderful arrangement of paddles, arranged in rows down the body. A pair of extremely long and delicate tentacles serve the purposes of a lasso. They look harmless enough, but one can not judge by appearances. This species feeds largely upon pipe-fish, the heads of which are usually rejected. Young gobies, herring, and plaice eggs, arrow-worms, and small crustacea are also eaten. This much has been proved by specimens taken in nets in the open sea. The stomachs of some of these have been described as "full of young herring." Young plaice, as well as their eggs, are also eaten.

When one contemplates the great length and excessive delicacy of the tentacles of these creatures, one is imprest with the enormous dragging power they possess. Seldom, indeed, does a victim escape, once these deadly threads have touched it. It seems incredible that bodies so unsubstantial, bodies which can be dissipated on a piece of blotting-paper, could be so formidable. We pay a man a compliment, indeed, when we liken him to a jelly-fish!

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE MOON ROCKET AGAIN

THE rocket that will be able to travel from the earth to the moon in less than eleven hours may soon be a reality. It is explained that tho the rocket could easily reach the moon, it will not be called upon for so useless a journey, but will be employed in scientific exploration of the higher atmosphere, thus making available invaluable scientific data from an almost unknown region. Prof. R. H. Goddard of Clark University, who has been carrying on investigations aimed at this result for the past fourteen years, has recently announced to the American Association for the Advancement of Science that he is now near his goal. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

In early experiments under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Goddard used smokeless powder as a propelling force, but he has recently solved the problem of utilizing liquid fuel, burning it continuously and gradually in pure oxygen without overheating the combustion chamber. By this means it is possible to give the rocket a speed of 6.6 miles a second.

The average distance of the moon from the earth is close to 240,000 miles. A rocket traveling at a rate of six and six-tenths miles a second would traverse this distance in about ten hours and five minutes, or about the time it takes mail planes to go from New York to Chicago.

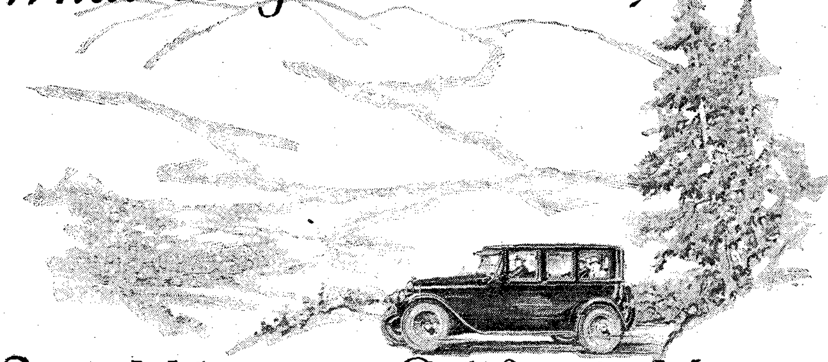
A Roumanian professor, H. Oberth, in a paper published recently, suggests the possibility of some such overnight limited service to the moon; but Professor Goddard has only in mind the more modest and practicable plan of obtaining records of the intensity of the sun's radiation, and of the composition, electrical conditions, and temperature of the atmosphere at heights hitherto entirely inaccessible to man.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys, professor of meteorological physics in the U. S. Weather Bureau, and an authority on the earth's atmosphere, said in commenting to Science Service on Professor Goddard's scheme:

"It would be a great advantage to the meteorologist to know the composition and temperature of the upper atmosphere at heights above those already explored by sounding-balloons. On both these points observations and theories based upon meteors and auroras are in radical conflict with each other, and both differ entirely from the hitherto recognized orthodox theories. The Goddard rocket gives promise of definitely settling the question of conditions at such high altitudes. It would be possible to construct apparatus that would bring down samples of the air at any desired height and at the same time register temperature and pressure without using the delicate and expensive recording nstruments now employed.

Knowledge of the upper atmosphere has come mostly in recent years from the use of sounding-balloons. These are about hree feet in diameter and carry up a set of recording instruments which come down astened to a parachute after the balloon bursts. None of those balloons has reached a height much greater than twenty miles, while the Goddard rocket can easily go

What Comfort-Lovers Say No. 487



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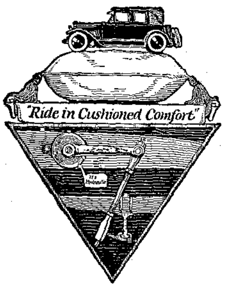

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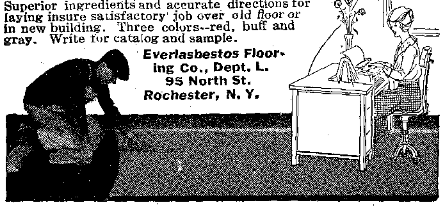

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

three or four times as high or even be driven off into space. Its location at a given point in its flight can be made known by an explosion of flashlight powder.

There is great diversity of scientific opinion as to conditions existing in the upper atmosphere. Some think it contains frozen crystals of nitrogen floating in a temperature of 513 below zero Fahrenheit or lower, while others believe that the temperature is not lower than about 60 below zero.

The velocity of the Goddard rocket, which is propelled on the same principle as the familiar Fourth-of-July firework, depends on the velocity of the gases expelled, and on its altitude. It starts slowly and increases in speed as long as the fuel lasts, for several reasons. It encounters less resistance in the thin upper atmosphere or the near-vacuum of interstellar space, it carries less weight as its fuel is used, and it becomes less and less affected by the force of the earth's attraction which decreases in proportion to the square of the distance from its center of gravity.

FERTILIZER MUST BE SMELLY

ODORLESS fertilizer is now produced in great quantity, but the farmers will have none of it, so the makers have to "sweeten" it with strong-smelling material, so that it will be considered effective. Says an editorial writer in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering:*

> There is an ancient tradition that might be phrased, "All good fertilizer has a bad odor." It is a tradition that has in it more of antiquity than truth. When the early farmers realized that the addition of manure to the soil brought better crops, this now white-haired tradition was born a lusty babe of questionable parentage, and through the centuries it has survived. Before this scientific upstart Chemistry was born, Tradition passed upon fertilizer and said good or bad after taking one smell. Now we talk in terms of per cent. potash, phosphorus and nitrogen and forget about the old days, but tradition is not yet dead.
>
> During a recent inspection of a modern fertilizer plant in which the process and layout attracted our attention, we idly picked up a handful of the product and sniffed it, noting that there was no odor. Observing the gesture, the superintendent inquired if we would really like to smell something, and offered for our consideration a product of powerful and penetrating odor. It had personality and verve. Unmistakably it was fertilizer!
>
> This, the superintendent explained, is used to "sweeten" the product of the plant. A small percentage only is necessary and it is added because the farmer really feels that he is being cheated if he can not smell fertilizer. So in addition to putting in a small quantity for flavoring, a few shovelfuls are placed at the door of the freight-car so that the farmer will smell it as soon as he opens the door. Almost invariably he picks up a handful, smells it and pronounces it good fertilizer. The ruse does no harm, because the offensive material has the same fertilizer value as the odorless product of the plant. Thus does tradition persist in exerting its influence even in the shadow of technical operation and control.

"Say, Daddy, why don't you get hooks on your shoes like I have?"

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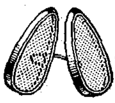

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Praised by a Bishop

In recommending the book, **THE CASE FOR PROHIBITION: Its Past, Present Accomplishments, and Future in America,** Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, spoke warmly of its two authors, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, "one of the greatest temperance orators of our generation," and Deets Pickett, "one of the best informed men and one of the sanest in utterance regarding the prohibition question."

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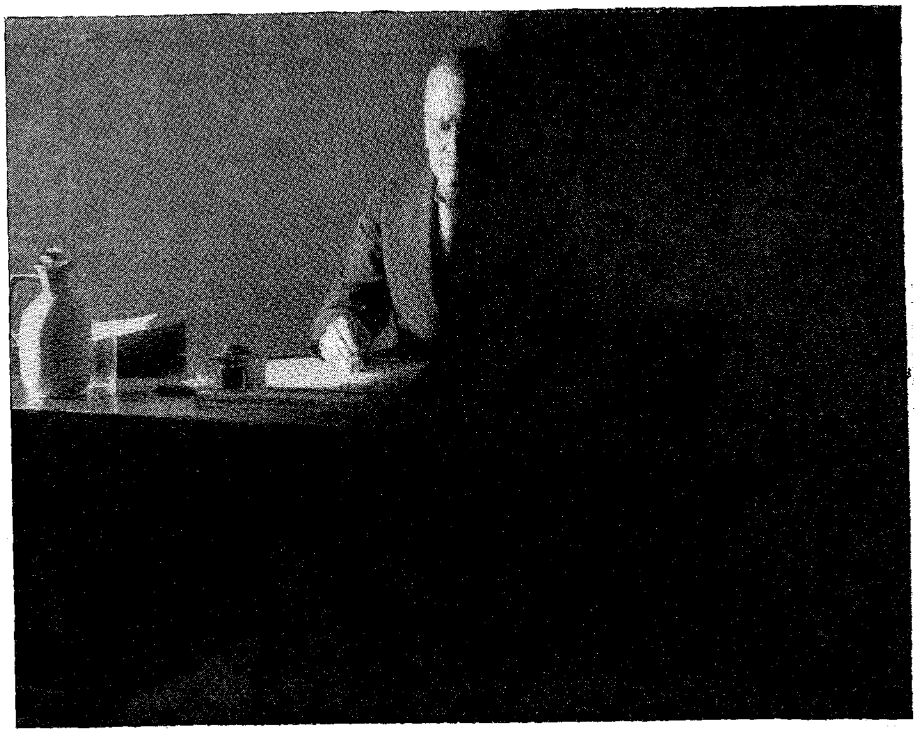
SUNSHINE AS A MEDICINE

BABIES under one year die as fast as people seventy-five years of age. But your infant son or daughter has a much better chance of growing up than you did, and if he collects all that the law of averages allots him, he should live about ten years longer than you do. Says Watson Davis, of Science Service, writing in the New York *World:*

> Since we grown-ups were young, ideas about diet have been revolutionized. Water and milk supplies have been cleaned up. Baby's food and drink have been primary factors in the reduction of infant death-rate; if the mother can not feed her baby as nature intended, good imitations are available. Yet we do not know as much about nutrition as we thought we did and unknown factors are continually forcing themselves upon us. Now Dr. Alfred F. Hess of New York finds that good baby food does not always assure good baby nutrition.
>
> Three out of four of the infants living in an average city block suffer from rickets at some time in their early lives, particularly in winter. This may sound surprizing and mothers may scoff at it. This sort of rickets is not the kind that you will find described in the medical books which show pictures of babies with large square heads and very bowed legs, but it is a mild form of bone trouble, which altho it can be distinguished only by measuring the phosphate in the blood and X-raying the bones, may lead to slight deformities and render the children susceptible to such infectious diseases as grippe and pneumonia.
>
> Sunshine is the preventive and cure. Wise doctors and parents will let youngsters kick up their heels in glee at the sun and run around naked without even a pane of glass between them and the distant power plant for this earth. In summer when there is plenty of sunshine and the weather is such that mothers do not hesitate to give them large doses of it, rickets is practically non-existent, but in fall when days grow shorter, the sun becomes less bright and the weather is colder, babies see the sun less often and rickets often begins to develop. The flood-tide of this trouble is reached in March after the babies have been cooped up in dark tenements or apartment houses during the winter.
>
> It is not surprizing that babies need sunshine to make their bones strong, since every one knows that even the commonest plants can not get along without it. X-ray photographs show that when infants suffering from rickets are exposed to the direct rays of the sun there occurs a rapid healing of their badly formed bones.
>
> If the sun will not shine properly and conveniently, the babies can be bathed in artificial sunshine. A lamp can substitute for the sun. Mercury vapor when electrified gives out ultra-violet rays, too short to be seen but identical with those produced by the sun. Bones heal as rapidly under their influence as tho the real sun were shining. The mercury vapor lamp also gives the greenish-blue light which can often be seen in photographers' windows, but there it is hemmed in by window glass, which is just as effective in cutting off the beneficial ultra-violet rays as the heavy clothes in which infants are often bundled up. Tubes for mercury vapor lamps for therapeutic use must be made of quartz, which is transparent to these short rays. For the same reason, luxurious solartariums are useless for sunshine bathing if they are glassed in.
>
> These new facts are believed by Dr. Hess



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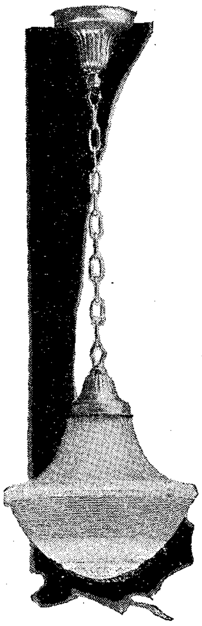

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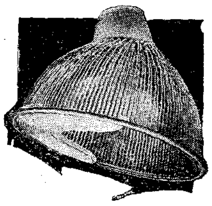

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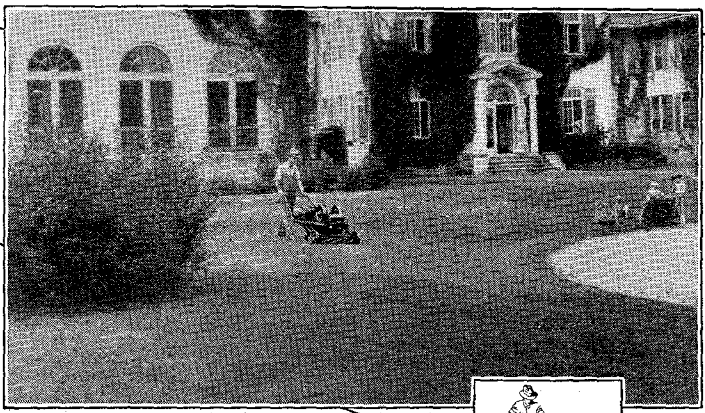

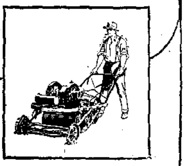

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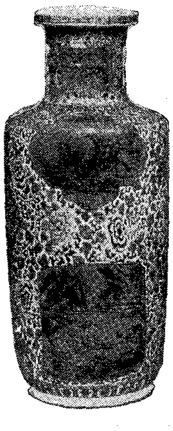

Mr. Burton, author of this standard work, has written other books on porcelain and is well acquainted with porcelain factories and porcelain makers of Europe. He has devoted years to the study of porcelain and is perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject. This book will be a valuable and artistic addition to the library of every porcelain connoisseur, and will prove to be a standard work of reference for facts relating to porcelain and illustrations of the world's choicest collections of it.

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to be strong arguments for a change of fashion in baby clothes. Legs and arms of infants can be exposed to sunlight even in cold December provided their hands, feet and bodies are warmly clad. Short and sleeveless dresses and a fad for no stockings are advocated by Dr. Hess instead of the enveloping, many-layered swaddling-clothes of the past.

As a partner of sunshine in the prevention and cure of rickets, there is cod-liver oil, which is to rickets what quinin is to malaria. So effective is the vitamin A which it contains that it is often called the anti-ricketic factor.

Sunshine is good medicine, as the Indians might say. It would be hard to find a simpler one, as cheap and easy to take. The more we learn about our sun the more wonderful it becomes.

WHAT THE BLIND SEE

"THE people that walk in darkness have seen a great light," says the Scripture. It is so with the blind, we are told by Dr. Robert Henry Elliot, a retired British Army surgeon, who writes in *The British Medical Journal* (London) on "Memory Sight." There is a wide-spread impression, writes Dr. Elliot, not only among the laity but also in the ranks of the medical profession, that the totally blind live in perpetual, black darkness. This he believes to be an error in observation, for inquiries have elicited from his blind patients the information that, on the contrary, they habitually see "a bright background." He goes on:

> They describe this variously, but the terms "like a bright cloud," or "like a luminous haze," seem to convey the prevailing impression, while remarks as to "a play of colors" before the eyes are also met with from intelligent people. A patient of Dr. de Schweinitz, tho totally blind, declared that "all things seemed to be a sea of red fire." I can not but think that this "outlook" powerfully modifies the mental qualities of the blind, and helps materially to give them that cheerfulness which is so strikingly their class characteristic. It would be difficult to believe that any one who was surrounded by thick darkness could by any possibility be mentally cheerful.

There is another feature of "the sight of the blind" which is little known, and of which they seldom care to speak unless directly questioned, probably owing to the fear that it may excite skepticism or ridicule. On this point Dr. Elliot quotes from his book on glaucoma as follows:

> Even more striking is the fact that patients are to be found who will protest that there are occasions on which they can sit by a window, look out, and see all the features of a scene with which they were familiar in days gone by; and yet on examination the eyes are absolutely blind. To this condition the term "memory sight" may be applied, for the pictures are but the aftermath of visual impressions stored in the cerebral cortex in a happier

past. Such is the power of reflection and of recollection that the patient's mind is enabled to summon these shadows of earlier impressions and to invest them with all the semblance of a reality.

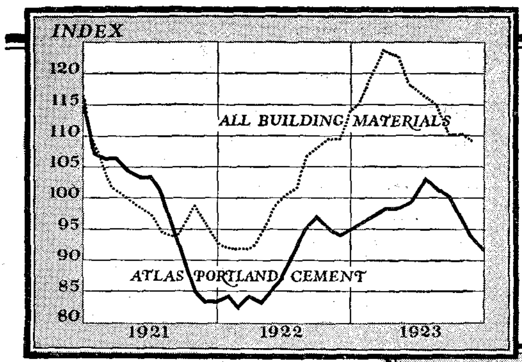
He continues:

I have quite recently seen an elderly patient, long blind in one eye from glaucoma, who had lost all vision in the second eye from the same disease, and who had to have this eye removed on account of constant pain; her one great fear was lest the removal of the eye might rob her of the subjective sensations of light, from which she derived so much comfort. The enucleation of the eye made no difference whatever to these. She could still see the bright field of light, just as before, and she described in glowing terms how she could summon up to her consolation the "actual vision" of many objects around her. Her own words are of interest: "I can make myself see the things and people around me; I can even see every stitch of the knitting which I hold in my hand, just as I did in the days when I had my sight." More recently I have seen a man over seventy years of age who had lost one eye as the result of an accident in his youth; he developed a malignant growth of the second eye, and this too was removed after a consultation in which all concerned were unanimous as to the right course to pursue. He describes his visual sensations thus: "I see a sort of white mist tinged by light from above; this appears to come from behind me." He also sees pieces of furniture—such as a grand piano of dark wood, or a writing-table or other articles of furniture—which are apparently so real and vivid that he tries to avoid walking against them. Be it remembered that he has no eyes whatever.

We are all of us aware that, with our eyes closed, in the dark, during sleep, we can see people and things most vividly in our dreams; but it might be argued that this is not very strange, since we still possess actively sentient ocular globes. It is of interest to learn from these cases, not only that blind eyes may see during waking hours the images of objects perceived in bygone days, but that the complete removal of the globes is no bar to the memory sight, which brings so much comfort to the blind. Clearly we have here to do with memories stored in the brain, presumably in its cortex, as the result of earlier experience. In this connection it is interesting to remember that a man does not see with his eyes, but with his brain; the eyes are but a complex mechanism, optical and neuro-electric, whereby external stimuli are conveyed to the cerebral cortex, *there* to give rise to visual sensations. This explains many things which are otherwise difficult to understand—as, for instance, the way in which a trained observer, with relatively less visual acuity, as tested by types, etc., will pick up and recognize distant objects with an accuracy and a speed which the ordinary man, untrained in the same direction, can not emulate.

The Deadline.—The inquiring friend, n process of being shown about the newly-acquired country estate, stopt in amazement and demanded: "What on earth are you doing with that zebra?"

"Ah!" said the host amiably. "There's been so much talk about the danger of overindulgence in this new stuff that I thought I'd better provide myself with a stop signal, and that zebra is just the thing. When I see it all one color, then I know I've had enough."—*American Legion Weekly.*



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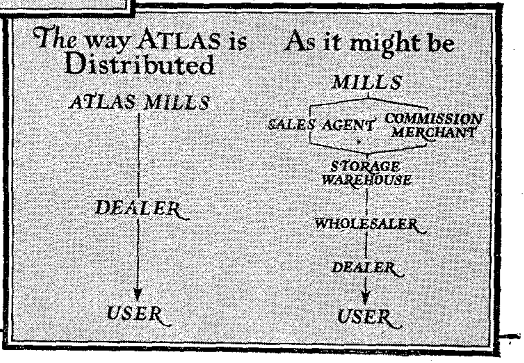

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HENRY FORD is generally thought of as our richest citizen, and he may very well be our biggest taxpayer. At the same time his hostility to Wall Street and the banking interests is so well known that for months he was urged as the logical, radical third-party candidate for the Presidency. So his views on the Mellon tax program awaken lively interest in the press. Those views, as given forth in advance newspaper excerpts from a *Collier's Weekly* interview strike the Philadelphia *Inquirer* as "refreshing." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks Mr. Ford has "probably brought the most effective reinforcements to the support of the Mellon plan of tax-reduction that have appeared since the plan was first proposed." Other papers, as it will appear below, are not so sure of the helpfulness of the Ford arguments. Mr. Ford thinks that any legislators who "advocate high taxes ought to be run out of office because what they are really advocating is the high cost of living." In his opinion "there should be nothing political about taxes," and it seems to him "that there is nothing more dangerous to the prosperity of the country than putting heavy taxes on those that seem to have more money than they need." Mr. Ford proceeds:

> I am in business not to make money as money, but to do many things which I believe are of public benefit, and I believe that I can put my money to better public use than the Government can.
>
> Take the Ford car as an illustration. We had very little money when we began to build that car. We took out small wages for ourselves and put back the profits into better machinery—which enabled us to reduce prices. We made more money and we put that back. Our profits began to be large and if the present income tax had been in force we should have had to pay most of what we earned to the Government. We did not have to do that and so we were able to put that money into more and more machinery—which enabled us not only to bring the price of the car down but also to raise our wages first to a minimum of $5 and then to a minimum of $6 a day.
>
> We were able still further to spread in the way of going back to the source of materials, in employing more people and in making things cheaper and cheaper.
>
> We did not spend the money we made. We put it into production. What is the consequence? I have what is said to be a large fortune, but in a very small sense is it mine. It has gone to the support of 2,000,000 people. It has permitted the farmer and his wife to come to town whenever they liked. It has let millions of people get out into the fresh air, and it has made the automobile a thing that the poor man can have.
>
> With the high surtaxes, advocated as a benefit to the poor man or the man of moderate means, I doubt if ever we should have reached a point where we could have produced a car under $1,500, and that only by paying very low wages. We should have had to pay low wages, for the backs of men and not the backs of machines would have had to bear the weight of production. Our past earnings—our wealth—are in those machines.
>
> High taxes on the rich do not take burdens off the poor. They put burdens on the poor. As far as our company is concerned, we can go on about as we now are, whether the surtax be 25 per cent. or 50 per cent. We can make some improvements, but we can not do the great things we should do had we more money. We can not make as much progress in the next fifteen years as we have in the last fifteen, and all other forward-looking companies will be in exactly the same boat. The men who tell the country that the high incomes must be cut down are not working for the benefit of the masses. What they are really saying is something like this:
>
> "You workmen and farmers have got all you ought to have. Let us stop progress right here. From now on this country must be run for the benefit of the politicians."

Mr. Ford is quite willing to admit that many large fortunes are not well used. But, he says,

> It is very difficult to prevent a large fortune from getting at least in part into productive enterprise, and because some portions are ill-used it does not seem to me sensible to say that none shall be used at all, and that is what the so-called radical ideas on taxation amount to.
>
> And here is another point. If the surplus of industry be taken away, then in hard times a concern must borrow, and soon we have industry owned by banks. That is what has happened in Europe. Sometimes I wonder if the support of the Mellon bill by the banks is sincere. It is all rather funny in a way. The radicals support a high-tax program, which would throw industry into the hands of the banks, while the banks support a program which would keep industry in the hands of the owners and operated for the benefit of the people!

Every man who owns a Ford car, remarks the Chicago *Evening Post*, can appreciate the force of these arguments, and the arguments, it thinks, are particularly valuable as "a goodly proportion of the constituents of members of the House and Senate who have been fighting the Mellon bill are owners of Ford cars." *The Evening Post* is convinced, with Henry Ford, that high surtaxes are hindering the improvement and development of productive enterprises. As the New York *Herald* puts it:

> The high surtaxes that would have cramped Ford's growth if they had been in force when his business was young are now cramping the growth of other businesses which may be of even more importance to America than the automobile industry. The Government is taking in taxes money which ought to be plowed back into business; money which ought to be building new factories; money which ought to be laid out in export trade; money which, if kept in business, would multiply as it went on and eventually would reach the pockets of the working-man.
>
> Nor would the Government be the loser in the end for reducing the surtaxes to a reasonable figure. More business would mean more profits, and the profits could be taxed.
>
> Year by year capital—which with labor makes up the flesh and blood of business—has been slipping out of business to go to sleep in the safe shade of the tax-exempt bond tree.

But the New York *World* can not help reminding us that wealth is not always handled as Mr. Ford has handled his—

> Income may be wasted in senseless luxury. It may be used to crush competition, ruin industries and throw men out of work. It may be used to corrupt politics or to buy tariff laws that enrich the wealthy at the expense of the poor.

But *The World* is willing to go half-way with Mr. Ford in laying down two rules which cover this question of taxes and wealth: "1. Tax wealth, not poverty. 2. Keep taxation low by economy and expenditure." Mr. Ford is more severely criticized by the Philadelphia *Record*, which declares that his business has prospered through the accumulation of surplus profits, in spite of high taxes. The Indianapolis *News* does not believe that Mr. Ford, any more than another manufacturer, is devoting his money to "public use"; he has accumulated large wealth "and whatever benefit the people have had, they have paid for." The first comment of the New York *Journal of Commerce* on the Ford interview is that "the campaign for tax-reduction is suffering seriously from the advocacy of its friends." This business journal makes fun of Mr. Ford's final argument:

> The untaxed surplus of business emancipates it from reliance upon bank loans and the banks therefore profit by a high tax policy which "throws industry into their hands." Thus we see that the banks whose business and profits have heretofore been generally believed to be dependent upon the expansion of industrial demand find their great opportunity in the destruction of the customers they are supposed to serve.

Mr. Ford is also ridiculed by radicals who are against the Mellon tax plan. In the League for Industrial Democracy's press letter we read that Mr. Ford's argument that Ford prosperity could not have been built up on present surtaxes "calmly ignores

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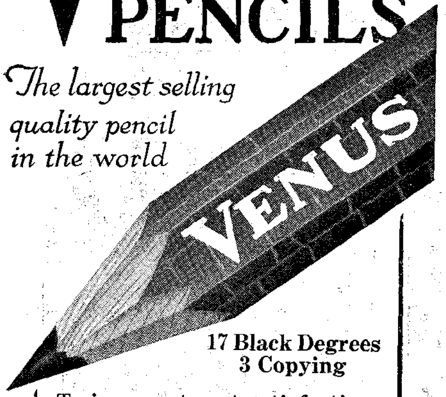

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the present procedure of the Ford Company":

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PERSISTENT rumors have been circulated in France and other countries to the effect that of the 85,000,000,000 francs raised and spent for reconstruction of the devastated regions, large sums have been paid out in padded indemnities or have not reached the real victims. A New York *World* dispatch from Paris quotes a member of the French Chamber of Deputies as asserting that tho the French Treasury has paid out 85,000,000,000 francs in claims for damages in the war zone, only 15,000,000,000 francs have gone into the pockets of genuine war victims. The type of graft which is being charged is described in the following paragraphs:

> An example alleged by *L'Humanite* to be typical of the devastated regions scandals is that of the Longwy Steel Works, which, after claiming 447,000,000 francs indemnity, obtained 369,000,000—that is to say, nine times the capital of the company in 1914. *L'Humanite* states that one commission of control had originally fixt the amount of the Longwy indemnity at 250,000,000, but this was eventually increased to the figure above mentioned.
>
> Examining in detail the Longwy claim, *L'Humanite* asserts that when the Germans evacuated Longwy they left intact the whole building plant, together with 50 per cent. of the material. It says, furthermore, that the rolling-mills, the principal propor-

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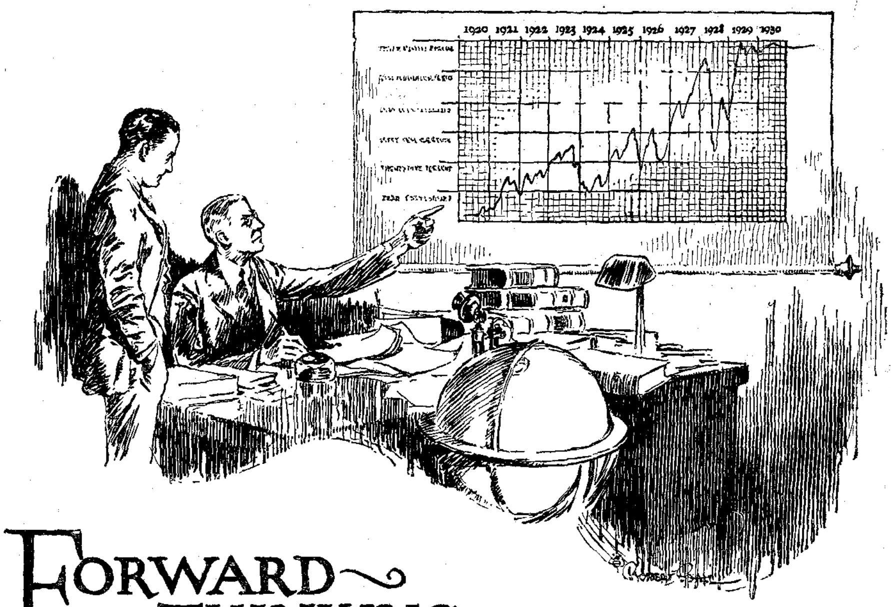
tion of the Longwy material, were obsolete, having been in use since 1880, and that the Germans, melting them down, did only what the Longwy company should have done years ago.

These charges are not new, we are reminded in *The Business Conditions Weekly* (New York) of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The Paris *Matin* had a series of articles on the subject in July, 1923, and "according to the *Quotidien*, a government commission appointed by the Chamber of Deputies has been getting at the truth of the reputed frauds." "Other French papers such as the *Journal*, the *Intransigeant*, *Liberte*, *L'Humanite*, and the *Progres Civique*, a weekly, have joined in the expose of what they denounce as colossal dishonesty in the distribution of these compensation funds." Further discussion of these graft charges in connection with French reconstruction is offered as follows by the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

> Altho partizan emphasis may explain somewhat the fervor of the French indictment, the Manchester *Guardian*, discussing the situation, deplores as specially poignant the revelations that humble holders of legitimate claims have been induced to part with these for trifling sums by post-war profiteers. Brigadiers of industry have mightily benefited, it is charged, under the awards.
>
> This, too, is old, *The New Statesman* a year ago telling of a manufacturer in Laon receiving 13 million francs for a factory that cost a quarter of a million. Even with the fall of the franc, claims have been fantastic and the frauds great, according to the indictment.
>
> Now, M. Inghels, in the Chamber of Deputies, says that out of the 85,000,000,000 paid, only 15,000,000,000 have gone to the genuine victims; and M. Dausset, a Senator, states in the *Journal* that France, by acting quickly, can save from fraudulent diversion fully 1,500,000,000 francs of the claims to be settled in 1924; while Leon Bailby in the *Intransigeant* says that *from 10,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 could be recaptured* through expert government auditing.
>
> As is now quite generally known, all these sums are included in the huge national bill France is piling up charged to the German account. At the close of 1923 France had paid in war pensions and reconstruction work and claims 118,000,000,000 francs, 34,000,000,000 having been paid for pensions, and no question raised as to its legitimate receipt by surviving victims of the war. It is the other 84,000,000,000 over which the sensational charges are made.
>
> All this money has been raised in France by the Government, the people believing that ultimately Germany would have to pay. Now, according to the correspondents, they are not so sure of this.
>
> On September, 1923, nearly 3,000,000 claims had been investigated. The French official financial statement December 31, 1923, said that there were still 142,000 claims representing about 22,000,000,000 francs; and that the Government expected to settle them all by July, 1924. The reconstruction work, continuing, would be finished, it was announced, probably by the end of 1925. The demolished dwellings and factories will then have been rebuilt and the soil will be under cultivation as before the war. It was estimated that about 30,000,000,000 francs had yet to be expended.



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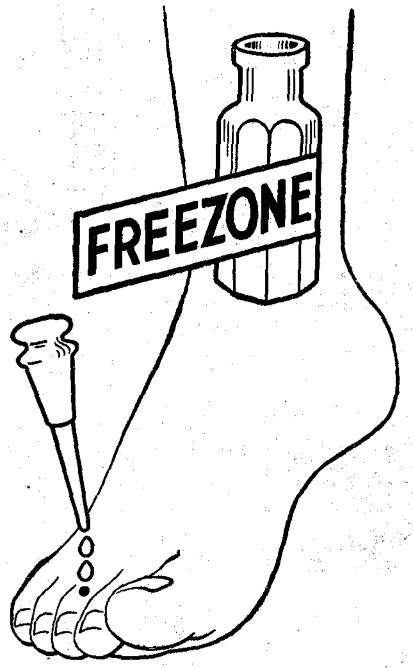

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 5.—A treaty of friendship between Germany and Turkey was signed on March 4, says a dispatch from Constantinople.

March 6.—By a vote of 240 to 170 the House of Commons endorses the Government's decision to cut the import duty on German goods for the reparations account from 26 to 5 per cent.

The Egyptian Government reopens Tutankh-Amen's tomb, which had been closed following the removal of Howard Carter as director of the exploration of the tomb.

March 7.—King Hussein of the Hedjaz has accepted an offer of the Caliphate from the Moslems in Mesopotamia, Transjordania and the Hedjaz, according to a dispatch from Jerusalem.

Through the mediation of Frank G. Morales, the American Minister, fighting has ceased in Honduras, according to a dispatch from San Salvador.

March 8.—The Greek Government recognizes the Russian Soviet Government in a treaty signed in Berlin.

March 9.—A mutiny has occurred in the Irish Free State Army, according to dispatches from Dublin, and warrants for the arrest of two officers are issued.

March 10.—The Caliphate will be personified hereafter by the Turkish Parliament, in accordance with an order issued by Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of Turkey, says a dispatch from Constantinople.

March 11.—Gen. Rafael Lopez Gutierrez, former President of Honduras and dictator in Honduras since February 1, dies, and his cabinet, presided over by Dr. Francisco Bueso, the Foreign Minister, assumes all powers of State.

DOMESTIC

March 5.—In a letter to Manuel Roxas, head of the mission from the Philippines, President Coolidge says that the Filipinos are not yet ready for independence, and that the United States Government has full confidence in the ability and fairness of Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood.

President Coolidge restores to citizenship all who deserted the Army and the Navy between the Armistice and the formal declaration of peace.

Sir Esme Howard, the new British Ambassador, presents his credentials to President Coolidge, and says that in a good understanding between Great Britain and the United States lies "the best guaranty for the future peace of the world."

March 6.—The House of Representatives orders Attorney-General Daugherty to disclose immediately to that body the names of the two members of Congress charged with corruption in the report of the recent Chicago grand jury.

Charles R. Forbes, former Director of the Veterans' Bureau, pleads not guilty before a United States Commissioner in Washington to charges of fraud, conspiracy, and bribery handed down by a Chicago grand jury.

March 7.—By combining radio stations in New York, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, California and London so that they broadcast at the same time, an audience estimated at 50,000,000 between San Francisco and London hears speakers in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York.

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The use of injunction and padlocking to abate liquor nuisances are unconstitutional, holds Federal Judge J. W. Woodrough of the Eastern Nebraska district.

Acting under the flexible provision of the tariff act, President Coolidge orders an increase of 12 cents a bushel in the tariff rate of wheat and an increase of 26 cents a hundred pounds in the duty on wheat flour and a decrease of 50 per cent. in the ad valorem rate on mill feeds. The changes are made to aid the wheat-growers of the Northwest.

The nomination of Joseph C. Grew, of New Hampshire, to be Under Secretary of State is confirmed by the Senate.

March 8.—Representative Porter of Pennsylvania introduces a resolution to authorize a 25 per cent. reduction in the 1923 income taxes.

One hundred and seventy-three men are entombed in a mine of the Utah Fuel Company at Castlegate, Utah, by a series of explosions which wreck the mine portal.

Attorney-General Daugherty refuses to disclose the names of the two Congressmen alleged in a Chicago grand jury report to be involved in corrupt practises, on the ground that to do so might defeat the ends of justice, and the whole matter is referred to the House Judiciary Committee.

March 10.—By a vote of 227 to 142 the House adopts the McKenzie bill authorizing acceptance of Henry Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals. The bill goes to the Senate.

Forty-two bodies are recovered from the mine of the Utah Fuel Company at Castlegate, Utah, in which 173 were entombed on March 8.

The Judiciary Committee recommends to the House that prosecution of the two members charged with corruption in the report of a Chicago grand jury be left entirely in the hands of the Department of Justice.

Edwin Denby retires as Secretary of the Navy, and is sworn in as a Major of the United States Marine Corps Reserves.

March 11.—In a special message to Congress, President Coolidge urges the immediate enactment of a 25 per cent. cut on income taxes for 1923, saying it would be a positive step "more needed at this time to justify the confidence of the people that the Government is intent solely on the promotion of the public welfare without regard to any collateral objects."

Because of illness, Senator Irvine L. Lenroot resigns as Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, which has been conducting the oil-lease investigation, and Senator Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota, a Non-partizan Leaguer, becomes chairman of the committee.

The House of Representatives accepts the recommendation of the Judiciary Committee that no House investigation of charges made by a Chicago grand jury against two Representatives be authorized, and that the matter be left to the Department of Justice.

Edwin L. Doheny is reported to have declared that his offer to cancel the lease of the California Naval Oil Reserve No. 1 has been withdrawn as a result of the Government's determination to have the lease abrogated through court procedure.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes is directed by President Coolidge to investigate charges of Rear-Adm. Charles P. Plunkett, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that Washington is "the wettest city in the United States."

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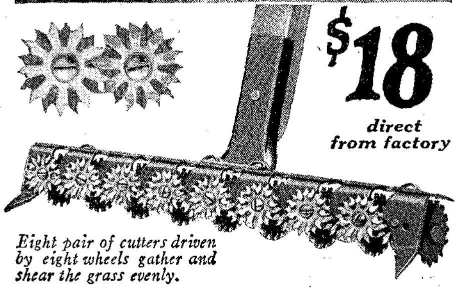

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Is It Possible?—Note to preachers and choirmasters: Every service is just as long as it seems.—*The Churchman.*

His Souvenir.—Rub—"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

Dub—"Yes, and I brought some of it back with me!"—*Life.*

Doing His Best.—Judge (to victim of hold-up)—"While you were being relieved of your valuables, did you call the police?"

Victim—"Yes, your Honor, everything I could think of."—*Judge.*

Try This.—A hog can be tolled for miles and into the pen by stringing along something to eat. A secret, girls! Same is true of most men.—*Capper's Farmer.*

New Language.—It's tough to be in a crowd of radio and Mah Jong fans when you understand only English.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Continual Victory.—Prof.—"When did Cæsar defeat the greatest number?"

Stude—"I think on examination day."—*Kansas Wesleyan Advance.*

Strange South American Customs.—To let, house with window gallery, surrounded by garden newly papered and painted, every comfort, Bodega, hen house, moderate rent.—*Classified ad in the South Pacific Mail (Valparaiso, S. A.).*

Mixed Genders.—"What's the matter now, Grumps?"

"My daughter is wearing knickerbockers and my son is taking a girl's part in the college play."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Main Point.—"You have only two or three buildings in this new town of yours."

"I know," responded the enthusiastic realtor, "but look at the parking space!"—*Missouri Wesleyan Criterion.*

Answered.—Boarder—"I don't like the way you conduct your establishment. Ain't you never had a gentleman stayin' here before?"

Landlady—"Are you a gentleman?"

"I sure am."

"Then I never have."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Up-to-Date.—"How did you like my sermon Sunday?" asks the modern clergyman.

"I couldn't get you," replies the radio churchgoer.

"Too much theology?" asks the minister.

"No," replies the radio lost sheep; "too much interference."—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Signs.—"What makes you think they're engaged?"

"She has a ring and he's broke."—*Mount Union Dynamo.*

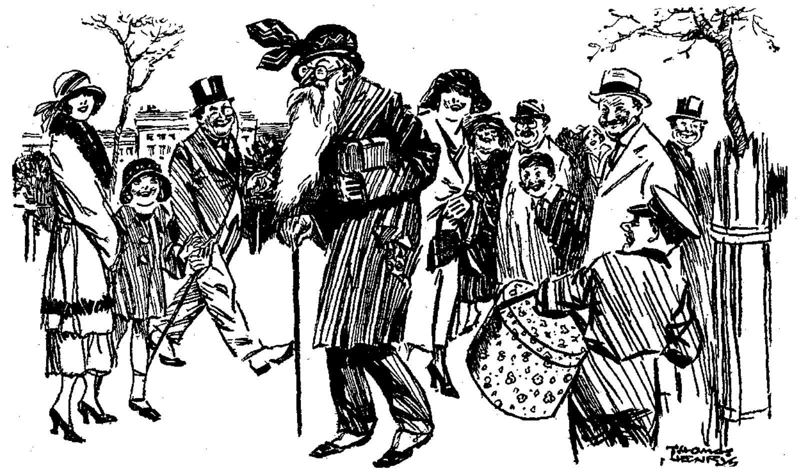
Conservation.—Father—"But what's the use of having accounts with four tailors?"

Son—"Well you see, it makes your bills so much smaller."—*Punch Bowl.*

Sticking to His Guns.—Doctor—"Undoubtedly you need more exercise—what is your occupation?"

Patient—"I'm a piano shifter."

Doctor (recovering quickly)—"Well—er—hereafter shift two at a time."—*London Opinion.*



Absent-minded Professor (who has unconsciously donned his daughter's hat): "How remarkable it is that the first touch of Spring immediately transforms humanity into happy, smiling beings!" —*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Busy Bobby.—Little Bobby came crying into the house, rubbing the places where he had been butted by a pet sheep.

"But what did you do," his mother demanded, "when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do nothin'," Bobby declared protestingly. "I was gettin' up all the time."—*Onward.*

Pay, Pay, Pay

Do not run your car without a 1924 license plate on. You might get fined. File your income-tax report before March 15 or you might have to go to jail. Pay your taxes before April or a heavy penalty will be added. And you had better pay up the interest on your mortgage or they will take your home away from you. Get your money ready for your grazing fees or your stock will have to stay in the barnyard this summer. Get your coin ready for your fishing license. Also pay the grocer and the butcher and baker. Add up your doctor bill and also return the money you borrowed from a friend. Pay your dues in the lodge, or they will drop your name. Pay up what you promised to give the preacher. Then there are the instalments on the auto, and you must pay the premium on your life insurance or your wife's next husband may be penniless. Pay up the premium on your fire insurance and pay, pay, pay—for the saddest word of tongue or pen to-day is P-A-Y.—*Blue Mountain Eagle.*

Going Down.—Tragedy in a nutshell: Lion and two lion-hunters; lion and one lion-hunter; lion.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Grouping the Grumps.—Men who suffer with indigestion have a club of their own in New York. This will be good news for the others.—*Punch.*

Unreasonable Request.—Doctor—"Put out your tongue—more than that—all of it."

Child—"But, doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end!"—*Onward.*

Too Bad.—On Sunday, February 17, City Marshal Cecil McKenzie made a drunk and disorderly arrest.—*News Item in the Central Oregonian (Pineville, Ore.)*

The Easier the Harder.—"I hate to play against a hard loser."

"I dunno. It's a darn sight better than playing against an easy winner."—*Flamingo.*

Grammar First.—Publisher—"In your story I notice you make the owl hoot 'to whom' instead of 'to whoo.'"

Author—"Yes, this is a Boston owl."—*Bison.*

Paying His Debts.—Doctor—"Young man, you owe your very remarkable recovery to your wife's tender care."

The Patient—"It's kind of you to tell me, Doc. I shall make out the check to my wife."—*Life.*

With Reservations.—She—"Do you always think of me?"

He—"Well, not exactly always, but whenever I think of anything I think of you."—*Kasper, Stockholm.*

Much in Demand.—Smithers—"Mabel drives her car, so does her dad, aunt, mother, and two brothers."

Withers—"Who has it most of the time?"

Smithers—"The garage man."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Hard to Tell.—The Golfer—"They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"

The Girl—"Oh, I don't know. It might be your face, or, perhaps, it's just your general appearance."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

From Mouse to "Moose."—A Scotchman who had been in this country about two months went to a movie show with a friend. In the news reel were views from the wilds of Maine, one of which was a close-up of a moose. Turning to his friend, the Scotchman said:

"I dinna ken wha yon beastie is."

His friend explained that it was an American moose.

"A moose?" queried the Scotchman, surprizedly. "Aweel, I dinna want to meet an American rat then!"—*Voo Doo.*